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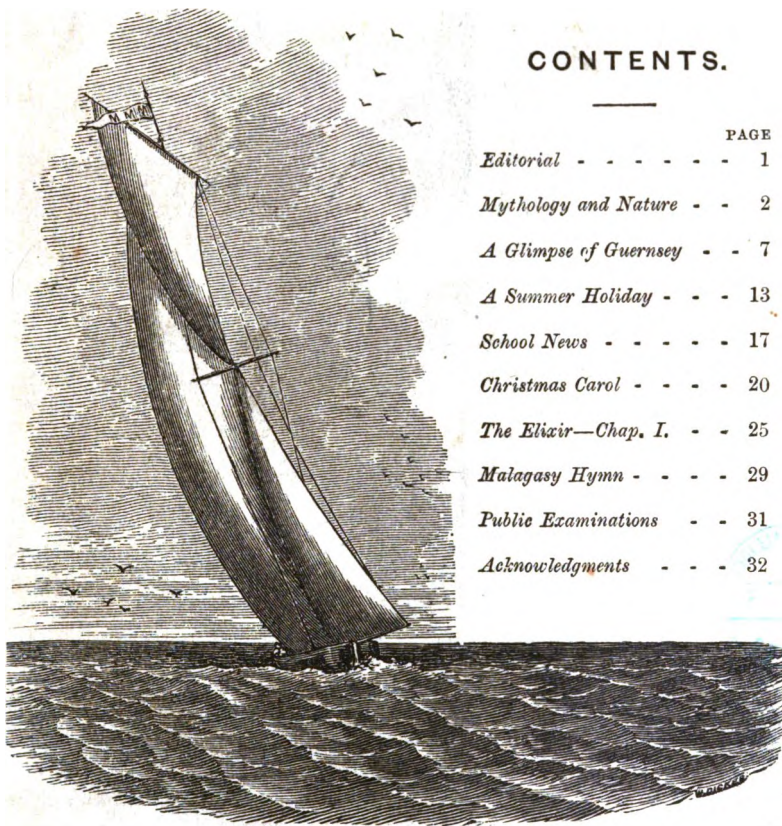
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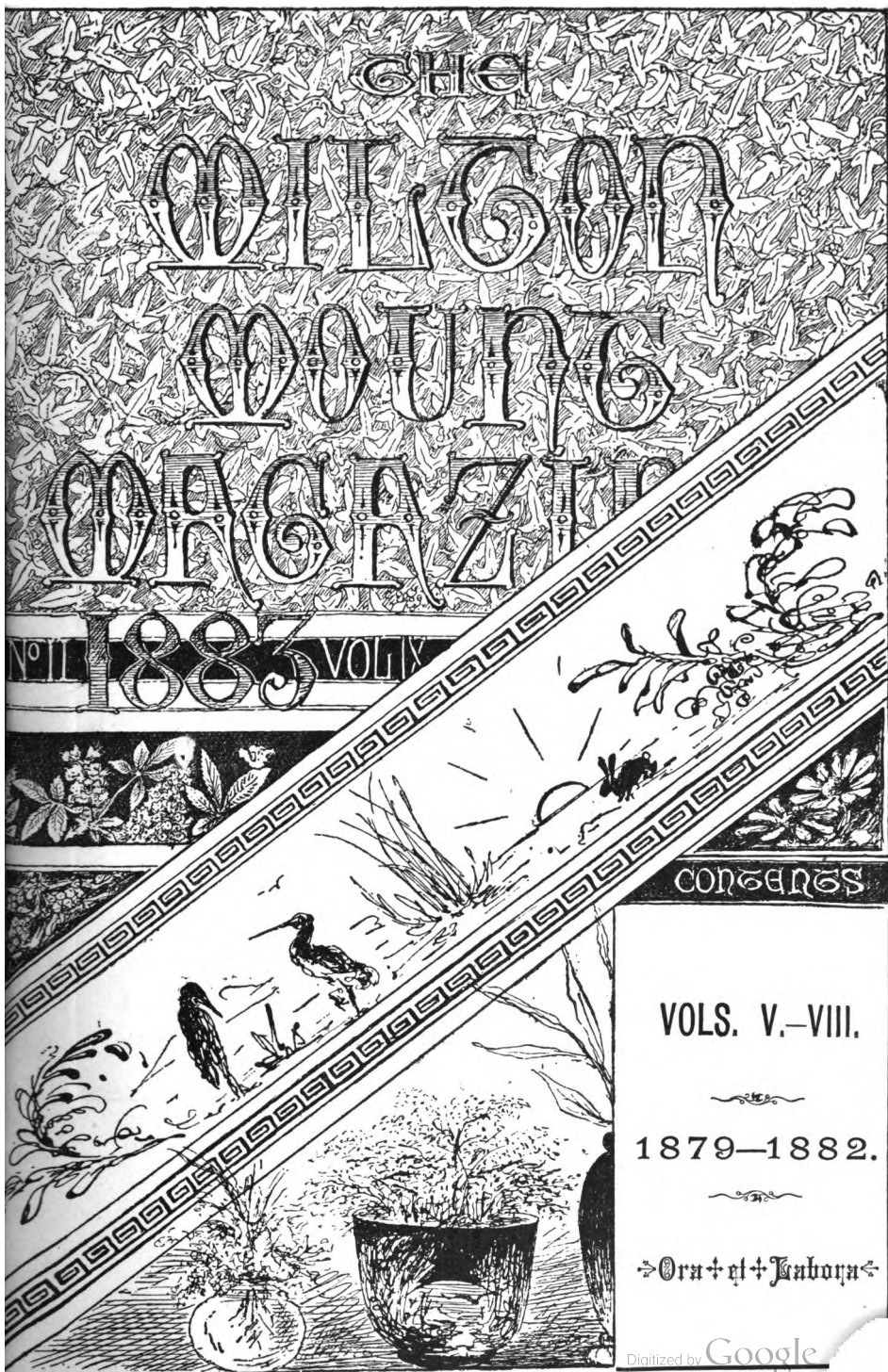
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THE

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MONTHLY

MAGAZINE

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Milton Mount Magazine.

MARCH, 1882.

EDITORIAL.




QNCE more, accompanied by the good wishes of friends on shore, behold the "Ememem" upon her first voyage of the year 1882. The gallant little bark is to all intents and purposes the same as when she made her trial trip, though at different times she has been re-painted or rigged afresh. The success of her last voyage affords fresh ground for bright hopes, and anticipations of still better things in the future. Though several of the crew are new to the work, yet, if they are prepared to bend with a will to "the long pull, the strong pull, and the pull altogether" which is necessary for a prosperous voyage, we need entertain no fears on their account.

"Better late than never," says the old proverb; and, though more than a month of 1882 has already passed, it may not be too late to wish our friends, both old and young,

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

MYTHOLOGY AND NATURE.

HE conclusion resulting from modern research on the subject of Mythology is that all old legends have a common source—namely, the ideas of ancient nations about natural phenomena. On comparing the myths of the various Aryan tribes, we are struck by the wonderful similarity in the conceptions about different deities. The names of certain beings, which have no meaning in the Greek or Latin languages, are perfectly intelligible in Indian or Persian dialects. For example, Procris and Daphne, names occurring in Greek mythology, but having no meaning in the language, are simply Indian words for the dew and the dawn. If we remember that all the Indo-European nations came originally from the great table-land of Asia, we naturally come to the conclusion that these peoples, as they gradually emigrated westwards, kept their old traditions, though the words in which they were expressed had become meaningless.

In early times, before science was thought of, men looked upon all things as having the same life as themselves. The sun, the moon, darkness, light, the dawn, the twilight, the breeze, the dew, clouds, tempests, mountains, rivers, trees—all seemed to them beings who moved in other spheres, who had duties of their own to perform. The sun, the bringer of warmth and fertility, has by far the largest share in all

legends, and the heroes of nearly all the best-known myths may be identified with him. The earliest idea was that of a personality, but in later times it was represented as the abode or chariot of the sun-god, Phœbus. Apollo, son of Zeus and Leto, having his origin in the morning sky, and springing from Leto, the darkness, is the personification of the sun. The name Phœbus means light-giver, and Apollo, the destroyer, because his bright rays, like arrows, scorch and destroy. According to the myth, he is born in Delos, the bright land that is the glory of the eastern sky. He does not linger in his birthplace, but as the sun journeys westwards, so Phœbus wanders from land to land, but ever delights to return to his own native island, as the sun re-appears every morning in the east. He encounters the great dragon Python, which appears in all similar legends, and which represents dark clouds which would obscure his light. At the present day the Chinese believe that the cause of eclipses is a great dragon which is trying to devour the sun. Phœbus loves Daphne, the dawn, who flees from him just as the tender tints of morning vanish as the sun rises in his full brightness. He is the god of wisdom, since his rays penetrate the hidden places of earth and reveal all secrets. He has the power of song, for he brings gladness with him whenever he appears. We read of Marsyas, who challenged the god to a trial of skill in music, and was slain by him for his presumption. May we not look upon this as an illustration of the great principle that the sun's rays quench all rival fires? When drought came men thought that some unskilful hand was driving the chariot of the sun, and causing it to come too near the earth. Thus we hear of Phaeton, who drove the horses of his father, Helios, and was slain by Zeus lest the earth should be consumed. The same idea occurs in the legend of Rephalos, who accidentally killed his wife Procris with his spear as she lay hidden in a thicket. Rephalos is again the sun, which

dries up the dew as it lingers in the shade. The light clouds are the cows of Phœbus, which the children of the morning drive to pasture in the fields of heaven. When men saw the pale moon appear just as the sun was sinking in the west they said that Selene had come to gaze on Endymion as he lay sleeping in the cave of Latmos, or forgetfulness.

Who does, not know the beautiful myth which tells how Niobe boasted that her children were fairer than Phœbus and Artemis, who in revenge slew them with their arrows? The grief-stricken mother dissolved in tears on Mount Sipylus, and was turned into stone. Niobe is the mist, and her children the clouds, which are dried up by the rays of the sun, while the mist dissolves in rain, which freezes on the mountain top.

The tale of Orpheus and Eurydice has the same origin. Orpheus, inconsolable for the loss of the lovely Eurydice, who has been killed by the bite of a snake, goes to Hades and charms the lower divinities with song, so that he gains permission to take his wife with him to the upper world. He disobeys the command not to look on her face till earth is reached, and turns, to see her vanish. Eurydice is the dawn, bride of the morning sun, who is killed in the evening by the serpent of darkness. The sun sinks after his lost love to bring her with him to earth in the morning, but no sooner does he turn the full light of his radiant face on her than she disappears.

The legend of Œdipus can be explained in like manner. The son of Laios and Tocaste is exposed when a baby on the mountain side. He kills his father unwittingly; resolves the riddle of the sphinx, who was causing drought in the land; is driven into exile, and tended by his daughter, Antigone, till he dies in the beautiful Hesperian groves. Laios is the darkness; and Tocaste represents the violet tints of morning (Gk. *ion*, a violet). Œdipus, exposed in infancy on the mountain, is the sun, who clothes with his first rays the lofty peaks. He

destroys darkness and the sphinx, who is, under another form, the dragon of darkness—the black cloud which imprisons the rain, whose riddle is the muttered thunder, awful and mysterious to man. He is driven westwards by an irresistible power, and is accompanied by his child, the pale light, till he sinks to rest in the groves of twilight.

Hercules, or Heracles, is another conception of the solar deity. He must serve a hard bondage under Eurystheus, as the sun must toil for unworthy man. In his cradle he strangles the serpents of darkness, and is taught by the Centaurs, the bright clouds which ride along the sky. He loves Tole, the violet cloud of sunrise, and slays the Hydra, the Nemean lion, the wild boar, &c., all representations of darkness. He gathers the golden apples of the Hesperides—that is, the golden clouds of sunset—and dies on Mount Ceta on a funeral-pyre, the flames of which are the fiery clouds which hide the sinking sun from view.

Perseus, son of Zeus and Danae, of heaven and the dawn, is but another name for the same hero or divinity. He, too, has a task to perform, and must slay Medusa, the starlit night. He kills the monster of darkness now about to devour Andromeda, and brings back his mother, the dawn, to Argos, land of brightness. Tantalus, the intimate friend of Zeus, who roasts his own son and serves him up at a banquet, is the sun when he burns up the fruits which his own warmth has matured. He is doomed to perpetual hunger and thirst in the midst of fruits and cooling streams, which disappear as he approaches. Just so the fruits wither and the waters dry up as the sun shines on them with his burning heat.

The infinite forms and wonderful effects of the wind have given rise to the beautiful legend of Hermes. It lies hidden in the mountain caverns, and is but a gentle breeze at first, but, increasing in strength, it drives the clouds along the sky,

making wild melody among the trees, and then, sinking, returns to the place whence it came. So Hermes, as the tale runs, was born in a cave of the Ryllenian hill, and slumbers peacefully there. He comes forth after a time, and, seeing the cattle of Phœbus, drives them away. The sun-god, discovering the theft, goes to the cave and finds Hermes asleep in his cradle. The latter, when accused, pleads his infant helplessness. The quarrel is decided by Zeus, and Hermes yields his power of music to Phœbus, who in return makes him guardian of his steeds, since the wind must drive the clouds before him across the sky. The idea of the treachery of sudden gusts of wind caused Hermes to be regarded as the guardian deity of thieves. He is, too, the swift, golden-sandalled messenger of the gods.

If the same principle be applied we shall find a deeper meaning in the old myths, which we were wont to consider only empty fables. The tale of Troy is not merely a record of the deeds of Trojan and Greek warriors, but represents the siege of the stronghold of the powers of darkness, who have stolen away Helen (the dawn) from her western home, by the armies of ight, led by Achilles, the sun.

The forces of nature have received similar poetic interpretations. Thus, earthquakes were said to be caused by the struggles of rebellious giants whom Zeus imprisoned under the mountains. The volcanoes are the forges of the Cyclops, and their rumblings the mighty blows of their hammers. The lightning and thunder-bolts are the weapons of Zeus hurled down on ungrateful men. The wrath of Neptune causes the billows to rise like mountains, and overwhelm whoever is bold enough to invade his dominions. The change of the seasons is owing to the disappearance of Proserpine, the spring, daughter of Ceres, the earth, who must spend half the year with her husband, Hades, in his gloomy Stygian realms. During her

absence, the earth mourns, and is barren till spring returns to scatter flowers around her; then earth rejoices and loads men with gifts of fruits and corn.

Each tree was supposed to be inhabited by a nymph whose life was bound up in that of her abode. These were called hamadryads. Each river had a guardian deity, or in earlier times was thought to have life itself. From ideas like these there sprang up a countless host of sea-nymphs, oreads, or mountain nymphs; satyrs, fauns, domestic deities, and other beings created by the rich poetic fancies of Eastern nations.

From these examples we see that men did not deliberately set up objects of worship whom we should be ashamed to recognise as fellow-mortals. When we read of the high moral characters of ancient Greeks and Romans, and recognise in their philosophy thoughts which would do honour to many who boast of a higher civilisation at the present day, we cannot imagine that they believed in the gods as they are commonly represented.

Must they not have seen a deeper meaning in the old myths, and have worshipped idealised divinities as different manifestations of the one great Father in whom all men live and move and have their being?

JANET GREENER.

A GLIMPSE OF GUERNSEY.



LYING off the coast of France, in the wide sweep of the Gulf of St. Malo, there lies that group of islands which, although so near to France, and like it in language and customs, yet, singularly enough, belongs to England. The names of these islands came together in our geographies, but any further knowledge I had of them was, I must confess, extremely hazy.

One evening, however, in the early summer of 1880, they began to seem more of a reality, for we found ourselves on board one of the steamers which sail between Weymouth and Guernsey. It wanted some time till the hour of starting, so we watched, with mingled feelings, the lights of the vessels in the harbour and the dim outlines of buildings on the opposite shore, for this was our first experience of crossing the Channel. At length we were off, and next morning, about 5 a.m., found ourselves in the harbour of St. Peter Port. Then, as we stepped ashore at the landing-place, we made our first acquaintance with Guernsey. The town has a most picturesque appearance from the sea. It is built on ascending ground that rises rapidly from the shore of the bay. The red-tiled roofs of many of the houses give an air of quaintness to the view; and on the top of the hill Elizabeth College, the Queen's Tower, and Castle Carey are prominent objects. On a rock at the entrance to the harbour stands Castle Cornet. Although it cannot boast of much beauty, it gives one the impression of strength, and parts of it are said to date back to the time of the Romans. It has seen some stirring events in its day, too; for, in the reign of Charles the First, Castle Cornet held out for the King, while Guernsey was for the Parliament. This proved anything but pleasant to the townspeople, as they might have admitted, when the Royalist shot from the Castle was battering down their houses about their ears. On a part of the quay in the inner harbour is placed a block of granite, with the inscription telling that the Queen and Prince Albert landed at that spot when they visited their Guernsey subjects, and near it is a bronze statue of the Prince.

We began to realise the fact that we were not in an English town when we set about exploring St. Peter Port. We found ourselves in narrow streets lined with houses many stories high, leading, perhaps, into streets still narrower, steeper, and more rugged. Or we found ourselves at the foot of a flight of about a

hundred steps, leading to some of the higher parts of the town. These steps are no joke, as we were ready to admit when we arrived breathless at the top. Most of the streets have two names—an English and a French one. The names of the shopkeepers, too, were delightfully new to English eyes and ears. Some of the Guernsey surnames are curiosities in the way of spelling, and their pronunciation is correspondingly strange.

One of the sights of the town is the market. In the old times the market women used to sit in the market square with their baskets round them. Now there are large halls, and it is quite a sight to pass through them, especially on market days. Here are piles of all kinds of vegetables, from cabbages of large proportions to bright red tomatoes, bundles of French beans, sold by the hundred, and baskets of green figs. In the season here are grapes and large Chaumontel pears, with many other good things. And here at all seasons are to be found the choicest flowers—camellias, which grow out of doors in January and February; and, later, beautiful roses, with abundance of others too numerous to mention. In the market, too, we make our acquaintance with huge crabs, congers, rock fish, &c., and we are also initiated into the mysteries of Guernsey money. A Guernsey penny is worth eight doubles, so that there is literally half a farthing. Then there are Jersey and French coppers, with francs and five-franc pieces, not to mention English money and Guernsey £1 notes. So there is no lack of variety. This adds, of course, to the interest of marketing, especially if we are in a state of delightful uncertainty as to the proper change to be received from our market woman, and find that she has been aware of the fact. Then there is the French market, where produce brought from St. Malo and other French ports is sold. In winter the air here is fragrant with the smell of roasted chestnuts. We see numbers of little charcoal roasters, presided

over by their different owners. One of these is a fat French-woman, who, as she watches the process of roasting, occasionally turns her chestnuts with the knife she holds in her hand. Her seat is an upturned barrel, while, beside her, she has her bag of chestnuts and her little stock of charcoal. There she sits during the day, and after dark she is still there, looking happy and contented, holding on her knee a large square lantern, and counting out her chestnuts to those happy boys who possess some stray coppers.

The French part of the town is the most interesting. Going along some of these streets, one may see a pile of sabots at a shop door. A glance at the sign-board tells that it is the establishment of Jean Marie, and there within is Monsieur himself energetically driving a bargain with some purchaser in his native tongue. Not far off is the Charcuterie Française. The window is festooned with strings of sausages, and filled with a tempting array of dishes profusely ornamented with parsley. Here Jean may indulge in such a luxury as "Galantine truffée," or in a dish of "Hure aux Pistaches," or, perhaps, if these will not do, there are "Tripes à la mode de Caen," with various other, to us, unknown preparations. As we pass along the street we see a card on a window ledge announcing the fact of "Chambres à louer," or it may be "Ici on prend à repasser."

Most of the people, however, we met in town were speaking English, and the old Norman-French, which is the language of the island, is fast dying out. French is still, however, the official language, and the business of the Royal Court is carried on in it, as are the services in the country churches. But let no one imagine that Guernsey French is such French as is spoken in Paris. The idea would speedily vanish after listening for five minutes to a couple of Guernsey countrywomen. A Frenchman himself might be excused if he found some difficulty in understanding the language.

Climbing up one of the steep streets from the town, we come to the gloomy-looking house in which Victor Hugo lived while an exile from France. The interior is as gloomy as the outside, and is said to be furnished in a way characteristic of its owner. In his "Toilers of the Sea" he has described some of the Guernsey scenery and people.

After a stiff climb to some of the high ground above the town, we were rewarded with a magnificent view of the bay and surrounding islands. Away to the north-east we could see Alderney, and, some distance to the north-west from it, on the very horizon, gleam the white towers of the Caskets—a dangerous reef of rocks, on which a lighthouse is built. Right across from Guernsey, about three miles distant, are the little islands of Herm and Jethou, and beyond them Sark, which is called the "gem of the Channel Islands." Some one has described it as one of the smallest, most curious, and most beautiful of the Atlantic islands. On a clear day, when the sun shines on its rugged cliffs, it seems near. At other times it is wrapped in mist, and the line of white at its base shows where the waves are breaking against its dark rocks. Beyond Sark we can see the French coast, with its yellow sand, and to the south-east from Guernsey, distant fifteen miles, stretches the long outline of Jersey.

The coast of Guernsey is extremely rocky and wild. Some of the cliff scenery is very fine, the cliffs descending almost perpendicularly into the sea, which boils and foams at their foot. Here and there in the iron-bound coast are beautiful little bays—a strip of sand or pebbles, enclosed on both sides with walls of rock. These little bays are reached by water-lanes, where hart's-tongue and other ferns luxuriantly overhang the little streams.

Wandering through the country lanes, we came to many quaint old farm-houses, and caught glimpses of their owners. A

few fields is perhaps the extent of an estate, but those few are diligently cultivated, early and late. Sometimes one field will contain four or five different sorts of crops. We see the farmer himself ploughing with his ancient-looking plough, drawn by an ox and a horse together. Or perhaps he is on his hands and knees, weeding his field of parsnips. Some of the vehicles we met on the country roads were evidently relics of a past age not yet swept away by the advancing tide of civilisation. With nags to match, they presented a most comic appearance. Or we met a rough cart drawn by an ox, who moved along at a dignified pace, reminding us of what is said of Bible times and customs. We noticed how seaweed, called "*Vraic*," is used to spread upon the land as a fertiliser. It is so highly thought of by the farmers that there is a proverb, "*Point de vraic, point de hautgard*"—no seaweed, no cornyard. The *vraic* is gathered at stated times in the year. Then, when the tide is out, men and women are busy at work among the rocks gathering the *vraic* and piling it upon carts.

At other times the rocks are alive with ormer-gatherers. When the tides are low numbers of the country people go out upon the rocks in search of *ormers*. These are a kind of shell-fish which, in the season, are brought to market in large quantities, and are considered a delicacy by Guernsey people.

In some of the country gardens, growing among the old apple-trees, we saw a peculiar sort of cabbages. These cabbages have long stalks, sometimes so long that in Jersey, where they grow better than in Guernsey, they are polished and made into walking-sticks.

We noticed, too, numbers of greenhouses scattered all over the island, and learnt that in some of them tons of grapes were grown without any artificial heat, and exported to London.

Guernsey people make their own laws, and are nearly independent of England. Nevertheless, they are most loyal subjects

of Queen Victoria. Yet, instead of belonging to England, they might say that England belonged to them, for the island was part of Normandy when William the Conqueror subjected Britain to Norman rule. Before the time of the Conqueror, however, the Druids had made Guernsey their home, and practised there the cruel rites of their religion. The cromlechs which they have left are interesting remains of that dim age. The bones and antique earthen vessels which have been discovered in some of these tell something of their unwritten history.

But I must not take up more space in describing Guernsey. Its great charm is its climate and scenery, with its equable temperature. As to those to whom it may be specially beneficial, I conclude by quoting from our guide-book the opinion of Dr. Sieveking, as given in the *Lancet*:—"I feel so strongly that there are numerous cases of morbid tendency and actual disease for which the Channel Islands in general, and the island of Guernsey in particular, offer balm, restoration, or hopeful influence, that I venture to think it a duty to remind my professional brethren of the peculiar physical character by which they are distinguished, and the advantages they offer to certain classes of invalids."

JANET THOMPSON.

A SUMMER HOLIDAY.



HAT was the weather going to do? All the morning we had watched it anxiously. As the white fleecy clouds chased one another over the blue sky, gathering gradually faster and thicker, then changing to an ominous gray, our hopes fell faster than the glass, but they rose proportionately high as one and another of the leaden clouds

turned up its silver lining, and the hills grew brighter and clearer, until the sun once more shone forth in his glory.

"Not sufficient blue for a man's coat yet," suggested Mabel. But it was enough for us, and speedily increased.

The anticipated pleasure was a long-promised and often-deferred visit to friends at a farm-house some ten miles distant. We were not alone in our suspense regarding the weather, for my sisters and myself were to be joined by other friends at the station.

Not until we were out of the house and fairly on our way did we feel safe from a dreaded recall. But there was the railway really in sight, and already we could distinguish Lettice and Kate among the groups on the platform. Two impatient ones awaited us outside—Alice, with her bright, loving smile, and quaint, irrelevant speeches, and Ruth, whose mischievous gray eyes were the first to espy us.

The seven-mile ride was a very pretty one. Houses soon grew few and far between, and gave place to fields of waving corn, no longer golden, but rendered a dull gray by the late constant rain. These were interspersed with smooth green meadows, in which sheep and cows were lazily browsing, or resting under the shade of fine old elms. Now and then a cottage or farmstead might be seen peeping out from hay-ricks and poplars, or nestling on the broad hill-side; while an old water-mill, with its revolving wheel, or a solitary wind-mill, gave life to the scene. We alighted at Kimble, preferring to walk the remaining three miles over the hills.

Our way lay at first through country lanes, bordered, for the most part, by shorn hedges already profusely covered with bright red berries, though here and there, on a solitary bramble, blackberries were beginning to ripen, or fine bunches of nuts appeared on a cluster of filbert-trees. The winding road grew gradually steeper, and soon we were all scrambling up

the green slopes of the hills. The grass was so slippery that the ascent was a somewhat difficult matter, but at last it was accomplished, and we were amply repaid for our toil.

All the way up the sun had been beating down most unmercifully upon us, but here, on one of the highest points of the Chilterns, more than nine hundred feet above the sea level, the air was cool and invigorating, and a strong breeze played around us. The hills stretched far away on either side, now purple with heather, then blue with harebells, and again covered with fruitful raspberry canes and brambles, while the slopes were thickly wooded with firs and beeches. A vast expanse of country lay extended before us. Three counties, Buckinghamshire, Hertfordshire, and Oxfordshire, were plainly visible, and, according to some accounts, as many as seven could be sighted. A line of white steam showed one train coming up from Oxford, while another was approaching Kimble, and a third speeding on its way to London. Villages lay scattered in all directions. Eight miles off, a haze of smoke, from its various factories and mills, nearly obscured the town of Aylesbury. On the left, Princes Risborough—so called from its having once contained a palace belonging to the Black Prince—and Monks Risborough, rested on the plain below.

On the side of one of these hills is a curious relic of antiquity—a cross one hundred feet long and seventy feet broad, cut out of the solid chalk. It is known as “Whiteleaf Cross,” and is visible for many miles round. According to tradition, this cross commemorates a victory of the Saxons over the Britons in 571.

Descending the hill, the path led through a fine beech-wood, then down a long winding road. We were met half-way by our friends, Lizzie, Patty, and Flora, and our merry party of ten must have seemed like an invading army to the quiet villagers of Risborough.

The farm-house, with its pretty gables and bright crimson creeper, was a charming place. In front of the house flowed a clear mill-stream, spanned by a picturesque little bridge with seats on either side. Beyond the flower and vegetable gardens was a large lawn, where we enjoyed a most exciting game of croquet. We visited the stables and farm-yard, and made the acquaintance of all the animals. Three cats, respectively Ayoub, Punch, and Judy, first claimed our attention, then two pet lambs, Jack and Gill, and a beautiful collie dog named Lassie, besides several fine horses and numerous ducks and fowls.

After tea, we walked over to the neighbouring village of Monks Risborough, and visited its quaint, ivy-covered church. The old men, in their white smocks, with their thin legs and immense boots, seemed to have stepped out of some ancient painting. Another picture of country life was the return of the gleaners with their spoils from the harvest-field—tired women and sturdy lads and lasses with their bundles of wheat on their heads or under their arms. One kind-hearted boy was holding his bundle over the head of a little sister, and the tiny dot put up her two fat hands and trotted happily along, under the innocent delusion that it was she who was bearing the burden.

The sun was setting when we returned to the house, and we sat long in the twilight, talking and singing, before the lamps were lighted. The rest of the evening passed quickly away in music and games, till the clock warned us that we were in danger of losing the last train. So we all stood round the piano while Lettice played our old favourite, "Abide with me," then the wagonette was at the door to take us to Kimble, and we bade our friends good-bye.

What a glorious drive that was! It was a beautiful starlight night, clear, and rather cold, but grand and calm. As we

passed along the country roads, everything, from the grass under the horse's feet to the tree-tops over our heads, seemed fast asleep. Alice and I, in front, were quiet enough, but those behind kept up a brisk conversation. We were all sorry when the station lamps appeared, and we had to change our good old horse for an iron one.

"What a jolly time we have had!" remarked Alice, as we parted that night.

"Yes," said Kate, "it will be a red-letter day long to be remembered through the dreary days of winter, when we are far away from each other."

HELEN DAVIES.

SCHOOL NEWS.

WE are sometimes required to write essays on "The Pains and Pleasures of School-life." During this term, at any rate, the pleasures have decidedly predominated.

The Seventh Form gave a very good charade in the beginning of November. One of the amusing citizen scenes in Shakespeare's "Coriolanus" was much enjoyed by the girls. After it was a play entitled "Princess Ida." The last scene was "Red Riding Hood's Garden Party," the guests being celebrities of fairy tales and nursery rhymes. These were announced by a herald, one after the other—Cinderella, Little Tom Tucker, Jack and Gill, Bluebeard, Yankee Doodle, and others. Finally, Britannia herself, helmet, trident, and all, was drawn in on a triumphal car, whilst every one joined lustily in the chorus of "Rule, Britannia." Her Majesty's wheel was made of gilt paper and cardboard; the trident was the gardener's pitchfork covered with gilt paper. The great difficulty was the chariot. At a consultation in which the important question was brought

forward, several conveyances, such as the wheelbarrow, garden roller, &c., were in turn rejected; at last the trolley with which our boxes are moved was decided on. A box was placed on this for a seat, and, when the whole was properly draped, the effect was marvellous.

The Fourth and Second Forms gave two interesting entertainments, consisting of vocal solos, duets, choruses, recitations, and pianoforte performances.

Our dear friend the Rev. Joshua C. Harrison visited us, and spoke very earnestly and lovingly on the text, "Wait on the Lord." A day or two afterwards we attended the recognition service of our new pastor, the Rev. T. F. Touzeau. The Rev. Morlais Jones, of Lewisham, among other speakers, specially interested us.

The Rev. J. R. Thomson, M.A., was kind enough to read us some parts of Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar" and of "Ingoldsby Legends."

The Rev. W. Cuthbertson interested us greatly by a description of the autumnal meetings at Manchester of Congregational ministers.

Miss Hadland kindly gave us an account of her summer tour along the Rhine and through Switzerland in company with some of the teachers. It was illustrated by dissolving views. During her journey Miss Hadland had collected a number of old legends about the different places of interest, which amused us very much.

It was arranged that, on the day of the visit of the Committee, the certificates for South Kensington and the Society of Arts should be distributed. Mr. Scrutton was unable to attend, to our great disappointment, and so the Rev. W. Cuthbertson presented the certificates. On the same afternoon the Rev. Colmer B. Symes delivered a very entertaining and instructive address on the characters of women, illustrating it by comparing

them with the parts of speech. Dr. Hannay, being in the chair, moved a vote of thanks to the speaker, which was heartily carried.

Mr. and Mrs. Wills, from Madagascar, were deputed by the London Missionary Society to give an account of their work in that island. [REDACTED]; the organist of Lacey Terrace Church, had previously taught us a Malagasy hymn, which we sang to our visitors. Mrs. Wills showed us some most exquisite needlework done by the native women in her school. The treasurer of our Missionary Society has forwarded her £2 10s. for the purchase of material for making clothing to send to Madagascar.

On Saturday, December 3rd, our annual distribution of garments made in our needlework classes to the servants of the College and their children took place, and the Rev. G. Shrewsbury addressed them.

We have also had earnest addresses from the Rev. G. Mabbs and E. Arnold, Esq. Mr. Mabbs presented us with two small Indian gods for our collection of curiosities.

Warren Hall, Esq., offered this year, as last, a prize for the best Christmas carol, and also one for the music to it. The prize for the former was gained by Miss L. G. Wilson, of the High School.

We beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of 100 volumes, entitled "Life Lost or Saved," from Mrs. S. Ditcher, the authoress; also "Lays of Ancient Rome," from L. Nicholas formerly of the High School. Our kind friend Mrs. J Crossley has added to our collection of engravings, handsomely framed, Millais' "Awake," to serve as a companion to his "Asleep."

L. CHEW.

Christmas Carol.

f tempo primo.

Peace and goodwill! ring out the merry bells; Peace and goodwill! and

f tempo primo. *fs*

p *3*

gladness all a - round; Peace and goodwill! their blithesome music

f

tells; This Christ-mas - tide let hap - pi - ness a - bound.

THE ELIXIR.

CHAPTER I.

SOME centuries ago there lived in the South of Italy two brothers, Leonardo and Julian Vasari. Leonardo, the elder, was a strange, mystical being, too strong a believer in the goodness of human nature; Julian, having trained his own conscience to be discreetly dumb, laughed at the very idea of truth, honesty, or moral obligation in others. It was a perfectly natural thing that Leonardo, living at the time he did, should practise alchemy in the firm belief that the things he sought were attainable, and that his devotion and perseverance would at last drive back the grim powers who guarded the precious secrets; and it was still more to be expected that Julian, seeing his brother looked upon as a magician, should assume the belief he had not, in order that he might take advantage of man's credulity in the important life-business of making his fortune.

They were still young, those brothers—Julian was about twenty-eight years of age, and Leonardo only thirty—when the latter awoke one night as from a dream of thirty years' brightness and faith in the world, and plunged into a dark region of doubt and distrust.

All through one beautiful, long summer day Leonardo shut himself up in his laboratory, brooding over some old Arabic works, wherein he expected to find at least hints to aid him in his search for the renewer of life. It was dusk when he threw down a yellow but slightly used manuscript, and rushed to his crucibles and chemicals with such eager haste that Julian, who had just entered, asked him jestingly,—

“Why, Leo, have you found the Elixir?”

"Yes, yes, I have found it, or shall find it to-night. But I must be alone. You must leave me, Julian."

With a half-scornful smile Julian went, and the young visionary Leonardo, during the whole night, pored over the mysterious contents of strangely shaped vessels, muttering in his foolish ignorance almost blasphemous spells. Not often, but occasionally, he had abstained from food for a week or more, and thus it excited no great surprise in the minds of the man and woman who did the work of the house when day after day passed and still Leonardo did not appear. What a panic the good Marietta would have been in had she but known what awful outrages on nature and common-sense he was perpetrating! But she had learnt from experience that visits to her master's chamber, however necessary and sensible the errands might appear to her motherly heart, were useless and quite unappreciated, and so on this occasion she determined to let him indulge his tastes for fasting and bad-air to the full.

In two days from the beginning of his voluntary confinement Leonardo had joyfully bottled about a quart of rose-hued liquid, and, that done, he proceeded to put himself in a condition such that he might with best effect prove the truth of his discovery. Not content with total abstinence from all food, he drank the most noxious compounds and slow poisons, bringing himself to the very gates of death. On the last day of the week, when the dark chamber was most absolutely still, it was with great difficulty that he could hear or feel his heart beat, and it would have been a perfect impossibility for him to have risen from the chair, where he had sat now for two days gazing on those wonderful visions which sometimes visit spirits in starved bodies. A light glass (he could not have lifted a heavy one) stood on a table by his side, its contents ready to be drunk when he felt death's shadow on him. Yet, though his breath came almost soundlessly, and the power of thought itself was

ebbing away, he refrained from drinking once and again, dreading to lift the glass too soon. As evening approached, a warning clamminess stole over him; he gasped, shivered, and with a spasmodic effort stretched forth his cold hand towards the glass, and gulped down the liquid contained in it. Two minutes more and the beginning of his death-agony ended, a wild life seemed to possess him, his limbs recovered their power, and, breathing a fervent thanksgiving to the Virgin, he unbarred his door and went, or rather reeled, exultantly to Julian's room.

Julian was sitting at dinner when Leonardo, starved-looking, wildly excited being, burst in upon him. He (Julian) did not approve of sacrificing bodily comfort for the sake of truth, because such a quality was unknown to him; nor for science, as that was in his estimation only useful in so far as it taught clever tricks which might be turned to money account. Accordingly, he performed no fasts even on fast-days (a priest, for a small consideration, readily absolved him from his guilt in this respect), but, at the same time, he took good care that his dupes should believe him to be a most ascetic individual, and made it a point that they should never see him in his private room, as, unconsciously to themselves, their faith in him might have been shaken had they ceased for a moment to regard him as a being in all respects different from other mortals. When the haggard man at the door stood glancing vacantly round the chamber, for the light dazzled his eyes, Julian, feeling caught and annoyed, majestically rolled out the words,—

“My good man, if you wish to speak with me it must be at some other season. Even the tabernacle of the sage requires occasional attention. But go; your untimely entrance has called my spirit back from a far and blessed region of thought, and it must haste back. You may come to me at twelve to-night.”

"Do not jest with me, Julian," cried Leonardo; "I have proved there is truth in what you have laughed at as a madman's dream. There is an Elixir of Life, and I have discovered it."

"Leonardo! Yes; I begin to believe it, Leonardo. How you have altered! Ahem! This is the tenth time you have realised your 'madman's dream,' is it not?"

"The first time, Julian. This liquid has given me back life and strength. I cannot doubt that it is the veritable Elixir."

Julian looked on Leonardo's wasted limbs and colourless face, and laughed.

"You do not seem to have thriven on it overmuch, my brother," he said.

"Listen," answered Leonardo, "and I shall give you reasons for my belief in it."

"First have something more substantial to support you than a few drops of a stimulating liquid. I won't hear a word about your discovery until you break your fast."

Leonardo was obliged to obey, and afterwards poured forth the whole history of the past week. As he named substance after substance used in his various processes, and afterwards gave a list of the herbs and chemicals which he had taken in small quantities to hasten the approach of death, Julian listened with eager, increasing interest.

"Truly, Leonardo," he said, when his brother had concluded, "I believe you are the fortunate discoverer of the life-giving fluid. I rejoice with you, but warn you to be cautious in revealing your knowledge. We are all robbers, and your life would not be worth much if men knew that you, and you alone, possessed the great secret. Our house would require a strong guard round it, night and day; so again I warn you, be cautious."

"I thank you, Julian; but your warning is unnecessary. It

will be long ere I tell the world of my discovery ; perhaps I may never tell it, if I be not guided to a solution of this problem—how to distribute the Elixir so that good lives alone shall be prolonged and restored by it; for it will prove no blessing, but rather a curse, if the wicked, too, are enabled to live on indefinitely. I can foresee how Truth and Right would soon become forgotten if liars and murderers dwelt eternally on earth."

"Ah well, Leonardo, you must find next a grand antidote to the evil in a man's soul."

But Leonardo's joy had evanesced, and he rose sadly and wearily, and dragged himself into the bright sunshine out of doors, glad, though he would not have confessed it, to breathe once more the pure, sweet air, free from chemical odours, and to see the glorious light which he so carefully excluded from his laboratory.

A. ROBBIE.

(To be continued.)

MALAGASY HYMN.

I.



NDEHA, ry hava-malala,
Andeha hiarak' izao,
Hitady fonenena tsara
Honenana mandrakizay.
Ao amy ny tanin'ny Tompo
No fahasambarana be,
Ny ota tsy fantatr'akory
Ny loza tsy misy miseho.

CHORUS—Dia aoka hiara-mandeha
Izaho amban hianao
Hitady fonenena tsara
Honenana mandrakizay.

II.

Ny trano dia maro miseho,
Mifaly ny mponina eo,
Fa vita ny lalan-kaleha,
Filia omena izao

Malagasy Hymn.

Mihinam-pihinan' anjely,
 Misoko ny ranom-panahy
 Misatroka be volamena,
 Mitafy ny lamba madio.

CHORUS—Dia aoka hiara-mandeha
 Izaho amban hianao
 Hitady fonenena tsara
 Honenana mandrakizay.

III.

Na ety indrindra ny lalan
 Na maro ny java manjo,
 Tsy mety hatahotr'akory,
 Handresy no azo hatao.
 Anjely tsy tambo isaina
 Nirahin-kanampy anao,
 Mpanompon ny Avo indrindra
 Mitohy hiaro anao.

CHORUS—Dia aoka hiarak' isika,
 Ry hava-malala izao,
 Hitady fonenena tsara
 Honenana mandrakizay.

(ENGLISH TRANSLATION.)

I.

Let us go, O beloved companions,
 Let us go together now,
 To seek a good dwelling-place
 To be dwelt in for ever.
 There, in the land of the Lord,
 Is great happiness;
 Sin is not known at all;
 The evil—there is none appears.

CHORUS—Then let (us) go together,
 I, together with you,
 To seek a good dwelling-place
 To be dwelt in for ever.

II.

The houses are many appearing,
 Rejoicing the dwellers there;
 For finished is the way (they were) going.
 Love is given (them) now.
 Eating the food of angels,
 Drinking the water of the Spirit.
 They are crowned with much gold,
 Dressed in clean lambas.

CHORUS—Then let us go together,
 O beloved companions, now,
 To seek a good dwelling-place
 To be dwelt in for ever.

III.

Though very narrow is the way,
 Though many the things that befall;
 Not willing to fear by any means—
 To conquer is what is able to be done.
 Angels not numbered by counting
 Are sent to help you;
 Servants of the Most High
 Encamped to defend you.

CHORUS—Then let us go together,
 O beloved companions, now,
 To seek a good dwelling-place
 To be dwelt in for ever.

PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS. COLLEGE OF PRECEPTORS.

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H. Cox (Sp. Drawing)	I. Robbie
S. Harsant	N. Wilkinson

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FORMER PUPILS are invited to meet at the College on Saturday, May 13th; or, if unable to attend, to send some account of the work in which they are at present engaged.

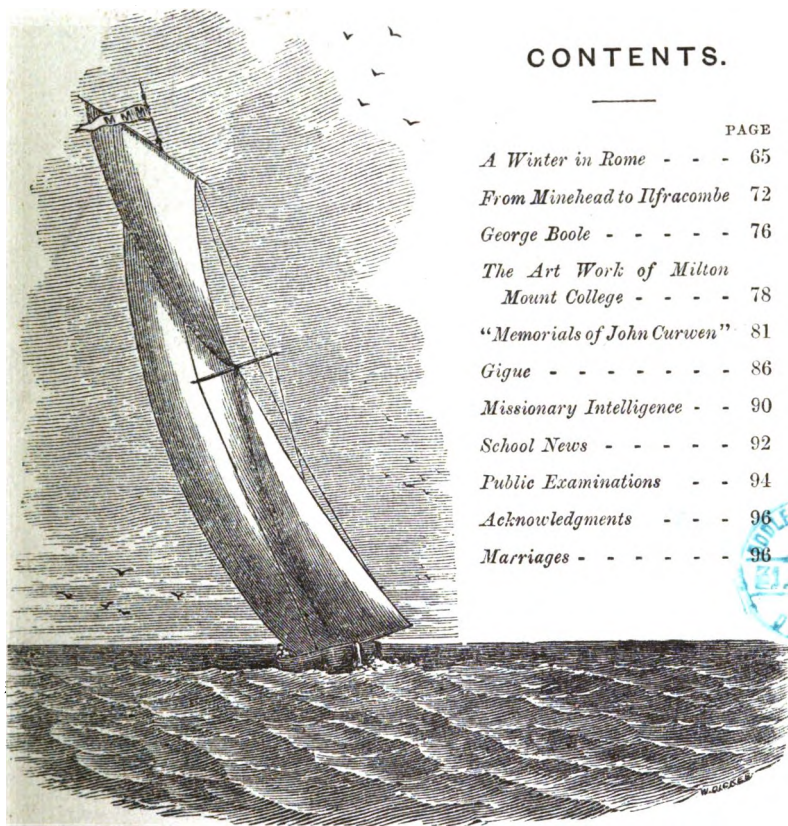
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

WE beg to acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of the following magazines:—*City of London School Magazine*, *Excelsior*, *School for the Sons of Missionaries Magazine*, *The Brook*, *Epocmian*, *Thistle*, *Camden School Record*, *Our Magazine*, *Whitgift Magazine*. Also the receipt of a beautifully finished model of an Indian house, and a set of Japanese baskets.

MILTON MOUNT MAGAZINE

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ORA ET LABORA.

Milton Mount Magazine.

NOVEMBER, 1882.

A WINTER IN ROME.

IT was on the second day of this year that I bade farewell to my old home and started off alone on a journey to Rome. I will not trouble you with an account in detail of that journey, although I could write pages in describing all the beautiful scenery I passed through, the wonderful sights I saw, the amusing characters I met with, and the unique experiences altogether. Suffice it to say that after a break at Paris of thirty hours to rest and see the beautiful city, and after various small adventures, I landed at Rome on Saturday afternoon, January 7th.

Not knowing the Italian language, I found a serious drawback after passing the frontier. The sole word in my vocabulary was "Acqua," and this I made good use of at the various stations we stopped at, as, the weather being very cold, I constantly made tea in my little kettle, which was heated by a spirit lamp.

Arriving at Rome I expected all my troubles to cease at the sight of my English friend, who was to meet me. However, see her I could not, and, feeling rather miserable in consequence, and knowing that my stock of Italian money was exhausted, I was just thinking what I had better do when I saw a rather fierce-looking man thrust a card under a lady's nose. With my Eve's curiosity I went up and looked over her shoulder, and to my great joy saw my name written thereupon. It was the house-porter, and, although we couldn't exchange a word intelligible to either of us, I have looked upon that man ever since in the light of a dear friend. We drove up to the "Art College" on the Pincian Hill—for that was my destination—and I got a hearty English welcome and the rest which was much needed.

I should like to say a word about this college, where I stayed, in the hope that some of the readers of this Magazine may at some time or other feel inclined to spend a winter there. It was commenced about seven years ago by Miss Mayor, as a home for lady-artists. It can contain about twenty-five, but when there are not that number Miss Mayor allows other ladies who do not study for art to board by the week. It is a large house, part of an old palace, and has beautiful white marble staircases and marble floors to all the rooms, and many attractive studios. There is a Sunday and also a night school for the models in the house, conducted by the ladies, and this has long been much appreciated by these poor creatures, who spend all their lives "sitting" for artists, growing up intensely ignorant and superstitious, and often wicked. The opposition of the priests is so great that the only religious teaching allowed is "Bible stories." Reading, writing, arithmetic, sewing, and French (if desired) are taught, and the models, who are all singers by nature, greatly delight in the sweet hymns of Mr. Sankey and others, which have been translated into their

language. Miss Mayor holds a weekly reception, and here congregate lovers of art in all its branches, whether in painting, sculpture, or music, and other people who may be wintering in Rome, and who come to see over the studios. The consequence is that many orders are given to the ladies, and thus their works get known and admired.

I was one of the unfortunate (?) few who, while admiring art, know literally nothing about it, and, while the other ladies were busy in their studios most of the day, I was following my sweet will, roaming amongst the ruins, the galleries, the villas, and the churches of the "eternal city." And now, how am I to tell of all the wonderful pleasures that I delighted in? Words seem inadequate to describe them; they must be seen to be realised and felt.

How often I used to wander amongst the ruins of the Forum Romanum (there have been eight other forums) thinking of Cicero, Pompey, Seneca, Horace, and other great orators, philosophers, and poets, and trying to imagine how it must have looked in their day, and when, in all its glory and in the zenith of its great power, Rome ruled the civilised world from this spot.

Here they are busy excavating still, and I saw them come across some of the old shops which stood in the days of the early kings, and where Virginia was stabbed by her father with the knife seized from the butcher's stall.

The Coliseum, too, seemed a dear old friend, and my first visit to the ruins was to it, when the sacredness and grandeur of the place seemed at first almost overwhelming. Everybody is so familiar with this mammoth ruin (one of the seven wonders of the world), either from photographs and descriptions or from personal acquaintance, that I feel it would only be taking up time uselessly to go into detail.

The rush of associations connected with this place—as, indeed

with all Rome—is very great. As I stood on the top of the high building, looking down into the arena, imagination came to my aid, and I seemed to see it once more filled with 100,000 spectators, all eagerly gazing into the centre, where some gladiators were being butchered, or, worse still, where some of the Master's dear ones were being torn to pieces by the lions for His sake. "The noble army of martyrs praise Thee, O Lord!" seemed to ring in my ears.

The Coliseum I saw in four different lights—once by moonlight, often by sunlight, and—doesn't it seem desecration?—once by the electric light, and, on Rome's birthday in April, by red and blue Bengal illuminations. Certainly my opinion is, to borrow and adapt an oft-quoted verse of Scott's,

"If thou wouldst see the Coliseum aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight."

But one of the chief interests in Rome to me was St. Paul's associations with it, and I spent many happy hours hunting up the different places, probable and improbable, which are connected with him. I found tradition and supposition so mixed up with everything that I became quite sceptical on many points.

Two churches claim the honour of occupying Paul's "own hired house," and I visited both. One is a series of subterranean rooms under Santa Sara in Corso, and, hiring a guide with a torch, I descended. "Certainly it looks very likely to be it," I thought as I stood there; but alas! my impressed and awestruck feelings soon turned to a sense of amusement when my conductor began showing me the table where Peter ate his dinner! the spot where St. Luke painted his picture!! and the spring of water which miraculously sprang up in answer to Paul's prayer!!!

The chief objection to this house being thought the correct one is that it is well known to have been a Government building

from the time of Julius Cæsar, and it is therefore unlikely that Paul or any one would have been allowed to lodge there. The other place is part of a church in the Ghetto, or Jews' quarter, and consists of one large room. On the walls are these words in Latin, "School of Paul, the servant of Jesus Christ." Many think it very likely that this is the right spot, the Christians having handed down the information about the dwelling-place of their beloved friend Paul.

Another place connected with the Apostle is the Prætorium guard-house on the Palatine Hill, which was only excavated a few years ago. It is thought that Paul would be kept here for at least one night, as was then the custom before the prisoners who had appealed unto Cæsar were brought before him.

A recent very interesting discovery, showing how Paul's or some other Christian influence had been at work among the garrison, is that of some *graffite*, or scratches on the walls, evidently done by soldiers in their spare hours. I saw the word "Hilarus" on one wall, and then some letters which have been interpreted to mean "a veteran soldier of Jesus Christ." Another surer one is now cut out and placed in a museum. It is that of a cross, upon which is nailed a figure with an ass's head, and underneath is the inscription, "Alexemenos worships his god." Such is the ridicule of a heathen comrade! In another place are the words, "Alexemenos Fideles," evidently showing that, amongst the dark, depraved, godless soldiers, there were at least some worshippers of the true God. Whether Paul was ever in the damp, black, awful Mamertine prison is, I think, very doubtful, though of course you are told he was, and are shown this miraculous spring of water, which, by-the-by, Plutarch speaks of as being there ten years before Christ. The pillar to which Paul and Peter are said to have been chained for nine months is also shown, and sundry other improbable things. Apart from Paul, these dungeons are very

interesting historically, for in the lower one, or Sullianum, Jugurtha, King of Numidia, was starved to death about 100 years B.C.; the Catiline conspirators were strangled; and Aulus Martius, the King of Rome, is said to have been put to death here. The site, or it may be the original Basilica or law-court where Paul stood before Nero, is still shown, and there he was condemned to death—the charge being, very likely, that he had assisted in setting fire to the city: a deed which had taken place just previously, and for which the Christians were tried.

To pass from uncertainties to actual knowledge, I felt it a relief to go along the Appian Way, feeling sure that here at least we know the great Apostle walked. And as I trod the same paving-stones that he did, and thought of his eye resting on the same general view of mountains, sky, and plain, I almost seemed to see him coming slowly along, travel-stained, arid, weary, and chained to a soldier; and the words “and so we came towards Rome” kept running in my head.

The place where St. Paul was executed every one visits. It was the “Tyburn” of Rome, and about three miles away from it. Its site is now occupied by a church, convent, and convict prison. Nearer the city is now a most magnificent structure, built to the memory of St. Paul, and in my opinion far preferable to *the* Cathedral of the world. I certainly must confess to a feeling of disappointment on first entering the renowned St. Peter's; but the more I saw of it, the more I liked it. I came to the conclusion that it was my mind that was too small to take in its dimensions and grandeur. Really its vastness, its soft air, and the limitless feeling about it are wonderful, though its symmetry and proportions make it appear less than it really is. I think one misses here, and in all of the 364 churches in Rome, that sublime, solemn, reverential awe one experiences on entering any old Gothic building such as York Minster. No; in Italy there is nothing but joyous warmth.

triumph, and thanksgiving; but after a time one gets in tune with it.

Time fails to tell of all the manifold ruins of interest there are everywhere in Rome; those on the Palatine Hill alone would suffice to fill a volume of description. Every day new discoveries are being made, some clearing up disputed points, and others proving things that, up till now, have been only theory. I meant to have written a little about the Carnival which I saw, but ought not now, as I fear I have taken up too much space already.

The childish nature of the Italians is never more strongly evinced than at such a time, and, as everybody agrees to be as foolish as possible, Rome indeed "goes mad."

I took part in the "battle of flowers" in the Corso, and I had thrown at me, and threw myself several hundreds of bunches at people, many of whom were dressed in most ludicrous costumes. The last evening is called the "Moccoletti" battle, and after dark everybody turns out with lighted candles, the game being to blow out other people's lights and save your own.

There is a large colony of English and Scotch winter residents in the city, and I was much struck by the universal kindness and friendliness shown by them to all from the home country. There is not a Congregational church here, but I soon became at home amongst the Presbyterians of Rome. After five months my parents came for me, and we went on to Naples, there seeing Pompeii and Sorrento. Then on our way home we halted at Florence, Milan, Como, and Turin, landing in London for the May meetings, and so ended one of the happiest and certainly the most memorable winter of my life.

JESSIE BALGARNIE.

FROM MINEHEAD TO ILFRACOMBE.

“**W**HERE shall we go during the holidays?” is a question not unfamiliar at this season of the year. Numerous are the ways in which change and rest from ordinary occupation may be found. Indeed, the variety is so great that the only difficulty lies in the choice.

“Let us take a walking-tour!” was the suggestion of one of our party whilst we were endeavouring to solve this problem. “Capital!” said everybody. So it was agreed that we should visit the neighbourhood of North Devon, walking along the coast. Accordingly we started, one fine morning, taking train to Minehead, a small watering place not far distant. Knapsacks and satchels being shouldered, we set out for Porlock. Our way led over a wide expanse of moor, covered with bracken and rich purple heather. On gaining the summit of a small elevation, a most picturesque view lay before us. On either side a vast extent of undulating fields covered with corn, and dotted with tall ash-trees. To the east lies the little town of Minehead, nestling under the hills, and a glimpse is caught of the sea beyond. Away in the south is Dunkerry Beacon, standing out gaunt and bare. This peak is 1,668 feet high, but owing to the gradual slope of its sides a sense of its great height is not at first felt. Descending the hill, the little village of Selworthy is seen. This is an irregularly built winding hamlet, owning a pretty little church, built in the Perpendicular style, and surrounded by a small graveyard, in which there is an old cross deserving notice. And now we come to what the guide-book tells us is “one of the leafiest, loveliest lanes in all Somerset, worthy of the fairest nooks of Devon.” It fully merits this praise. The banks are studded with numberless ferns and rare wild flowers, the leaves are of the richest green, the branches of the trees, meeting overhead and interlacing,

form one unbroken bower, and the pathway winds in and out, following the course of a rivulet. It needs but small effort of the imagination to believe oneself in fairy-land.

Horner's Wood is the next spot claiming the tourist's attention. It does not lie on the main road, but is reached by a winding field-path, and is a delightful district for a long ramble. The foxgloves are specially fine, some being at least six feet high. After spending several hours in wandering through the "leafy glades and mossy dells," we retraced our steps and once more set out on the high road to Porlock. This is a curious old town dating from Saxon times. A marked feature of the architecture of the place is the prominence given to the chimneys, which are built quite in front of the cottages, and so arranged as to appear ornamental.

Having secured accommodation for the night, we set out for a ramble through the town. Porlock is situated about a mile from the sea, from which it is separated by fields and a wide sea-beach. The beach is of pebbles, much rounded and worn by the continual action of the waves, and so numerous as to form a huge ridge.

Porlock Church is certainly worthy of inspection. In the graveyard is a very fine old yew-tree, close to whose spreading branches is an ancient cross, bearing significant traces of wind and weather. The tower, which is covered with shingle, is in itself an object of interest. Inside the church there are two effigies under canopies, and in a niche in the wall rests that of a Crusader. Many old tablets bearing curious inscriptions are affixed to the walls.

Before starting next morning we were informed that there was to be a meet of the Devon and Somerset stag-hounds. Being desirous to see it, we ascended the somewhat steep hill, and found ourselves on a wide common, covered with gorse, heather, and whortleberry-bushes. The hounds, about fifty in

number, grouped together, were carefully guarded by the scarlet-coated huntsman. The horses seemed most impatient to start, and were with difficulty held in check as they stood proudly arching their necks and pawing the ground. Spectators were constantly arriving—some in carriages, some on horseback, and others on foot; and, as the hunting-party was continually being increased by fresh arrivals of ladies, gentlemen, and their attendants, the place assumed a lively and animated aspect. But now the huntsmen moved off, the hounds started, the horses and their riders followed in the rear, and soon the whole party had gained the top of the hill, expecting every minute to start the red-deer. Exmoor, with its immediate neighbourhood, is the only place in England where this animal is found in a wild state.

We now turned our steps in the direction of Culbone Church, said to be the smallest in England. It lies in a narrow ravine, whose sides are thickly studded with the sturdy English oak. Though the edifice is only 33 feet by 12, yet it is complete, having a chancel-screen, pulpit, pews, altar, bell-turret, and porch.

Continuing the route for Lynmouth along the high road which runs through the open moor, Cosgate or County Gate is passed. This marks the line of division between Somerset and Devon. At this point in our journey, the rain unfortunately began to fall, and the remainder of the day's walk—five miles—had to be done in a pitiless downpour and boisterous wind. The village of Countisbury having been passed, the road to Lynmouth runs down the side of a steep hill skirting the sea, whose roar can be distinctly heard the whole way.

The next day proving fine, we explored the Glen Lyn grounds. The scenery here is very beautiful; the paths wind about, following the flow of the water, which thunders over its rocky bed, forming innumerable cascades and falls. The trees

are very fine and thickly covered with foliage, whilst ferns and mosses grow luxuriantly over the whole place.

Watersmeet next claimed our attention. It is about two miles from Lynmouth, and is so named because it is formed by the junction of two rivers—the East and West Lyn. Owing to the late rain, they were much swollen, and presented a grand spectacle.

Having explored the immediate vicinity of Lynmouth, we set out for our next destination—Hunter's Inn. After ascending the steep hill to Lynton, the way lies entirely on the cliff-side, and the tourist passes through the Valley of Rocks. This is a sublime and awful spectacle. Huge masses of rock lie piled one upon another, some gaunt and bare, others covered with bracken. The rocks, being of slaty formation, weather out here and there, assuming most fantastic shapes, and, from its appearance, the central one is called the "Castle Rock." The winding road now led us past a pretty mansion—Lee Abbey. Part of this is in ruins, and the old walls are covered with ivy. Tradition says it was the residence of the Whichelhases who figure in "*Lorna Doone*."

After a rambling walk through Woody Bay, we found ourselves once more on the cliff-path, where numbers of sheep were browsing on the scanty herbage. The path here, which is very narrow, is the most romantic of the whole route, leading along steep hill-sides, with the sea lying hundreds of feet below. The cliffs are so perpendicular that one instinctively shudders at the thought of a false step.

Heddon's Mouth being reached, a walk of about a mile inland brought us to Hunter's Inn, a charming spot for a night's stay.

The next day we arrived at Combe Martin, after a moorland walk of five miles. This is a straggling village, a mile and a-half in length. The surrounding country being very beautiful,

it is the resort of many visitors during the summer months. The remainder of the road to Ilfracombe is rich in varied scenery, and, as we traversed the hills and dales, our joy was only damped by the thought that our pleasant walking-tour was at an end.

MARY E. MARSDEN.

GEORGE BOOLE.



ON Saturday, May 27th, Professor Harley, of Mill Hill, gave us a very interesting lecture on George Boole. The following is an attempt at a brief *résumé* :—

The name of George Boole, one of the greatest mathematicians of this century, is known to comparatively few. He was content to work away quietly for simple love of truth, and leave fame alone—to seek him out if she would. She has done so, but not till after his death in 1864. A splendid memorial has been raised to him in Westminster Abbey. But “as well,” says Addison, “raise a monument to Noah on the top of Mount Ararat as a tribute of the gratitude of posterity, as raise memorials to a dead man.”

George Boole was born in Lincoln, 1815, the son of a common cobbler, or rather an *uncommon* one, for he was a remarkably intelligent man, and, in his widow's opinion, a greater genius than George himself.

George showed, when quite a child, great taste for mathematics, but up to the age of fourteen he devoted nearly all his energies to classics, in which he became soon a proficient scholar. He now took up mathematics more particularly, and made it his special study all his life. He worked almost entirely without assistance, puzzling out difficult problems alone, and often, in this way, coming across new solutions which were afterwards of great value to him.

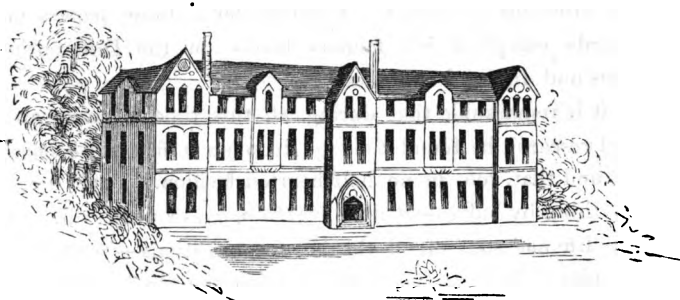
He patronised one of the leading Cambridge magazines, writing no less than twenty long papers upon different mathe-

matical problems of the day. From matter in these papers he afterwards compiled his famous books on the Differential Calculus and Integral Equations.

Yet it is remarkable that during all this time of study and original research he found time to keep up a first-class boys' school, and that, too, in no half-hearted fashion. Boole never did anything by halves—it must be *thorough*, or not at all. He was the life and soul of all the boys' occupations—in work as well as play. He now received a call to the Professorship of Mathematics at Cambridge, but he refused it, on the ground that it would oblige him to work in certain ruts, and put an end to original research. He accepted, however, the Professorship at Cork, where he worked steadfastly, but quietly, till his death in 1864, leaving a gap in the scientific world. If any one should ask us what practical good his discoveries have done for the world, as yet we cannot tell. But if no philosopher had taken up any science except it were of known practical utility, where should we have been now? If there had been none philanthropic enough to pursue science for the very love of truth, where, now, would have been our telephones and our steam-engines, our telegraphs and our electric light, our telescopes and microscopes? As yet we know no practical use for the differential calculus, but that is no reason why we never should.

Johnson is mercilessly severe on all mathematicians. He describes one as sitting in his room, with compasses and books about him, while a fire is raging in the neighbourhood. A servant rushes in exclaiming that the fire is spreading all around. "It is quite natural," he replies, unmoved; "fire always moves in a circle." But of Boole no one can complain of lack of sympathy; he was always ready to sympathise with others, and was well known in his native town as a Christian gentleman and a kind and faithful friend.

ELLEN LONGWILL.



PROPOSED HIGH SCHOOL AND TECHNICAL SCHOOL, GRAVESEND.

Designed by E. C. ROBINS, Esq.

Drawn by LILIAN DAVIES.

Engraved by EDITH SANDERS.

THE ART WORK OF MILTON MOUNT COLLEGE.

REVISITING, a few months ago, the scenes of my youth, I made a short but delightful stay at the dear old College. As I am very interested in Art work, I determined to keep my eyes open and see what was to be seen in that line at Milton Mount College.

I arrived there one bright Thursday afternoon, and was shown into the reception-room, to wait a few minutes until Miss Hadland should be disengaged. Meanwhile, I amused myself by examining, with much interest, the drawings which hung around the walls, executed, chiefly, by former pupils. Amongst them I noticed specimens of figure outline, outline from nature, chalk shading, and models shaded in parallel straight lines. By-and-by I was taken by some of my former little friends, now grown almost out of knowledge, through all the class-rooms downstairs, in some of which I found great alterations. The school-room claimed my special attention. The walls were adorned with a number of plaster casts—ornaments, figures, fruit, &c.; not, I was told, allowed to be dusted, as the

accumulation of dust only added to their beauty. Besides these, I admired much a large mounted and framed photograph of the Madonna and Child; and last, but not least, a large and beautiful bust, in plaster, of Apollo Belvidere. The handsome, though somewhat cold and cruel face, the lips parted in a half sneer, the luxuriant waving hair thrown back from the noble forehead, are well calculated to excite that admiration for, and love of, sculpture so often wanting in young people,

The next day I attended, with great pleasure and profit, two perspective and geometry lessons, and was afterwards present at one of the senior form drawing classes, where I found the pupils in several different stages of advancement.

Those who had already passed in the freehand drawing examination of South Kensington were arranged in a semi-circle around a group of geometrical models; others, who had passed this stage also, and who attended the perspective and geometry classes, were being instructed in the art of copying from the cast, either in outline or shading in chalk. The rest of the pupils were copying from the flat, shading either in crayons or in sepia. Animals and flowers seemed to be the most general subjects of study; and, amongst other copies, I was delighted to notice some of my old favourites, Landseer's "Dignity and Impudence," "Suspense," "A Distinguished Member of the Royal Humane Society," &c.

In the afternoon I had the pleasure of being present at the "Art class," held once a week in the lecture-room. The junior division of this class I found were learning the principles of colouring, whilst the senior division were being initiated into the mysteries of crystoleum painting. This delightful occupation, which has but recently been taken up at the College, is likely to prove a favourite one for leisure hours, which, alas for its pursuers! are, as ever in this busy place, few and far between.

On Saturday morning I attended for an hour a class consisting of some ten or twelve girls engaged in china painting, and only wished that it had been my lot to enjoy such privileges during my schooldays. But the great affair of the day was to come off after dinner, when an exhibition of terra-cotta and wooden articles, which had been painted by the pupils, either in or out of school hours, was to be held in No. 6. Doors, or rather *the* door, open at 3 o'clock.

At the appointed time I found myself there, amongst a number of others as anxious as myself to view the work of their companions.

Here, on tables covered with red baize, were to be seen an assortment of artistic work which quite surprised me, including, as it did, contributions from even the second form; the latter did them great credit.

Wooden plates and terra-cotta plaques adorned with geometrical designs, or studies of animals and flowers, with here and there a charming little landscape in water-colours or sepia; wooden photograph stands and frames, spectacle cases, paper-knives, boxes of all sizes and shapes, serviette rings, &c., almost all without exception well and prettily painted; china plates and tiles with well-chosen designs in blues and browns, coloured photographs, an antimacassar painted on satin and edged with lace, terra-cotta vases, large and small, and various other articles which space will not allow me to mention. In all there were about seventy separate contributions, all of them the work of pupils then in the house. I had several chats with the lady who teaches drawing, and learnt that on an average thirty pupils are successful every year in the South Kensington second grade examinations; also that about fifty works are sent up yearly for the February Art class competition, several prizes being generally gained. The students of Art are looking forward with great pleasure to having "a real studio for oil

painting" in the Technical school that is to be; and I was actually handed a representation—of which that at the head of this paper is a copy—of this "proposed Technical and High school." Lilian Davies, I was told, had drawn the building from the designs of E. C. Robins, Esq., and the engraving on wood was the work of Edith Sanders, a two years' pupil of Mr. Roberts at the Lambeth School of Art. The erection of a large building of this kind will of course be a work of time; but there is some hope of a temporary studio, after Christmas, in the new boarding house for the High school. Other branches of Art work will be taken up when the new building is opened, such as wood-engraving, copying and colouring of architectural designs, and Art needlework.

"MEMORIALS OF JOHN CURWEN."



HIS little volume gives a sketch of the life of one whose name is now familiar to us all. Although Mr. Curwen will doubtless long be remembered by a large circle of friends as an earnest Christian minister, and a worker in many fields of usefulness, yet the widespread reputation of his name depends not on these things, but on his great work of "developing and promoting the tonic sol-fa method of teaching music." It is, therefore, with this subject the book chiefly deals; showing how circumstances first drew Mr. Curwen's attention to it, and then by what means it gradually reached its present condition.

When a student at college, Mr. Curwen knew nothing whatever of music; he could not even distinguish one tune from another. In fun, one evening, some of his fellow-students agreed to teach him to sing the scale if he would give twenty minutes a day to the task. They found their work by no means easy; but, when, after all their difficulties, Mr. Curwen could sing a

few simple tunes, the triumph was great. That such a man should afterwards introduce a new method of writing music, and so become a teacher of singing to thousands, is certainly not what one would expect. The fact is, it was not a love of *music*, but a love of *children*, which compelled him to undertake these labours. From his earliest youth he delighted in the society of children, and was never happier than when holding their attention rivetted by his graphic, almost dramatic, style of speaking. *They*, too, enjoyed these times, as many can testify; among them, doubtless, some former Miltonians, who will remember his visit to the College, and his very deep interest in us all.

Wherever Mr. Curwen settled as a pastor, the Sunday-school received a large amount of his attention and love. His name became known all over the country, and very numerous invitations were received by him to visit other schools—far more than he could accept. It was in this work that he learnt the attractiveness and use of singing, and very soon he commenced a class to try to improve the psalmody of his school. Often, in after-years, did he graphically describe these efforts, how he and his helpers shouted right manfully in order to make the children hear the correct tune, and how, the more loudly they sang, the more the children bawled, until at last their throats would be sore and their strength exhausted.

After two years of such toil, Mr. Curwen happened to visit a school at Norwich, of which a Miss Glover was the head. This lady was reputed in the neighbourhood as a wonderful teacher of singing; and young persons were often sent to her to be trained for choirs. Mr. Curwen found the children singing correctly and with expression from some syllables pointed out by a young teacher. He was charmed, and, feeling he had discovered a power he could use, he set earnestly to work to learn all that Miss Glover could teach. Then he formed the

determination to make this new system known as widely as possible, and thus seek to improve the singing in homes and schools. Miss Glover took great interest in his work, and though afterwards she did not approve of all his new ideas this did not lessen her steady sympathy.

But, like other great reforms, the tonic sol-fa system of singing met with much opposition. So great was the perseverance of Mr. Curwen, however, that every fresh hindrance proved an additional stimulus. The work began with small evening classes; the only book, a fourpenny "*Grammar of Music*." Next an association was formed of men interested in the movement, and they soon published the "*Tonic Sol-fa Reporter*," a monthly magazine, which did not meet its expenses until after six years of patient working. Mr. Curwen took care to send Miss Glover some of the earliest profits; but, as she refused all pecuniary advantage, he determined to invest this little fund in a fresh book—"*Singing for Schools and Congregations*." By this time the Home and Colonial School had adopted the tonic sol-fa, and Mr. Curwen naturally expected that, through teachers trained there, his system would become more widely known. Judge of his disappointment, therefore, when he was told that, as the society was now under Government, it must give the new method of singing up altogether.

Aroused by this hindrance, Mr. Curwen commenced a series of lectures in various towns, which were so successful that, from this time, the period of steady progress began.

In 1857 the first public demonstration was held, when upwards of three thousand children formed a choir for a great concert at the Crystal Palace. In spite of most unfavourable weather, special trains brought thousands of visitors, who were all charmed with what they saw and heard. But such display was not Mr. Curwen's ideal, and he took a far deeper interest in the ordinary steady work which went on in winter classes.

To assist in securing thorough proficiency, he now commenced the publication of the "Standard Course," and instituted a system of examination. After that he studied harmony, and brought out books on that subject; and then, feeling that the tonic sol-fa would be of use for various instruments, as well as the human voice, he began the laborious task of learning them. He would get an old man, skilled in some instrument, to come to his house and play to him; then, by careful questioning, he would find out the peculiarities belonging to it. He then wrote books for teaching the organ, pianoforte, harmonium; also stringed, brass, and wood instruments. All this work took very much time and thought, and Mr. Curwen sometimes felt as though he, perhaps, ought to be employed in more spiritual labour. He writes to a friend—"At present my work feels secularising. I wish it done, and done with. Pray for me that I may be kept faithful to the great end of our enterprise, God's glory; and that I may be strengthened to do even the humblest and heaviest work which tends to that end."

Of late years, the need of having thoroughly trained teachers became so pressing that at last Mr. Curwen saw that they must attempt to build a Tonic Sol-fa College. Strenuous efforts were made to obtain the money; and, by means of a bazaar, lectures given by Mr. Curwen, and the generosity of friends, they were successful; and in July, 1879, the first wing was opened. Mr. Curwen had the joy of taking a prominent part as lecturer; his assistants being other associates who had gained a member's certificate.

So much space has been consumed by this very imperfect outline of Mr. Curwen's great work, that other departments of his ministry must merely be mentioned. As a pastor, he experienced the constant labours and anxieties belonging to his position, with the addition sometimes of very weak health. At one time, indeed, he was obliged to resign his ministerial work

and live in Germany, and in later years he had to exchange preaching for printing.

At the time of the American Civil War, 1861, Mr. Curwen was a zealous friend of the slave. It was his work to organise a society to aid the freedmen, and he had a heavy share of the management. In later years he gave his energies to the School Board of West Ham, where he resided. Here his unwearied love for children showed itself in the earnest manner in which he contended for their comfort in every respect.

In the year 1880 Mr. Curwen received, in the death of his wife, a blow from which he never recovered. They had been such thorough companions to each other that to him life without her could only seem dreary. He tried hard to enter heartily into the plans of those around him, and was never more cheerful, yet still he experienced, as he says, "an intense longing to be in heaven." His desire was soon granted. In the following May he took cold from exposure to a keen wind, and, after a few days' illness, passed away.

The funeral took place at Ilford, when a large number of friends—from two or three thousand persons—came to show their love for Mr. Curwen and sympathy with his bereaved family. The Rev. J. A. Macfadyen, M.A., of Manchester, gave an address, in which, after summing up the great works accomplished by Mr. Curwen, and lamenting the loss of one of his dearest friends, he adds:—

"For years I have revered his pure and holy character, his unselfish affection, his frank, childlike, and sympathetic manner, his blending of love and intellect, his steady attachment to principle, which made him in all matters pertaining to conscience as much of the oak as in all things that seemed to him non-essential he was of the willow; one of the noblest and most chivalrous natures I have ever known. Surely it is no mockery to say that this life so nobly lived is not ended. There are other and grander spheres of effort, other and greater work to be done in worlds unknown, to which our best and bravest are called away. We speak of their sun as having gone down while it was yet day—they have begun to shine already as the stars for ever and ever."

L. J. SNELL.

GIGUE.

Allegro vivace.

ELIZA ROLLS.



First system of musical notation. The treble clef staff begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and contains a series of eighth-note chords. The bass clef staff begins with a *cres.* (crescendo) marking and contains a series of eighth-note chords. Below the bass staff is the instruction *mf il basso marcato.*

Second system of musical notation. The treble clef staff begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and contains a series of eighth-note chords. The bass clef staff contains a series of eighth-note chords. Both staves end with a double bar line.

Third system of musical notation. The treble clef staff begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and contains a series of eighth-note chords. The bass clef staff contains a series of eighth-note chords. Both staves end with a double bar line.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff begins with an *a tempo.* marking and contains a series of eighth-note chords. The bass clef staff begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and contains a series of eighth-note chords. Both staves end with a double bar line.

Gigue.

Gigue.

89



MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.



PERHAPS some of our readers and Old Miltonians will be interested in hearing what has been done with the pence collected on Sunday mornings.

For some time our yearly contributions were appropriated to the support of Dorcas, Rhoda, and Mosena, three orphans at Mirzapore, under the charge of Mrs. Hewlett, who had kindly kept us informed of the welfare of our protégées.

Since the lamented death of Mrs. Hewlett we had heard nothing of the children, until our Secretary wrote for news to Mrs. Hutton, who succeeded Mrs. Hewlett, and who kindly sent the following letter in reply:—

“MIRZAPORE, *Feb. 12th*, 1882.

“MY DEAR MISS MEAD,

“I am very sorry to have been so long in answering your letter, but since the end of October I have been laid aside from all work, having had an attack of ‘gastric fever.’ I regret that you have not heard of your little protégées for so long, particularly as I find I have to inform you of the death of two of them. On looking up the Orphanage register, ‘Dorcas’ is put down as three and a-half years, and as having died June 20th, 1876, from the after-effects of measles, and ‘Rhoda’ as having died on December 2nd, 1878, of consumption. I cannot but think that an intimation of Dorcas’s death must have been sent home by Mrs. Hewlett at the time, as in the following year, 1877, she has the name ‘Martha,’ and ‘Mosena,’ instead of ‘Dorcas’ and ‘Mosena;’ as if she had had the permission of the young ladies of the Milton Mount College to put Martha in place of poor little Dorcas.

“Then as to Rhoda, she must have died two or three months after Mrs. Hewlett, and therefore before our arrival here, so that, in her case, no intimation was sent to you.

“Mr. Hewlett, before leaving for England, was unable to give us either the names or addresses of the kind friends who assist us by their subscriptions, so that is the only reason I can give you for not having written before this time.

“I hope now to be able to write occasionally, so as to keep up the interest of the young ladies, as, without, we can neither expect their prayers nor kind help.

“I trust that, although little Dorcas and Rhoda are gone, the young ladies may still continue to support three little orphans.

"Mosena, I am glad to say, is well, and is a very good, quietly behaved little girl; she is put down in the register as nine years of age, but she does not look more than six or seven. She is very bright and rather good-looking, and seems always happy.

"We intend having some of the little girls' photos taken (if we can arrange for a photographer to come here), as some of the ladies who help to support them have expressed a wish to have photographs; then we shall have Mosena taken as well, as I am sure many of you would like to see the little girl who was 'taken out of the river'—therefore her name Mosena.

"I should like very much to receive a letter from you asking as many questions about the orphans and Zenana work as the young ladies would like to know about, and I shall have much pleasure in answering them.

"Thanking you all very much for the subscriptions received during the last three years notwithstanding the lack of information you have had respecting the work during the time,

"Yours very sincerely,

"MARY E. HUTTON."

Some time after the receipt of this letter, we were very sorry to hear that Mrs. Hutton had been obliged to give up her work on account of ill-health; and in June we had a letter from Mrs. Lambert, asking if—as, in consequence of Rhoda's death, we were only supporting two children—we would adopt a baby named Eliza.

Our Secretary wrote accepting the proposal, and saying that we should be very glad if Mrs. Lambert would be kind enough to send us news, from time to time, of the little ones.

In accordance with this request, we received, last month, the following letter from Mrs. Lambert:—

"July 22nd, 1882.

"MY DEAR MISS THOMSON,

"Many thanks for your letter and for the Magazine, which I read with great interest.

"Please thank all the young ladies for the interest they are taking in our orphans. I am very sorry to tell them that the baby died not long after I wrote about her. I intended writing to tell you this before your letter came, but my time has been a great deal taken up with various things, and I have not been able to write.

"As I hope you will take another girl in the baby's place, I propose Tabitha. She is about nine or ten years of age, so that we shall not keep her more than six years, should her life be spared, but that is a long time yet.

"She is a tidy, orderly, and good-natured girl. I find she sews most neatly and knits pretty well. Mosena and Emmeline are dear little girls. I often speak to them about the friends in England who send money for them,

"With kind regards,

"Yours very sincerely,

"M. LAMBERT."

So we are again supporting three children in India, and hope that they may grow up to be good and useful women.

ALICE HARSANT.

SCHOOL NEWS.

SINCE the issue of the last number of the Magazine we have been home for our much-longed-for summer holidays. Some account of pleasant visits then paid will doubtless appear in other pages.

The Rev. Joshua Harrison favoured us with an address at the end of last term, and afterwards held a little meeting, which will long be remembered by the pupils who were about to leave.

On July 29th forty boys of the *Shaftesbury* training ship gave us the pleasure of a promenade concert. Tea in the hall came first, to which the lads did ample justice; and then the garden performance of really difficult music was most enjoyable. The band reflected the highest credit on its skilled instructor, Mr. Weston. One of the boys, who danced the hornpipe when we were on board the *Shaftesbury* was asked to repeat the exhibition, much to the delight of those especially who had not seen it before. At six o'clock the march-past was called for, and our guests departed. The same-

day, Miss Sharman's orphans were invited to come in and listen to the music.

On July 26th, just after the monthly examinations, we had a holiday. On that day, our two cricket clubs had a match, which proved a drawn game. The following day, the Seventh Form had their annual farewell tea. On looking round the table to see who were leaving us, we found out that there were only three, the remainder going to the High School. We spent a very pleasant evening, part of the time being passed in looking at some capital tableaux, which the girls who were leaving us had prepared. The Seventh Form have now the privilege of walking out in twos. Last term several visits were made to London for the purpose of attending concerts or visiting picture galleries, so that taste for music and drawing might be encouraged. Two trips also were made to Cooling Castle, on the new Hundred-of-Hoo Railway. Several mornings of holidays have been spent very pleasantly in Rosherville Gardens.

Since the summer recess nothing very stirring has happened. On the first Monday evening we had a business meeting in order to elect a new captain, as our late officer, Ellie Longwill, left last term, much to the regret of her companions.

Every Wednesday evening this term we are to have a short concert. We have had two already, which we found very pleasant.

On September 21st, Eva Harry, who has just returned from a nineteen months' stay in Germany, gave us a very interesting account of German school life.

ETHEL HARRY.

PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS.

CAMBRIDGE HIGHER LOCAL EXAMINATION.

The letters *h*, *ll*, *f* and *g*, *a*, *el.b*, and *p*, signify respectively distinction in History, Language and Literature, French and German, Arithmetic, Elementary Botany, and Physiology.

GROUP B.—CLASS II.

A. E. Corbold	J. E. Hurndall	C. Wood
	M. E. Marsden	

GROUP A.—CLASS I.

C. Wood (*h*) (Brown Scholarship, £26)

CLASS II.

A. E. Corbold (<i>ll</i>)	K. M. Herbert	M. E. Marsden (<i>ll</i>)
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GROUP B.—CLASS II.

A. E. Corbold (*f* and *g*)

GROUP C.—CLASS II.

E. G. Snell (*a*)

GROUP E.—CLASS I.

E. G. Snell (*el.b* and *p*)

CLASS II.

J. E. Hurndall

SOUTH KENSINGTON.

DRAWING.

(FREEHAND.)

M. Anthony	I. Darnton	M. Lea (<i>e</i>)
C. A. Chandler	M. E. Dodge	M. E. Smith
	E. Gilfillan	

(MODELS.)

E. J. Bolton (<i>e</i>)	E. Nuttall	L. Thomas
E. Chew	B. Partner	E. R. Tritton
C. Nicholson	M. Rawlinson	

(GEOMETRY.)

E. J. Bolton (<i>e</i>)	D. Hewgill	E. R. Tritton
	M. Rawlinson	

(PERSPECTIVE.)

E. J. Bolton	D. Hewgill (<i>e</i>)	M. Rawlinson
L. B. Chew (<i>e</i>)	C. Nicholson	A. C. Spence

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

CLOTHING.

CLASS I.

A. Allen	R. Fell	L. Moffett
S. Burgess	R. Henson	F. Newsholme
C. Chandler	O. James	B. Partner
F. Charlesworth	M. Jubb	N. Rew
M. Edwards	M. Knight	F. Snashall
	A. Warrington	

CLASS II.

E. Allatt	M. Davies	J. Pope
M. Anthony	E. Dodge	J. Plank
A. Bater	L. Gilfillan	M. Rawlinson
L. Binns	M. Harry	F. Rudduck
E. Bolton	A. Harsant	M. Seymour
M. Chadburn	D. Hooke	E. Smith
E. Chew	L. Hutchin	C. Soden
N. Chew	M. Johns	L. Thomas
K. St. John Conway	L. Jubb	R. Tritton
E. Courttnall	M. Lea	N. Tuck
A. Couzens	E. Mabbs	A. Wallace
A. Cox	K. Morgan	A. Williams
C. Crookall	E. Nicholls	M. Wishart

THEORY OF MUSIC.

CLASS I.

A. Spence

HIGH SCHOOL.

(The following are in addition to the names inserted in our last Number.)

LONDON UNIVERSITY MATRICULATION.

E. Perrin

SOUTH KENSINGTON.

DRAWING.

E. Homewood (Models), M. Bryant (Freehand), G. Arnold (Models and Freehand).

MECHANICS.

CLASS II.—E. Stock.

*Acknowledgments.***PHYSICS.**

CLASS II.—E. Stock.

PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY.

CLASS II.—E. Stock.

INORGANIC CHEMISTRY.

CLASS I.—E. Stock.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.**CLOTHING.**

CLASS I.—G. Arnold.

CLASS II.—N. Arnold.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We beg to acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of the following Magazines:—*City of London School Magazine*, *School for the Sons of Missionaries Magazine*, *Epsomian*, *Excelsior*, *Mill Hill Magazine*, *The Brook*, and *Camden School Record*.

Also, "Life of John Curwen," presented by the Author, J. Spedding Curwen, Esq.; and valuable parcels of Stones for the Geological Cabinet, from Miss Hickman (of Norwich), Mr. B. Evans (of the Copper Mines, Coniston), Mr. Taylor (of Greenside, Glendinning, Penrith), and the Rev. T. H. Browne (of High Wycombe).

In addition, we have to thank Miss Perrin for a large framed Photograph of the Madonna San Sisto (of Dresden), presented to the College, and a beautiful Vase, presented by her to the High School.

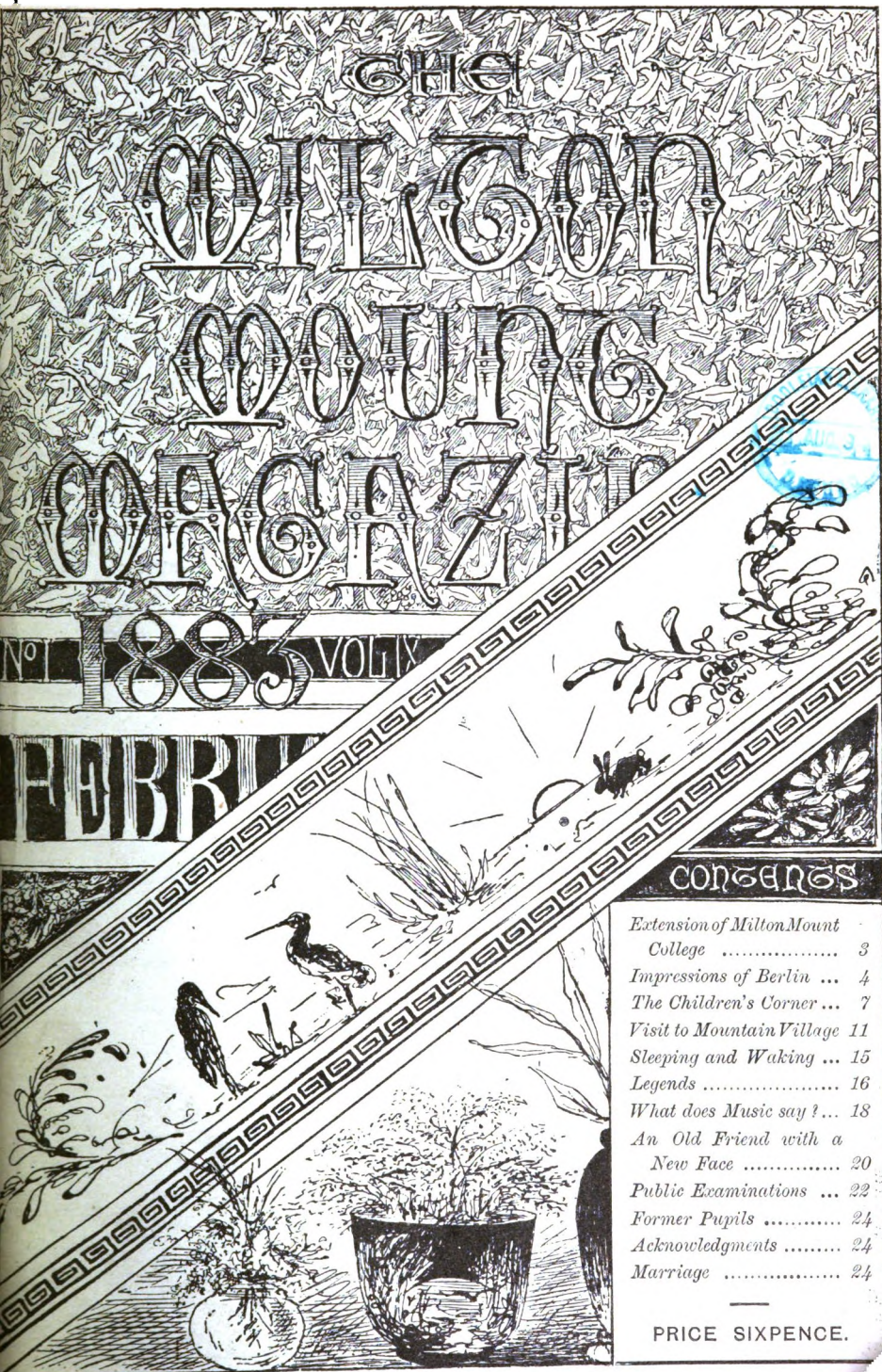
MARRIAGES.

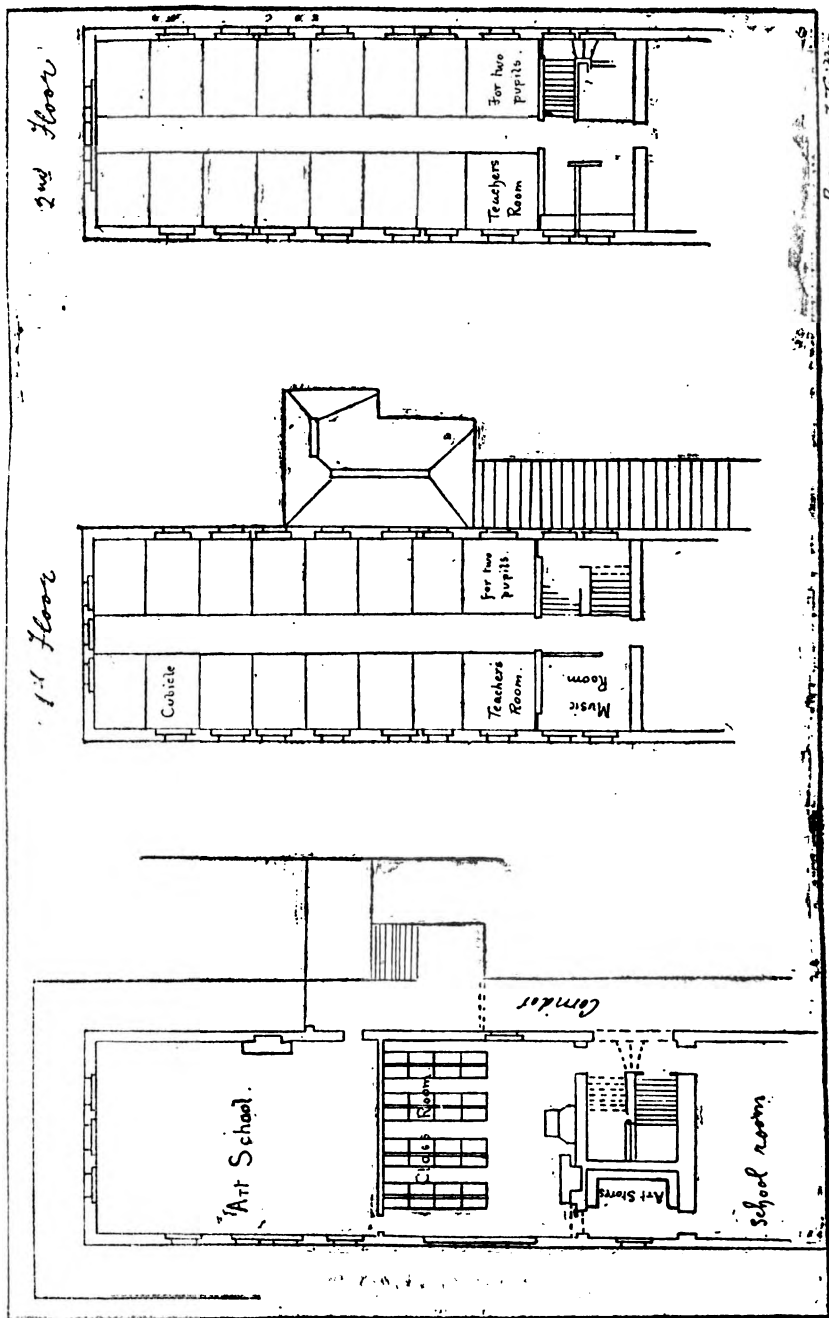
WYLD—BALGARNIE.—On August 9th, at South Cliff Church, Scarborough, by the father of the bride, R. S. Wyld, Civil Engineer, third son of R. S. Wyld, LL.D., Edinburgh, to Mary Rooke, second daughter of the Rev. Robert Balgarnie, Scarborough.

WOODCOCK—CROOKALL.—On September 14th, W. B. Woodcock, to Louisa, eldest daughter of Rev. R. Crookall, of Cleckheaton, Yorkshire.

MOORE—MOFFETT.—On August 15th, at Derry Valley Meeting House, by the Rev. Wm. Reid, assisted by the father of the bride, Isaac Moore, of Lantor, Bally Bay, Co. Monaghan, Ireland, to Florence Elizabeth, second daughter of the Rev. Ritchie Moffett, of Sowerby Bridge, Yorkshire.

SMITH—GALBRAITH.—On July 4th, at the Congregational Church, Brighouse, Yorkshire, by the father of the bride, the Rev. Arthur W. Smith, M.A., of the Congregational Church, Tillicoultry, to Mary Agnes, eldest daughter of the Rev. A. Galbraith, the Manse, Brighouse.





Rosemond Tilton



ORA ET LABORA.

Milton Mount Magazine.

FEBRUARY, 1883.

EXTENSION OF MILTON MOUNT COLLEGE

AT the close of 1882 there were only three vacancies in the College, and seventy-seven candidates ready to enter in January, besides about sixty other applicants. Hitherto, 154 has been the largest number of pupils received, and though, by the help of the Technical College, 164 are now under teaching, the dining-hall will seat 185, and an earnest effort is being made to accommodate that number. The cost will be £3,000, and £500 for furnishing. We insert, from the designs of the architect, E. C. Robins, Esq., a reduced plan of the extension, by one of our companions. On the ground-floor, beyond the old school-room, will be an art store, a class-room with dual desks for thirty-two pupils, and an art school. On the first-floor is a music-room, a teachers'-room, and cubicles for sixteen pupils. On the second-floor, a teachers'-room, cubicles for sixteen pupils, a housemaids'

closet, &c. Additional bath accommodation will also be provided. A staircase adds much to the cost, but is essential for domestic service, and safety in case of fire. A corridor from the staircase of the south wing will give independent access to rooms on the ground-floor.

Two thousand pounds have already been contributed, and one hundred towards the Cubicle Fund. For the latter, an old pupil sends to-day £5, and we need hardly say how much pleasure it will give us to receive similar promises. Many of us feel that we owe life-long benefits to the dear old College, and we only wish we could each send a good large cheque to our noble Treasurer.

AN ENGLISH GIRL'S IMPRESSIONS OF BERLIN.

(Continued.)

STILL there is a brighter side. Although lamentably in the minority, there *are* true-hearted people in Berlin, who, belonging neither to the so-called "Freethinkers" (many of whom in reality never think at all) nor to the half-hearted occasional church-goers, do indeed strive to live up to the light which God has given to them, and, as far as in them lies, endeavour to diffuse that light around them. To this class belong many of the Lutheran clergy; and as I write, two or three names rise up in my memory from among the ranks of the Court Preachers, especially those of Herrn Hofpredigern Stöcker, and Schrader, whose earnest, impassioned appeals to the people one can never forget.

During our stay in Berlin, we saw much of a most important and interesting work amongst the *Droschky-Kutcher*, i.e., the cabmen of Berlin. The whole cab system there is larger, and its organisation more complete, than in our English towns and

cities. There are first and second class fares. Cabs are thus within the reach of everyone, and consequently a large staff of men is required. This work was begun some twenty years ago by one of our friends, who took the idea from similar work which had come under her notice during a visit to England. There are comfortable Cabmen's Shelters provided in case of trying weather, books and magazines are lent out periodically, and teas and miscellaneous entertainments are provided at certain intervals, to which the wives and children of the cabmen are invited. Bible Classes are held weekly, and, in fact, every effort is made to bring more brightness into their lives; and thus, to some degree at least, that dreadful "*Schnapps*" drinking is prevented, which is so great a temptation to men in their position, and is so ruinous in its effects.

An Association for Servant Girls has also been established in Berlin by the same lady. There are now some twenty branches in the city itself, and between fifty and sixty in different parts of Germany. These are all connected one with another, and, as a Servant's Registry alone, is most useful and beneficial. But this is not all. The young girls who belong to the Association meet together once or twice a week for sewing meetings, religious instruction, etc. Sick Clubs and Homes for those not actually in service must not be forgotten amongst other good features of the work. Most of the servants (like all Germans, are very fond of music, and one great attraction at their yearly "Fest" is some really good singing—the beautiful old German Church music—which the members get up amongst themselves. Frau Loesche, the lady before mentioned, founder of the "Mutter-Verein," edits a Servant's Magazine, the "*Mädchen Zeitung*," which comes out monthly at the small charge of one half-fenny. This little paper contains accounts of the meetings connected with the different Associations, and interesting articles, tales, addresses, etc.

I can also not refrain from mentioning Dr. Somerville, of Glasgow, the travelling Mission Preacher, who visited Berlin in the winter which we spent there, and delivered a series of most earnest Gospel Addresses in one of the largest Concert Halls in the city. His plan of preaching is, as far as we know, quite unique. His sermon is translated from English into German, sentence for sentence, and this proves a great attraction. At any rate it did there, as the Germans, accustomed to their more phlegmatic preachers, admired his fire, and, at the same time, lost none of his eloquence. He attracted immense audiences night after night, and was the means of great good to the city. The Hymn Book he used was a German edition of Moody and Sankey's Sacred Songs, which soon became great favourites.

What seemed to us one great drawback to the life of the individual churches in Berlin, was that their round of work was not made sufficiently attractive. Sunday Schools there are quite in their infancy. Mutual Improvement Societies, Week-evening Lectures, Temperance Unions, and Bands of Hope scarcely exist, or, if they do, have no efficient leadership. Thus are lost golden opportunities for influencing young minds, nobly and rightly, never to be regained. Naturally, unspent energy must be employed, and, in the majority of cases, the result is a taste for mere frivolous amusement, to the entire exclusion of anything higher, intellectually, morally or spiritually.

Our own impression with regard to Berlin, and more or less to the whole of Protestant Germany, was that they need a second Luther—some mighty Reformer, who shall cry out, not against gross superstition and oppression and deception in the Church, but against what is still more fatal, apathy and almost utter neglect of God and His great purposes concerning man, amongst those who call themselves Christians. In a most able book on "Modern Doubt and Christian Belief"—a refutation of all the


present theories of German unbelief—Dr. Christlieb, of Bonn, says : “ One great cause of the alarming and rapid spread of unbelief amongst all classes in our country, is the lukewarmness of the Church.” And this is no doubt very true. Atheism in Germany took its rise at first and had its stronghold amongst those to whom pride of intellect was the greatest stumbling-block in the acceptance of simple Gospel truths. Gradually, however, it found its way into the less cultured, and into the lower classes ; and now, alas ! not having the powerful antidote it might have in the shining examples of those who are in the “ true fold,” it has attained its present enormous dimensions.

We can only trust and pray that better days may arise for Germany.

H. C. JOWETT.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE TIGER LILY.

“ACK,” said Daisy to her big brother, “ what do you think ? I have found out how the dark spots came in our tiger lilies ; do *you* know how they came ? ” “ No,” answered her brother, looking down on his mite of a sister with a condescending smile, “ but you shall tell me what you have discovered.” “ Why, Kitty says that there are fairies in our garden, and that they live in the tiger lilies, and the dark spots in the lilies are the fairies’ footprints. And, Jack,” Daisy went on excitedly, “ this evening I am going to watch for the fairies, and if I see them I will tell you.” “ All right,” said her brother, laughing, “ only mind they don’t run away with you, Daisy.” “ Oh, no, I don’t think they would do that,” she replied ; and then added, rather anxiously, “ Mamma said there were not any fairies in the garden or anywhere else. You think there are, don’t you, Jack ? ” “ You had better ask

the tiger lilies that, Daisy; they will know more about it than I shall," and Jack went off.

Daisy, being left to herself, fetched her hat and ran into the garden. Down the long gravel path she went, and crossed the large triangular lawn, whose farthest corner was completely hidden from sight of the house. It was here that the wonderful tiger lilies grew. Arrived at this spot, Daisy threw herself on the grass just in front of the largest and finest lily, whose mouth was tipped with the richest carmine. "Jack told me to ask the lilies, so I think I will," said she to herself. I never heard of flowers talking, but, if there are such things as fairies, I don't see why the lily could not say one word. "Please, are there any fairies here?" she said, looking straight at the flower. Just then a light breeze arose, and, sweeping over the trees and flowers, bowed the head of the beautiful tiger lily. "That means yes," thought Daisy. "Mamma says it is rude for people to nod their heads when they are spoken to, but perhaps, after all, the lily cannot speak. Anyhow, I mean to watch for the fairies. I wonder if they sleep in the lilies all day, and then just come out at night to dance on the lawn. That is what they do in books; but in books they do not begin till twelve o'clock. I hope they will come out sooner to-night, or I may not be able to wait for them. I wonder——" But here Daisy stopped, for just above her she heard a little ripple of laughter, and then another and another, till the still evening air seemed full of music from little silver bells. Looking up, Daisy saw numbers of little people peeping out of the one flower of the large tiger lily. They were dressed in green from head to foot, and were none of them more than three inches high at the most. She saw that they were all looking and laughing at her. "She didn't know there were any fairies! Ha! ha! ha!" laughed one of the little elves in a shrill treble. "Ha! ha! ha!" echoed all the rest. And then suddenly they became silent, and looked steadily

at Daisy, who by this time had risen, and was standing facing the tiger lily, and wondering what would happen next. At last, when the silence was becoming embarrassing, the same little fellow who had before spoken said to her, "Would you like to come up and pay us a visit, Mortal?" Daisy looked at the flower, and wondered how she could possibly get up beside the fairies without completely crushing it. "Why don't you speak?" said the elf. "I should like to come, but am I not rather big to get into your home?" Daisy said, dubiously. "Not at all," answered the other, and, turning a somersault, he stood the next moment on the grass beside Daisy. "Stoop down and give me your hand," he said. The little girl did as she was told as nearly as she could, but she could scarcely feel the tiny hand of the fairy in hers. Just as she did so she felt a peculiar sensation creep over her. The flower above her seemed to be growing taller and the grass at her feet to be coming nearer. She was rapidly decreasing in size, and felt rather frightened. "Oh stop," she cried, for now she was so small that the fairy's hand could close over her own. "You are all right now," said the elf at her side, and Daisy, looking at him, saw she was scarcely as tall as he. "Now you can see our home," said he; "keep tight hold of my hand and jump; now!" and at the word the elf gave a spring, carrying Daisy with him, and straightway she found herself in the mouth of the lily. But how different it looked inside to what it did outside! Daisy found herself standing on what seemed to her a soft velvety carpet, in colour a deep carmine. Above her, the lily seemed to have a roofing of dark blue, through which the stars were shining. It had grown much larger too, and Daisy thought she had never before been in such a beautiful place. Round her on every side were little men exactly like her conductor.

But she had not much time to observe the place in which she stood, for the fairy who had hold of her hand, briefly saying,

"Come on," hurried her along down a long, high passage. The walls and floor were of pure white, and her feet sank deep in the soft velvet at every step. It seemed to Daisy as if they were descending the flower: they went down, down, down, and she was just wondering whether they would ever stop when, suddenly turning to the right and going along another and a shorter passage, they found themselves before a door. Then the fairy, turning to Daisy, told her that he was going to take her where the dewdrops were made, and that she was not to speak one word till they were out again. He then tapped three times on the door, and it flew open. Stepping in, Daisy saw a long, low room, the walls and floor of which were of a soft dark-green colour, while it had the same roof as Daisy had seen before. But from somewhere—she did not know where—long, beautiful streams of moonlight fell into the room, and by each ray she saw six little fairies, like those she had seen before, sitting making the dewdrops from the moonlight. As each sparkling drop was finished, its maker placed it along with others on a heap at his side.

Daisy would have liked to stay a long time here, but, taking her hand, her little guide led her away. "Now I will show you how the spiders' webs are made," he said. Just then a sound of hurrying feet was heard behind them, and, turning, Daisy saw a crowd of fairies issuing from several passages, all apparently in a great hurry, and eyeing her curiously. "Ah," said the fairy, "it is too late now for you to see anything more of our home; come along," and, seizing hold of Daisy's hand, they hurried away with the rest. They still continued to descend, and came out into the open air at the bottom of the tiger lily. On the lawn Daisy saw a number of fairies congregated, and fresh ones were constantly arriving. As Daisy and her guide came up, both her hands were seized, and she was compelled to join in a wild dance in the moonlight. Faster and faster they

went, her head swam round, the small forms of the fairies danced before her eyes in the uncertain light. Too dizzy to keep on her feet any longer, she fell down on the grass. "Miss Daisy! Miss Daisy! get up," screamed the fairy at the left hand. Then the moonlight and the fairies vanished, and there was Kitty, the nurse, standing over her. "Miss Daisy," she said, "come in directly; you will catch cold lying out here on the damp grass."

R. TRITTON.

A VISIT TO A MOUNTAIN VILLAGE.



WE leave one of the London stations behind us, and are soon speeding on our way. We are glad to leave London, with all its smoke and bustle, and to be in the quiet of the country. It is a bright, beautiful day in summer; the sun is shining brilliantly on the landscape, making everything look radiant in its light. We pass quaint, old-fashioned villages, with thatched roofs, and high-gabled cottages, with a picturesque church steeple rising above them. There are quiet, shady woods, with wild flowers underfoot, and occasionally a sparkling stream rippling merrily on its way. Above us are tall trees, through the dense foliage of which the sun's rays can scarcely penetrate. There are merry groups of hay-makers in the fields gathering in the crops. The corn is waving gently in the breeze, and all Nature seems to be rejoicing in the sunlight. Occasionally we pass through a large town, with its tall chimneys and busy factories.

As we travel farther north we get a glimpse of the sea. It is stretching out before us calm and peaceful as a lake; not a ripple disturbs its surface. How beautiful it looks in the hazy light of evening! And we are sorry when the train dashes into a

cutting and it is lost to sight. It is easily seen that we are travelling through the North of England by the difference in the scenery. The thatched cottages of the South have given place to the clean white cottages dotted about on the mountain side. All around us is wild and grand; the dark mountain peaks stand out in bold relief against the sky. The sun is just setting and casting a brilliant light on the opposite mountains, and tinting the clouds with all the colours of the rainbow. There is a wide stretch of moor on either side, and not a human being is to be seen anywhere.

At length we stop at a little country station. It is very quiet; the station-master and one porter are the only people about the place besides ourselves. The village of Eaglestonedale is two miles from the station. It is a beautiful moonlight night, so that we enjoy our walk. Before us is Wildboarfell, the highest mountain in the dale, 2,323 feet high, so called because the last wild boar in England was killed there. On our right is Greenbell, which is the next in height. It is 2,000 feet high, and in it the Lune takes its rise. Over this mountain is a road by which the Scotch passed when they invaded England. There are other mountains surrounding the dale, but none so high as the above mentioned.

The village itself is built on a hill-side, and looks very pretty nestling among the trees, with dark mountains in the background and the blue smoke curling from the chimneys. As we walk up the village street many doors are opened to see who we are, for it is quite an event for a stranger to visit this place. The village is composed of whitewashed cottages, which are kept scrupulously clean. Some of them have old-fashioned balconies; they are very picturesque—just such buildings as an artist would love to copy. About five minutes' walk from the village is a water-mill, with a few cottages around it; it is a quaint old place, and would make a very pretty picture. There is a stream

running by it, and tall trees in the background. The village church is an ancient, rambling structure, with a square tower, and a clock that is never known to keep the correct time. In olden days a bell was hung just outside the church, and any one who was accused of sheep-stealing or any other offence ran to this bell and, after ringing it, was quite safe. So that Eaglestonedale was a place of refuge, to which people came from miles round. There are a good many ghost tales connected with this building. One of them is that any one who will sit in the church porch on New Year's-eve at twelve o'clock will see the spirits pass of those who will die in the following year. The people of Eaglestonedale, as of most mountainous districts are very superstitious. Almost every place in the dale is associated with some legend or ghost tale. Long ago the people would not send their cattle into the fields without pronouncing a charm on each one as it passed. I have even heard of an old farmer who used to tie a piece of red flannel on the horn of each cow to protect it, as he thought, from witch craft.

On one of the hills is a cairn in which the remains of some Saxon chiefs were found buried in an upright posture.

We stayed at a pretty place. It is in a kind of valley, and is entirely surrounded by trees, with the Lune, then only a tiny stream, flowing past quite close to the house. There is a wood near it, in which primroses, violets, and other wild flowers abound. The birds sing sweetly all day long, and we can hear the voices of the hay-makers as they are at their work.

Some of the village characters are rather amusing, especially one old man whom we called upon. He showed us his coffin, which he had made himself; it was kept under the bed, and brought out on state occasions to show to visitors. He seemed to be very proud of it by the way in which he praised its workmanship. On it was a brass plate with his name and date,

so that he evidently expected to die that year. It was very amusing to talk to him, he had such strange ideas.

On Sunday morning we went to the village church. The interior is very dilapidated and quite the old style, with a three-decker pulpit, and the pews all face the aisle. The clergyman is a good old man, but very infirm, and it is as much as he can do to get through the Sunday service. The clerk seems to think himself the most important personage about the place. He is clerk, chief singer, door-keeper, and stoker all in one. In the middle of a prayer he will go and poke the fire vigorously; then he will march up to the choir, give out the hymn, and lead the singing in a quavering voice in which the people think they have not to join. It is said of a former clerk that, after he had poked the stove, some soot marked his face. He then gave out the hymn, "Behold the brightness of my face," &c. Another eccentric person is called Mary Briant. Whenever she is asked to a funeral she always wears a bright scarlet cloak, and her bonnets are entirely covered with hen's feathers. There is one charming woman in the village. Her name is Ann Fawcett; she is always to be seen with a scrupulously white cap and apron on and a black dress. She is generally knitting, and often walks up and down the village street with it in her hands.

We climbed several of the mountains and obtained splendid views of the scenery round. I remember our climb up Greenbell. It was a hot sultry day when we set out, but, as we climbed higher, the air became cooler and more bracing. The heather was out in bloom, making the mountain side look brilliant with colour. No sound was heard save the screech of some wild-fowl, or the roar of a distant mountain torrent as it dashed on its way. We felt more utterly alone than we had ever done before. We had now reached the summit; on all sides of us were dark mountain peaks; far off, the lake mountains were

to be seen, their hazy outline contrasting with the prominent peaks in the foreground.

During our stay at Eaglestonedale we visited many places of interest, among which was a very pleasant tour to the lakes, and also to Pendragon Castle, which is in the adjoining dale. It was built in the reign of Stephen, and is now quite in ruins. There are many interesting historical events connected with this place, and we enjoyed our visit there.

At length our pleasant visit came to a close, and we were really sorry when we again found ourselves in the train on our way back to London. The people were kind and hospitable, and we shall always have a pleasant remembrance of Eaglestonedale.

E. NICHOLLS.

SLEEPING AND WAKING.



AFTER the work of a day is done,
To-morrow safe in Almighty keeping,
Cares laid aside with the setting sun,
Welcome is rest to the weary one
Quietly sleeping ;

Sleeping ! till warned in the early grey,
By beams which tell that the morn is breaking ;
Back to the toils of this earthly way,
Back to the cares of another day,
Thoughtfully waking.

After the work of a life is done,
Strangely mingled with joy and weeping,
Rest is assured, when the course is run,
Rest well-deserved by the faithful one
Peacefully sleeping ;

Sleeping ! till roused by some wondrous ray,
Death for Immortal Life forsaking ;
Out of the gloom which obscured the way,
Into the light of a Heavenly day,
Blissfully waking !

K. SAINSBURY.

LEGENDS.

THE meaning of the word "legend," like that of many other English words, has undergone various changes, and its signification has greatly widened. It was first employed as the title of a book containing the lessons appointed to be read daily in the Roman Catholic Church. Later on, biographies of saints and martyrs and accounts of their wonderful acts were designated by the name of legends. A good example of these is to be found in the "Golden Legends," collected by Voragine, Bishop of Genoa, which was published about the thirteenth century. By degrees, as it was discovered that these stories were often without foundation, and merely invented to serve as religious tales, the term legend was applied to all fictitious stories which professed to be true. History has been embellished by many such narrations which we can, with our present knowledge, regard as nothing but fables. By the term legend we now understand a story savouring of the miraculous, which relates either to religious matters or to the lives and deeds of famous historical characters.

Scattered among the ancient records of our English towns and villages are to be found many interesting legends which often throw light on the names of places, the origin of customs, and the natural resources of the surrounding country. Perhaps this will be best illustrated by two or three examples.

The name of Alfred the Great is familiar to all English people, as is, most probably, an interesting story concerning this monarch. After having suffered defeat from the Danes under Guthrum, he was forced to seek refuge from the enemy. Tradition says that Athelney, which was then an island, afforded him the desired retreat, and that he lodged in the house of a farmer, whose wife set him the task of watching the cakes while they were being baked in front of the open wood-fire. Being

absorbed in considering how he could best retrieve his lost fortune, he forgot his culinary duties, and the consequence was that when the goodwife returned, her cakes were burnt to cinders. It is said that she boxed the ears of her royal guest, and treated him to a severe scolding.

Athelney is no longer an island, but a marshy district north of Somerset. The country folk round still tell the story, and upon the supposed site of the farm-kitchen now stands a small brick monument, surrounded by a railing. This spot is in the midst of a field, through which runs a little stream, crossed by a rustic bridge, and which, in the spring-time, looks very lovely with its carpet of grass dotted over with early flowers.

An interesting legend of quite a different character from the preceding is related in connection with the Island of Alre, which is the supposed birthplace of Godrun the Dane, and with the neighbouring elevation called Round Hill. This district was once infested by a dragon, who used to fly from place to place, leaving poison wherever he went. Sometimes he descended, and greatly frightened the milkmaids by drinking the milk from their pails. At last one John Alre determined to rid his native place of such a troublesome inhabitant. Covering himself with pitch to defend himself from the dragon's poisonous breath, wearing a mask, and carrying a spear, John walked boldly over Round Hill, at the base of which was the animal's den. A fierce struggle ensued, but at length John Alre defeated and slew his enemy. The tomb and effigy of this celebrated man are still pointed out at the parish church, as is also an elder-tree, growing over the supposed site of the dragon's lair. Some say that the stamp of St. George and the dragon which is found on old English coins finds its source in this tradition.

Our last legend carries us back to B.C. 1500. Bladud, when a young man, was wandering through the Vale of the Avon. He suffered from the dreadful disease of leprosy, and, bathing

in the mineral waters of that district, was completely cured. Several years afterwards, on his becoming King, he re-visited the place, and, out of gratitude for his recovery, built there a beautiful city and erected baths for the benefit of his fellow-men. This city he, therefore, called Bath. Warner says that these baths came into repute about A.D. 44. The fact that the remains of large and handsome Roman baths have been lately discovered there helps to confirm this. John de Villula, Bishop of Bath, is by many supposed to have built in 1106 the existing enclosures of the springs.

MARY E. MARSDEN.

WHAT DOES MUSIC SAY TO ME?



LIKE most girls of the present age I had been impressed, from my childhood, with the idea that "to be able to play well on the piano" was one of the most, if not the most, necessary accomplishments for a young lady. Acting on this idea, my daily practice was considered by me a duty rather than a pleasure. Yet my diligence seemed to me in time to yield good results, for, when asked "to favour the company with a little music," I could with alacrity comply, by brilliantly rendering, as I thought, "The Maiden's Prayer," or some other then popular drawing-room composition. Having arrived at this satisfactory conclusion about my ability as "a pianoforte player," I felt considerably injured when placed under the careful tuition of a well-known master, at the simplicity, and, to me, utter tunelessness of the piece given for practice. Desiring to show that my capabilities were greater than such a piece demanded, I carefully practised it during the week and succeeded in playing the piece *correctly*

at my next music lesson. Great was my surprise when, instead of receiving the praise I had confidently anticipated, the piece was handed back to me, with a request not only to mechanically practise it, but also to study it. To help me in my first attempt at carrying out this totally new idea, a book was given me, entitled "The Musician." On examination, this was found to be only the first grade of an intended series of six. It contains the analyses of fifty-six of the easier works of standard composers, so chosen and arranged, that in each some new idea is introduced. Not only is each piece analysed into musical sentences, &c., but we are also led on farther to understand the thoughts of the great composer, and to picture the scenes which the piece is intended to call up before our imagination. A happy transformation is soon effected in the student's practice, which instead of being, as before, dull and often seemingly without results, is now rendered a source of great pleasure.

The truth of these statements will be best exemplified by giving one of the analyses, in the words of the book :—

" 'GRANDMOTHER'S SONGS,' Nos. 1 and 2, Op. 27. By
R. Volkmann.

"Grandmother" must have been a very amusing person, if we may judge from some of these songs. Most of them seem to tell us a tale, probably a recollection of her own early days, and very funny tales they are. One longs to hear them in words; but, after all, that would be a pity, because then they would be condemned each of them to have exactly the same meaning for all the rest of their lives, which would be dull both for them and for us. The great and special beauty of a story written in music is, that it can say different things at different times, cheering you when dull, and putting all sorts of quiet, tender thoughts into your head when, perhaps, you are inclined to be a little too boisterous and noisy.


"In No. 1, Grandmother first says, 'Hush!' Then, 2, 3, she tells you the beginning of the story; then, 4, 5, another little bit, which exactly matches the first. At 6 she goes on with a third, which you expect will be just like the other two; but she rushes on, making you dreadfully excited, and then stops suddenly, 8, at the most interesting part. From what follows directly afterwards, something rather sad has evidently happened. However, it all comes right at last, and Grandmother has a quiet laugh at you at the end, where she has been working you up to expect something fearfully exciting. She then suddenly drops her voice to a whisper, and you hear those three funny soft chords.

"Notice, throughout, how the music is made up of groups of two or four bars, until, for the very last, we have a group of five bars. This greatly helps the comic effect of the ending. You will find other examples of the same thing when you learn more of 'Grandmother's Songs.'"

Need I say that the work from which this extract is taken is by the musical professor, Mr. Prentice, whose name has become a household word at Milton Mount, and I believe this to be a new proof of his untiring sympathy with the needs of his pupils there. The book is published by W. Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Paternoster Row. Price 2s.

THIRTY-ONE.

AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.

1.  HO expelled the vital principle from the corporeal frame of the patriarch of the Robin family?"

"I," ejaculated the representative of the Sparrow tribe, "with the assistance of my diminutive sagittarian implement."

2. "Who witnessed the pangs which he experienced in his mortal agony?"

"I," responded the insect of the race of the Muscidae, "with my visual organ."

3, "Who collected the coagulated and corpusculated fluid from his arterial system?"

"I," replied the Ichthyoid creature, "in my diminutive platter."

4, "Who, as clerical functionary, will celebrate the last rites?"

"I," croaked the feathered creature with garb of sable hue, "with my voluminous tome,"

5, "Who will attend his funeral obsequies for the purposes of lachrymation?"

"I," exclaimed the inhabitant of the Columbarry; "I lament for the delight of my soul,"

6, "Who will excavate his final locality of quiescence?"

"I," affirmed the bird of night, "with my delving implements."

7, "Who will cause vibrations to be produced by the campanulate musical instrument?"

"I," answered the member of the Tauriform species, "because I am possessed of potency for such exercises."

8. All the winged songsters that float in the atmosphere betook themselves to lamentation and suspiration when their auricular nerves were agitated by the vibrations proceeding from the campaniform musical instrument which celebrated the expiry of the impoverished specimen of the Robin family.

A. T. BATER.

We subjoin the original :—

1. "Who killed Cock Robin?"

"I," said the Sparrow;

"With my little arrow

I killed Cock Robin."

2. "Who saw him die?"

"I," said the Fly;

"With my little eye

I saw him die."

3. "Who caught his blood?"

"I," said the Fish;

"In my little dish

I caught his blood."

Public Examinations.

4. "Who'll be the parson?"
 "I," said the Rook;
 "With my little book
 I'll be the parson."
5. "Who'll be chief mourner?"
 "I," said the Dove;
 "I mourn for my love;
 I'll be chief mourner."
6. "Who'll dig his grave?"
 "I," said the Owl;
 "With my spade and trowel
 I'll dig his grave."
7. "Who'll toll the bell?"
 "I," said the Bull;
 "Because I can pull,
 I'll toll the bell."
8. All the birds of the air fell a-sighing and sobbing
 When they heard the bell toll for poor Cock Robin.

PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON MATRICULATION.

DIVISION I.

Maud Rawlinson

COLLEGE OF PRECEPTORS.

CLASS I.—DIVISION I.

M. Anthony (Spec. Scrip. Hist.)

M. Lea

DIVISION II.

E. Mabbs

Acknowledgments.

DIVISION II.

R. Hall

DIVISION III.

A. Conder

R. Paine

CLASS III.—DIVISION I.

F. Moore

E. Pemberton

DIVISION II.

A. Balgarnie

A. Mallinson

F. Starbuck

FORMER PUPILS are invited to visit the College on Saturday, May 19th; or to send, on or before that day, some account of the work in which they are at present engaged.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

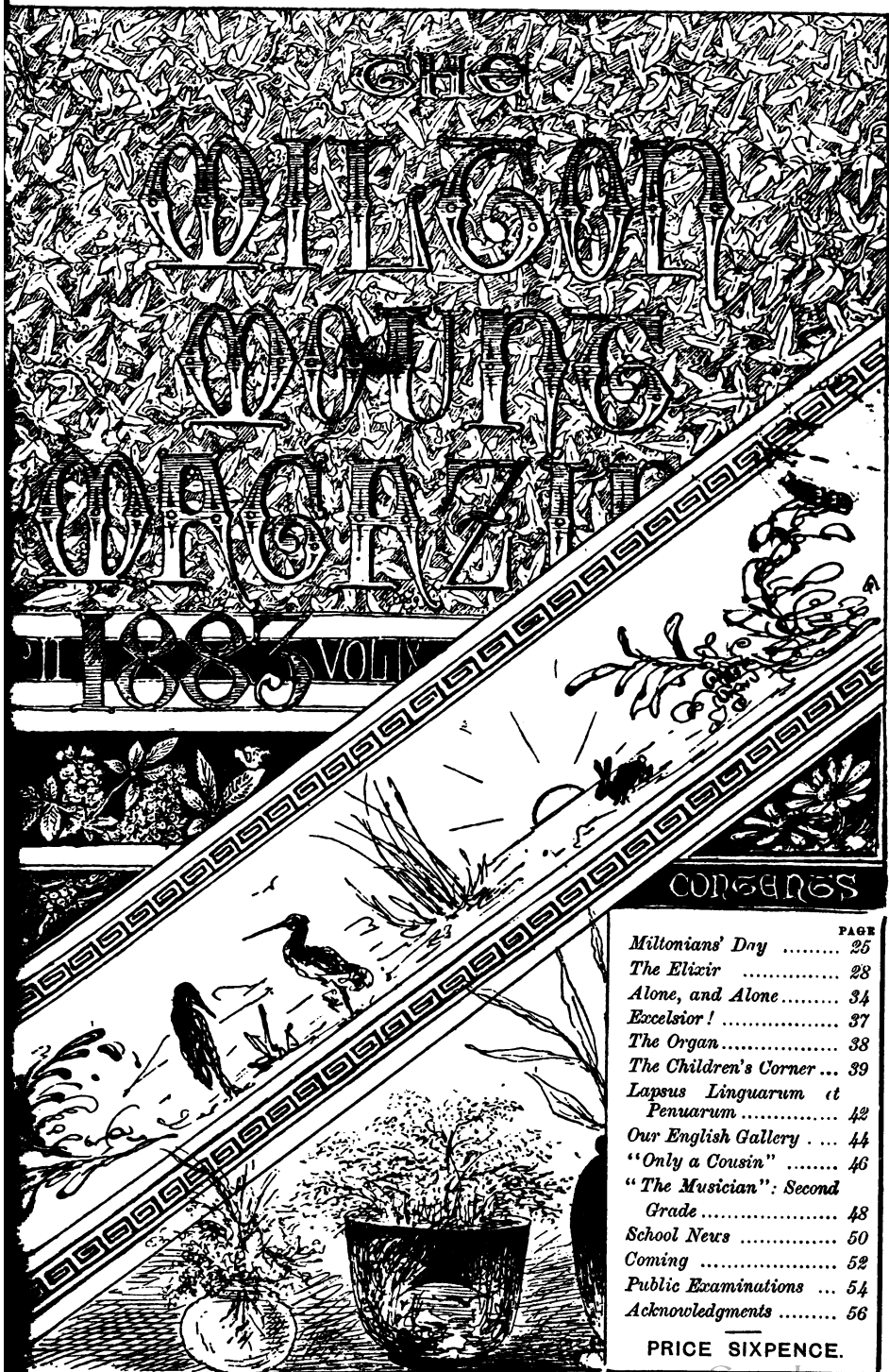
WE beg to acknowledge, with thanks:—For the Natural History Museum—Specimens of New Zealand woods, also of Kauri Gum and Branched Coral, from Miss Carpenter.

For the Library—"Stories of Old Renown" and "Heralds of the Cross," by Arnold Forster, from Mrs. Crossley; also, "Shakespeare: his Mind and Art," "Studies in Literature, 1789-1877," "Introduction to Mythology and Folk-lore," from Miss Greener.

Also the receipt of the following Magazines:—*Oxford High School Magazine*, *The Eastbournian*, *The Camden School Record*, and *The Brook*.

MARRIAGE ANNOUNCEMENT.

BAX—LEA.—On Nov. 7th, 1882, at the Countess of Huntingdon's Church, North Street, Brighton, by the Rev. J. B. Figgis, M.A., Alfred Ridley, elder son of the late Daniel Bax, Esq., of Streatham, to Charlotte Ellen, elder daughter of the late Rev. William Knibb Lea, of Lower Norwood,



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PRICE SIXPENCE.





ORA ET LABORA.

Milton Mount Magazine.

JULY, 1883.

MILTONIANS' DAY.

THOSE of us who have been to school at Milton Mount College always consider the "Miltonians' Day," as it is now settled it shall be called, one of the happiest in the year. There are many things which combine in giving it a charm. Those who have sisters still at school are of course glad to see them; there are many old friends to be met; and, even if all were gone whom we used to know, a sight of the dear old College itself would be refreshing. The day appointed for the gathering this year—May 19th—was in itself especially interesting, for many of those present remembered how, exactly ten years before, they, shy, frightened little girls, first entered the College gates. A very happy party was assembled at Milton Mount; the fulfillment entirely came up to the anticipation, which is saying not

a little. Any one who had seen the meeting between old friends would have envied the happy faces and the joyful tones of the voices. There was ceaseless talking all day, for there was so much to be said and so little time in which to say it. We thought, indeed, that all the clocks expressly moved persistently fast that day. We who only see the College from time to time think it gets prettier every year. The lovely creepers have grown all over the walls, and the beauty outside and within unite in perfect harmony. When we went into the dining-hall to luncheon, we were delighted with the terra-cotta colour with which the walls have been painted, and which, together with the pictures, show high art in its best sense.

Almost the first thing some of us did was to visit the new Technical College and the High School. The former has been opened this year, and is intended for those who have a talent for, and wish to pursue, technical work. It is to supply a want long felt in England, and which has been admirably carried out on the Continent—namely, a boarding-school in which all sorts of handiwork are taught. It is at present at Milton Lodge, and possesses much that can cultivate the artistic taste of the inhabitants. There is a beautiful statue of Venus in the hall, to which the eye is immediately attracted. We entered the studio, where we saw several young artists, perched on high chairs before their easels, drawing and painting very happily. We earnestly hope that some of them may become Royal Academicians some day.

After dinner we went into the lecture-room for the Conference. The Captain's speech was the first thing on the programme, and she delivered it with that ease which only belongs to those accustomed to public speaking. We heard of the doings during the past year, and came to the conclusion that, amidst all the hard work, the girls find plenty of opportunity for little pleasures.

Next came the letters written by those who could not be present. They were very interesting, and our only wish whilst listening to them was that we could see the writers instead of hearing their letters. Our old school-friends seem to be scattered over the world, for we had letters from Germany, America, Australia, and one from a young lady on her way to Japan. We pitied her very much when we listened to her vivid description of a stormy night at sea, when her water-bottles were running over her cabin, and she herself after them, all night. Many are engaged in teaching, some are busily occupied at home, while others are acting the parts of wives and mothers. Letters were read from—

A. Jowett, N. Murray, F. Waddington, B. Edwards, M. Tarbolt n, K. White, A. White, E. Darnton, F. Horton, N. Bax, K. Sainsbury, L. Martin, G. Wilson, L. Chew, J. Greener, B. Robertson, C. Jowett, L. Fielden, E. Hamer, B. Horton, N. Davies.

The representatives of the High School and Technical College also gave some account of their different work. We were very glad to hear that the High School has made such rapid progress, and heartily wished the same success to the Technical College. When all the other business was concluded, speeches from the visitors were desired ; but, strange and incredible as it may seem, none were forthcoming. It speaks much for the anti-strong-mindedness of those present, for, had they been what is generally spoken of as "strong-minded," surely several *lectures* would have been delivered. Nevertheless, doubtless all were very happy at the result (at least they looked so), and the Conference broke up.

The rest of the day was spent very pleasantly in walking in the garden, talking, and tea. At seven o'clock most of us had to turn our backs on the College ; we were very sorry to go, but still carry in our minds the remembrance of a most delightful day.

The visitors present were—

M. Allatt, M. Beckley, H. Chandler, E. Corbold, H. Cox, L. Davies, C. Gillfillan, Eva Harry, Ethel Harry, A. Hastings, J. Hurndall, H. Hutchin, L. Hutchin, A. Hayward, A. Jukes, E. Jukes, M. Knaggs, M. Kennedy, E. Laver, M. Marsden, K. Mead, C. Moffett, N. Marshall, C. Nicholson, S. Prentice, M. Postans, L. Postans, E. Rolls, A. Rolls, M. Rawlinson, P. Sainsbury, J. Spence, A. Spence, E. Sanders, J. Sanders, L. Snell, M. Tuck, M. Tritton, B. Thomson, A. Watt, C. Wood, N. Wilkinson.

EVA M. HARRY.

THE ELIXIR.

CHAPTER III.



HE sunlight shone into the court-yard of St. Sebastian's that forenoon as it had often done before; but never had it fallen on such a white, white face as Leonardo Vasari's, lying motionless on a plot of thick green grass, nor ever lighted up such anxious, awe-struck, really solemn countenances as the small concourse of monks around him possessed.

"Is he dead, think you?" each asked of the other; and nobody answered: their silence gave consent to the statement of one who had said, "He is gone." Very carefully he was carried into the monastery, and left in charge of a monk skilful in medicine and surgery. Then a rumour got abroad that his fall was not accidental. The horror of the Father Superior, when he heard this addition to the story, was something alarming to witness. It would never have paid if such a tale crept beyond the monastery gates, so all surmises of that tragic description were very sharply condemned.

To the great astonishment of every one, Leonardo continued, day after day, to live, and even, although in a semi-conscious state, to gather strength. Two months after the accident his

lips were, for the first time, seen to move in an attempt to speak; and next moment a wistful, horrified expression came over his face as he began to suspect that a terrible punishment was in store for him, and that he might never again have the power of speech. His suspicions soon became certainties. This awful calamity he bore very submissively, because, when thought returned, he saw the full enormity of the sin he had committed in attempting to take his own life—the sin of robbing his Creator.

To amuse himself during his convalescence Leonardo illuminated a large Bible, and so superior to the generality of illuminators did he become that the Father Superior ordered him to paint two sacred pictures for the chapel.

When the command was brought to him, Leonardo looked doubtful; but, in a few moments, his face lit up marvellously, and he wrote, "On condition that I may choose my own subject, and have a room sacred to my use until the picture is finished."

"He is a poor unfortunate being," thought the Father Superior. "Half-mad, I believe; but I shall indulge his whim."

Leonardo's "whim" was a very glorious one. Day after day it led him to sit painting from dawn to dusk unwearyingly, seeming as if inspired. No one was allowed to enter his painting-room, and his door was always securely fastened, so it caused him no small surprise one morning to see a long shadow of a man on the wall of his painting-room. Looking behind, the artist recognised a young man who had lately entered the monastery, and now stood gazing with feelings of the deepest anguish on the half-finished picture. In dismay and surprise Leonardo flung down his brushes, and the young man, Raphael Ronsard, seeing himself discovered, said, "Forgive me, father. Your window was open, and my curiosity prompted me to

jump in and see what the theme was which could make your countenance so Divine-like in joy. And I am more curious now I have seen it. Your picture has made me sadder than ever I have been before. How can you, in creating such a perfect representation of grief, find even a gloomy delight in so doing?"

"I forgive you," wrote Leonardo, "because you have said my picture has caused you sorrow. May that sorrow increase until it becomes transformed into perfect peace. I did not wish my picture seen of men unfinished, because I was afraid it might fail to effect the purpose for which it was designed. It is in my purpose I glory. Oh, do not think but that I have wept and groaned in spirit times without number, haunted as I was by my conception of the crucified Saviour! You have felt the influence of the Divine power which is in that death-like face; you are touched by that picture of bodily suffering. Return in six weeks, and I pray and believe you shall find in those features a deeper mysterious woe that shall make your spirit cry out in sympathy for the awful spiritual anguish shadowed imperfectly forth in them, and the thought of that soul-agony will haunt you—must haunt you if God enables me to make my ideal visible—until you have come to terms with Him."

"You are going to try and preach a sermon which all the world may read?"

"Yes, I want to teach them that they must not measure His woe by theirs, nor His love by their own low affections, as all painters have hitherto led them to do."

A long written conversation ensued, in which Leonardo, irresistibly attracted to Raphael Ronsard, told most of his past history, even confessing that, in a fit of madness, he had courted death.

"Is it not a proof of wonderful love," he wrote, looking at

the picture, "that I am permitted to make atonement in this way for my sin—that I, such a sinner, should be the means of awakening even one soul to a sense of its darkness? I cannot speak, but sight and thought are left me, and a glad consciousness that I am inspired to do this work."

A few weeks passed; the painting received its last touch, and Leonardo flung open his door and invited the Father Superior to pronounce a verdict on his three months' labour. The father looked at it, seemed uncomfortable, looked away, gazed again, and finally said, "Really, brother, that is a most remarkable picture. It makes my heart bleed to see such sorrow even on canvas. We must hang it in a dark corner of the Cathedral, or we shall have all our brethren groaning at mass."

"Nay, father, but let it be hung in the nave, where all who enter may see it."

"So be it then; place it where you will—out of our view when at prayers."

Leonardo hung it above the seat on which he had been resting when his brother's treachery was revealed, and, while regarding it with all the delight of a confident artist, Julian's voice dispelled the peace and satisfaction from his mind. The words he spoke were whispered, as before, apparently close by Leonardo's side, and, as in the former case, no human being was near. But how different was the tenor of Julian's speech on this occasion! "To tell the truth, Angelo, I am a changed man. That strange affair of Leonardo's has troubled me more than I like to confess. It is an impossibility that he or any one else could have overheard our conversation, and yet he seemed to know the very words we uttered. He declared that our plot was revealed to him by superhuman means, and I am reluctantly obliged to believe that he spoke truly. You must see how, if I accept his explanation, I shall overturn the

philosophy of my past life. My pet theories are scattered to the winds at once if I concede that some mysterious, intelligent power, not of earth, apprised my brother of our secret acts. Granting there is such a power, how much or how little more of your hypotheses, or, as you would call them, facts, am I to believe?"

"I do not yet despair of seeing you one of the Holy Catholic Church in heart as you are in name," answered Father Angelo, sometime alchemist and true discoverer of the life-elixir.

Leonardo did not wait to hear more, but, struck all of a sudden by an improbable, but still possible, clue to the cause of his hearing those whispers, went hastily towards the confessional. With no regard for its privacy, he ascertained that Father Angelo and his brother, Julian Vasari, were the occupants, and hurried off to confer with Raphael Ronsard.

In the twilight of the same day two figures entered the Cathedral, one going into the confessional-box, the other taking up his position under the new painting. The novice, Raphael, whispered in the confessional, "Do you hear my voice, father?" He under the painting tapped very faintly on the floor, and advanced a few yards from the wall.

"Do you still hear, father?" murmured Ronsard softly. This question he repeated several times, and, no answer being given, he left the confessional and rejoined Leonardo. By the light of a torch they wrote down their experiences, and Leonardo's conclusion was this, "I am satisfied. There was, indeed, nothing supernatural in those voices which caused me such hopeless bewilderment and grief for long."

"I suppose you mean you are satisfied that, owing to the peculiar construction of the building, a sound emitted in a certain spot—the confessional—is instantly heard in another?"

"Yes. Is it not strange that such an extraordinary fact should not have been discovered before? This accident in

structure has been the cause of my deepest grief and truest joy—joy more than ever now that I know that my brother's hard scepticism has been crumbling away ever since his plans were revealed in this (to him) inexplicable way."

Leonardo's hopes and prophecies concerning his picture were more than realised. The good it did was incalculable, and could only be set down as miraculous. Julian, who saw it one evening in passing through the Cathedral, and being, as the reader knows, believingly inclined, was so struck, so haunted, so tormented by the face for weeks that, in spite of himself, he gradually began to think seriously of the sin whose weight could inflict such suffering on an innocent Divine substitute for man's guilt. Somehow, it never occurred to him now to doubt that there was such a substitute.

A change, too, crept over the monastery. The monks could not say meaningless prayers when they saw Leonardo's "Saviour." Their more vivid realisation of Him kept them back from many a dark deed that, formerly, would have been committed without hesitation, and paid for by a short penance.

The Father Superior himself, though too hardened a worldlying to allow so slight a thing to alter much his inner man, was yet compelled to lose several opportunities for doing evil, simply because his former coadjutors refused to aid him.

Very unwilling was he to suppose that the change in his inferiors could be brought about solely by a painting, but circumstantial evidence was strong in favour of this opinion. "Pictures are easily burnt," he said to himself, after long rumination. "I can at least try the effect of removing this one. The temporal prosperity of the Church is at stake."

The father was a prompt man. On the morning following this bright thought of his, there was a vacant space where Vasari's picture had been on the Cathedral wall. Leonardo alone suspected its fate, but rested tranquil in the assurance

that the good already done could never be lost; regretting, certainly, that his masterpiece would not descend to other generations, but thankful he had been able to benefit his own. Do not imagine that he had transformed that houseful of wicked monks into a band of saints—no, far from it; but he had made them men, which they hardly were before, except in outward form.

ANNA ROBBIE.

ALONE, AND ALONE.

I.—ALONE ON THE MOUNT.



ABOVE the clouds! Amid the snow! Scarce any one who has not been placed in similar circumstances can understand the marvellous exhilaration, the sweeping away of all small worries and fears, which the young Alpine traveller experienced as he stood, alpenstock in hand, on the summit of a snow-clad peak. "By superhuman exertions," as he himself expressed it, he had gained the height just as the sun rose.

A more beautiful sight could not well be imagined. The pure white snow was tinged with a delicate pink, caused by the rich red glow which flooded everything far and near.

A deep-gray cloud lay right across the face of the sun, who, striving mightily to escape from the dark cloak which enshrouded him, magnanimously fringed it with gold. Above, deep purple, surpassing far any Tyrian dye, stretched in glorious richness; a pure, fairy-like tint of bluish-green or greenish-blue enclosing the whole as in a frame of dazzling transparency.

Down below, a white mist encircled the mountain, effectually

shutting out all view of the earth beneath. Far away in the distance one other snowy peak emerged from the thick white blanket; but, besides its lofty cap, nothing but the radiant sky above was visible. Awe-struck by the intense silence and solitude, the young student gazed around him. But a week before, having failed in a competitive examination upon which his heart had been set, he came away from his home, utterly dispirited, declaring his intention of giving up the whole thing, and never trying again. But now, in the presence of Nature's grandest works, he felt new life flowing into his veins. The folly and weakness of allowing himself to be so thoroughly disheartened by one solitary failure seemed thrown in his teeth by every ray of the now fully risen sun; and as the mist rolled away from under his feet, conquered by its fiery and indomitable foe, the last cloud of cowardice and faint-heartedness disappeared from his spirit. "I'll *do* it!" he cried;—and he did.

II.—ALONE IN THE CROWD.

What a din! Bustle, confusion, chaos, call it what you will, was certainly reigning there that day. Continuous streams of vehicles, one stream up and one down, seemed to shut out all hope of crossing for any but the most daring city *habitués*. No harm ever came to them as they threaded a passage for themselves. Under horses' heads, shaving the shafts of a hansom, leaping the steps of an omnibus, miraculously escaping a collision, undaunted by any obstacle, they went on their way. Men pushing trucks before them bearing all descriptions of merchandise, from "Ca-a-a-t's me-e-e-a-t" to the "L-e-a-a-d-i-e-s' h-el-e-e-gant j-o-olry," seemed to bear charmed lives, and pursued their trade in the midst of the crowded streets with the same equanimity as a countrywoman selling

eggs at your own quiet door might display. But, unfortunately, all who found it necessary to reach the other side of the way were not possessed of a like *sang-froid*. The breadth of the road seemed, to their frightened gaze, increasing in direct proportion to the number of conveyances passing along it.

A little morsel of pavement in the midst of the road, meant as a half-way house, received many a longing glance; yet doubt if its one solitary occupant at the present time would have given a very animated description of its delights. By a desperate, breathless plunge she had reached it ten minutes ago, but seemed to have exhausted her last spark of courage in the attempt. Timid and shrinking, the little one gazed around her, vainly looking for a kindly or sympathising glance. Only just to cross that comparatively narrow space, and she would be able to go confidently on her way; but that was just what she could not do. The hurrying foot-passengers passed unfeelingly by, quite heedless of the distress and fear which simply wanted a kindly hand to dispel. To the poor child, only eleven years old, quite unaccustomed to such a life, the prospect was well-nigh appalling.

Now her hand is stretched out, and beseechingly touches the arm of a lady for a moment close at her side. An angry glance is all she elicits, however, and, quite broken-down now, she covers her face with her hands and sobs as if her heart would break. Unnoticed, she weeps on, no one coming to her aid. Her misery is intense. She knows she is anxiously looked for at home. Oh, why will not some one help her? But see! the tide is stemmed. Some block has occurred, and for a minute all traffic is stopped. The child springs to her feet, and with a rush, fear lending her wings, crosses the street like a flash of lightning, disappearing in one of the narrow streets.

One who has never been placed in a similar situation might consider the little one's distress to be very uncalled for and

foolish ; but the danger to her was real indeed, and her misery keen. Years after, though she could then smile at her fear, she still counted those few moments as one of the most trying ordeals of her life. Truly to be alone in London is to be alone indeed.

K. CONWAY.

EXCELSIOR !

“ While, from the sky serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior ! ”

HARK ! Do you not hear that voice again, piercing through the dim, stifling atmosphere of this busy world, coming to those who will hear it like a heaven-sent whisper of hope and joy, nerving them anew to battle, with redoubled energy, against that temptation to love of ease, and contentment with the present, which must ever come to those who are bearing the burden and heat of the day, as well as to those who have not yet realised what life means, or known the craving for a nobler, better, more real existence ?

To all the voice comes, though thousands shut their ears to its unwelcome sound, and hurry, with uncertain footsteps, farther and farther into the shadows that surround them, “ Onward ! onward ! upward ! ” it says. “ Awake ! sleeper, awake ! Wilt for ever be content with thy present condition ? Look beyond. What glorious possibilities may—nay, shall—be thine, if only thou wilt be true to thy better self, and arouse thy God-given energies to the struggle after the high ideal life ! ”

The voice speaks to us as it has doubtless spoken before. Shall we, then, be among those who hear but will not heed ? Or, casting aside our self-forged chains of sloth and sin, shall we

scale with resolute hearts the rocky heights before us, determined that every failure shall but make us more resolved to succeed?

Youth is ours, health and strength are ours, knowledge is within our reach; the future is unknown, and it will be, to a great extent, what we ourselves make it. "The future," says Rahel, "does not come from before to meet us, but comes streaming up from behind over our heads."

Yet the weakest, the youngest, amongst us need not despair. Rome was not built in a day. Remember that "from the lowest depth there is a path to the loftiest height." Only let us be true, faithful in that which is least—that we may be prepared for greater things. Still let our motto be "*Excelsior!*" Let us never be content with the ascent gained, but ever go on to perfection. We cannot all, even if we would, be enrolled among those heroic souls whose names shine brightly from the pages of history, but we may all cherish that loving, unselfish spirit and quiet courage which are the secret of true heroism.

Let our ideal be high—nay, the highest possible; for it has been truly said, "Our souls grow up to the light, we must keep our eyes on the light, and look no lower;" and, "What we truly and earnestly aspire to be, that in some measure we are."

LILIAN DAVIES.

THE ORGAN.

Picture our astonishment when we were told that the Rev. H. S. Toms kindly proposes to present us with an organ, which is to be placed, next month, in the dining-hall, in a gallery specially erected to receive it. Our warmest thanks are due to Mr. Toms for this valuable aid to our psalmody.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

A DAY'S ENJOYMENT.

[We are glad to insert a contribution from our High School friends, and hope to issue no future number without their assistance.]

THE whole Wyndham family were seated at breakfast. Their friends thought they were rather a peculiar family, and so, I think, they were.

Mr. Wyndham was a very pompous old gentleman, who had a firm belief in his own superior wisdom, and delighted in making long speeches. Unhappily, his friends did not share his good opinion of himself, and would mercilessly break in upon his most brilliant orations. His wife was very different from him. Timid, fussy, apt to get hysterical, she formed a complete contrast to her husband.

Their eldest daughter, Ethel, was a quiet, placid girl, with an amiable temper, chiefly because she thought it too much trouble to get angry. The greatest trials of her life were her sister and brother. Alice was ten years old, and Frank a year younger. They were companions in all kinds of mischief, and performed unheard-of feats of daring.

But to return to the breakfast table. Frank had just come in from the garden, and had seized the opportunity, when no one was looking, of giving the table a vigorous kick, which sent a muddy-looking stream of coffee over the table-cloth.

"Now, Frank," said his father, sternly, "if you will persist in such acts I shall not permit you to participate in our enjoyment to-day."

"Oh, I say!" shouted this energetic youth, "what are you going to do? Going for a drive? Going for a sail? What fun! I'll go, too! Take lots to eat, mamma!"

No one was listening to him, however. They were all looking with astonishment at Mr. Wyndham, wondering what he meant. They had heard nothing of any expedition, and waited for him to go on.

"It has occurred to me," he said, "that it would be very pleasant to go to the Nestly Woods, where we should have splendid opportunities for observing the beauties of nature. We will therefore go to-day, and I trust the occasion for improving your minds will not be wasted."

Frank had improved his occasion by emptying the sugar-basin, and now ran off to give directions to the cook to pack a hamper full of his favourite dainties. Alice capered about the room with joy, and Mrs. Wyndham and Ethel began to make preparations for their journey. Mrs. Wyndham insisted upon taking all their wraps and umbrellas in case it should rain. So they were all packed up, and presently the little party started.

When they arrived at the station they found the train would start in a few minutes, so, marshalling his charges into a corner, and telling them on no account to stir from there, else they would be lost, Mr. Wyndham went to get the tickets, leaving his wife in a state of distraction at the prospect of being left in sole charge of the two children. Tightly holding a hand of each, she stood there like a sentinel till her husband returned. When they were seated in the train, Mrs. Wyndham, to her horror, found that the carriage was full of school-boys, who, as soon as the train left the station, began to make a frightful noise. They shouted, they whistled, they sang, and enjoyed themselves to the utmost, which was more than their fellow-travellers did. Frank's hat blew out of window during their revels, which proceeding afforded them intense amusement. They laughed and cheered as if it were something to be proud of.

To Mrs. Wyndham's joy the train soon arrived at Nestly,

and she could escape from "those dreadful boys." She had always thought Frank was the worst behaved boy in the world, but now she found that there were some who were even noisier than he.

They left the train at Nestly, and went at once to the woods. As soon as they arrived there, Mr. and Mrs. Wyndham and Ethel sat down to rest. They were quite exhausted with their exertions, and were very glad to find a fallen tree.

"Ah!" said Mr. Wyndham, presently, with a sigh of satisfaction, "how delicious it is to sit here in the quiet calmness of this lovely spot! Behold those spreading trees! Hark! what sweet sounds come floating to us from the meadows around. What——"

At this precise moment anything but sweet sounds came floating to them from the meadows around. They saw Frank flying towards them, uttering the most unearthly screams as he ran, and pursued by an angry bull. The whole party started to their feet, and the bull, startled, perhaps, at seeing them so suddenly appear, turned and fled, leaving Frank gasping in the middle of the field.

Mrs. Wyndham was about to go into hysterics, Ethel was fanning her mother, Alice rushed to her brother to see if he were hurt, and Mr. Wyndham prepared to deliver an oration, which his hopeful son stopped by remarking that he was very thirsty, and was going to see if he could find some water.

"Oh, if you go, I must go too," gasped his mother. "I can't let you go alone; you would be killed."

"Well, so I might," said Frank, thoughtfully, "that bull was rather cross; but then I don't much wonder at it. I twisted his tail to see if it would come off. Wonder how it feels to be tossed?" After which cheerful remarks he went off to find some water, the whole family following for fear of another accident.

Frank soon came to a running stream of water, and stooped over to drink. But alas! for human expectations. He leaned just a little too far, and soon found that there was "water, water all around," and a great deal more than he required to drink.

"Oh," shrieked his mother, "he has fallen in! I knew he would. Oh! take him out; he will be drowned!"

By the united efforts of Mr. Wyndham, Ethel, and Alice, Frank was dragged out, spluttering and gasping, but otherwise not a bit the worse for his plunge.

"What shall we do?" said Ethel, in dismay. "We can't stay here; I think we had better go home."

And so they did. And they all agreed that the next time they went for a day's enjoyment they would leave Frank at home.

E. SHREWSBURY.

LAPSUS LINGUARUM ET PENUARUM.

WE have heard a few startling facts (?) lately, which may interest some of our readers. For instance, we learn that peacock has two feminines—turkey and pigeon.

The diminutive of cat is catkin. Punctuation means getting to school in time.

There are two kinds of adjectives—adjectives of affectation and agitation. (Can this be intended for adverbs of affirmation and negation?)

After giving several correct reasons for saying that the earth is almost round, a juvenile gives the following:—"There is another way, by people, as they climb up very high on some hill, or anything high, they can *see* that it is round."

A small boy, who was learning to read, was asked, "What

does h-e-n spell?" "Hen," was the reply. "And what does t-h-e-n spell?" "Cock!"

"Inde alias animas quae per inga longa sedebant
Deturbat"

was rendered "Thence he turns out different animals that were sitting on the long seats."

Minister, we are told, means a clergyman.

Some one gives the following brilliant idea:—Romulus and Remus had a quarrel which should be king. They decided that the one who died first should reign.

"Tell all you know of the Sea of Galilee." "The Sea of Galilee is where Christ preached to the great multitude as He sat in the boat. It is about 180 miles long, and its population is about 30,000 to 40,000!"

"Robin Hood found a desert island, and killed a lot of Red Indians. He had a little boy, and shot an apple off his head."

"What is the difference between major and minor scales?" "Major means sharps, and minor means flats."

Henry III. was too young to reign, so his eldest son was made regent!

"Cet homme a une grande taille," was translated "This man has a long tail."

Rivers flow into the sea. They flow because it is their work.

A teacher had been carefully explaining to her class the construction of a Norman castle. Questioning the children afterwards on the lesson, she reserved what she thought was the easiest question for a notable dunce. "What was all round the castle, Tom?" "Water!" was the reply. "Very good; but what was the water in?" A doubtful pause; then, with a sudden brightening of his countenance, Tom exclaimed, in a tone of triumph, "A can!"

A. BATER.

4*

OUR ENGLISH GALLERY



ONSISTS of some twenty-five engravings, presented to the College in 1880 through our kind friend Mr. Scrutton. To some Miltonians who left us before that year, and who have not since visited the College, a brief summary of the pictures may be interesting.

The only sacred picture is one representing Christ, not in His weakness or in His suffering, as in most Roman Catholic paintings, but as a loving Shepherd folding the lambs in His arms. Turner is represented by "The Approach to Venice," consisting of a few barges and gondolas in the foreground, the water sparkling in the sunlight around them, and in the distance some of the islands of Venice covered with buildings; and by "Ancient Italy," a view of a river in early morning, on either bank lofty buildings, and the sunlight falling direct on the water.

We note next Sir E. Landseer's pictures, "The Challenge" and "The Sanctuary." The former is a beautiful night scene. It is winter, and the stars look down from a cloudless sky on a still lake lying amidst snow-covered plains, and in the distance a range of white mountains is dimly seen through the night. In the front of the picture stands a stately stag, who has just broken the perfect stillness of the night by its challenge cry to another stag, who is swimming from the opposite side of the lake. "The Sanctuary" represents a hunted stag which, after a long chase, has at last reached a resting-place. The whole form of the poor tired creature expresses utter weariness. He is standing in shallow water among some tangled rushes, the home of some wild-fowl, which he has just startled into flight. Then come the engravings of Millais' twin pictures, "Asleep" and "Awake." The first is a picture of a sleeping child, watched over by the nurse, who is sitting by its bedside. The

child has thrown out one of its arms, and in the relaxed hand some fading flowers are lying. In "Awake" it is morning, and a child is sitting up in its bed. The one historical picture is Lord William Russell receiving the Sacrament just before his execution. The scene is laid in a bare stone prison room. Lord William kneels on a cushion, holding the cup in his hand, while beside him kneels his faithful and loving wife. His expression is the calm and holy look of one prepared for death. The bishop stands over them in the act of blessing, and in a corner of the room a man is leaning on a chair, his face buried in his hands, seemingly overcome with grief.

The portraits of Shakespere and Milton are by J. Faed. Shakespere is in his study, seated at a table, pen in hand, and paper before him. Looking at this picture, one thinks the great poet was about to write one of his most comic scenes, for there is a smile playing on his lips, and his eyes exhibit an amused twinkle.

There are some other portraits, of which I may just mention "The Blue Boy" and "The Duchess of Devonshire," by Gainsborough; also "Lady Annè Bingham" and "The Strawberry Girl," by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

We have some beautiful pictures of home life. Such are "Home and its Treasures," where a sailor, just returned from sea late at night, is embracing his sleeping children; "Home and the Homeless," a picture representing a stone-floored cottage, where a homeless, ragged little child is being fed and cared for by a motherly woman, and other rosy children are looking on with sympathy; also "The Mitherless Bairn," a picture of similar style. These, not omitting an engraving of our Queen by F. Winterhalter, are the chief pictures of our little gallery.

Most of our friends know that a studio is to be among the benefits to be derived from the extension of the College. To

this studio will be removed all the casts and drawing models now hanging round the school-room, thereby leaving bare the walls. So it is thought that this room is a convenient place in which to start a foreign gallery; and we are delighted to say that an old pupil, Edith Corbold, has encouraged this idea by kindly presenting seven lithographs of paintings by Murillo, Sassoferato, Ary Scheffer, and Guido Reni.

R. TAITTON.

"ONLY A COUSIN."



HIS is one of the charming books of the present day, written for a purpose. The purpose here seems to be to inculcate unselfishness. The story opens with an exclamation from a wealthy girl—"I am tired of everything!" And no wonder: for there she sat, all the luxuries of life around her, while she looked in very deed the picture of idleness. The maid timidly approached her young mistress to tell her that Mr. Bell awaited his daughter's company for a drive. "What a bore!" exclaimed Lucetta, as she slowly made her toilet. A bore to ride with her father! Surely he must be her nearest and dearest relation! Alas! she had not found out the joy of love and the happiness of a life devoted to the wants and pleasures of others. Her nature was entirely selfish. Can we wonder, then, that she was tired of everything, when she had not learned that there was service to be done for the great Master, and that "the fields were already white to harvest"? A very interesting contrast is shown between her character and that of her maid. Selby was wholly devoted to the wants of her poor father and mother, and the little ones, who were still unable to support themselves. Her small wages went to their aid, and, whenever she could get home—which

was seldom—she was as a ray of sunshine in a cheerless place, though this home could not be called entirely cheerless, for, though earthly comfort was small, they had the joy of heavenly consolation.

But things were not always to go on in the same way. A change came, and a very rapid one. Mr. Bell had a dear sister who, in her early life, had been his joy and pride. But her love for what was good and true made her marry a man in an inferior position to herself. This act involved her brother's extreme displeasure, and for many years he hardly recognised her as his sister.

But trouble came, and Mrs. Layard was forced to go to her brother and ask him for money out of a small fund he was keeping for her. This, however, was refused, and the poor woman was obliged to return to her family without the wished-for aid. But, in the meanwhile, Mr. Bell had felt stung to the heart by his own cruelty, and he felt it was his duty to help that poor dear sister. Half dazed, he took pen and paper, and wrote, asking her if she would spare one of her children to live with him, or could he in any way help her? After this letter was despatched, the footman returned to his master's room to find him lying across a chair in a deadly faint. He went and brought Lucetta, who, in dismay, raised her father's head on her lap, and sent James off to fetch the doctor. A long illness followed, and, in the midst of it, Lucetta broke down too. But the very day after Mr. Bell's illness, a ministering angel came in answer to his letter. She was only a cousin of Lucetta's; a mere nobody, some would say. But this cousin proved to be the greatest blessing. She tended, with the aid of two nurses, both Lucetta and her father, and, above all, she taught them how poor life is apart from Christ. Fire came, and the house was wholly burnt down, but, thanks to the cousin and an old friend of Mr. Bell's, the inmates were saved, with one exception

—a nurse ; and that was no one's fault, as she was insensible through drink. But time fails to relate all that followed. The invalids both recovered, and determined to devote their wealth and lives to minister, as far as possible, to the wants of others.

And what about the cousin ? She married Mr. Bell's friend, Arthur Beville, after teaching him, in her own quiet way, that consecration to Christ is the only means of enjoying a truly holy and happy life.

M. ALLATT.

"THE MUSICIAN": SECOND GRADE.

MUSICAL students who have benefited by the First Grade of Mr. Prentice's charming little book entitled "The Musician" will hail with delight the advent of the Second Grade, which has lately been published. More than seventy pieces are analysed, the first being Beethoven's Rondo in C. We have been advancing step by step in the First Grade through the simplest examples of song form, rondo form, and first-movement form ; in the Second Grade we recognise the same forms, but much more extended.

The mode of analysis taken by Mr. Prentice is of a very simple character. The first movement of Haydn's Sonata in C is thus analysed :—

Div. I.	Bars	1— 8	First Subject, in C
	"	8— 16	" " (varied)
	"	16— 20	Short Coda to First Subject, in C
	"	20— 35	Introduction to Second Subject
Div. II.	"	36— 45	Second Subject, in G (dominant)
	"	45— 62	Tributary Subject, in G
	"	62— 67	Coda, in G
Div. III.	"	67—103	Working-out, Leading back to
Div. IV.	"	103—111	Return of First Subject, in C
	"	111—125	Fresh Introduction to Second Subject
Div. V.	"	126—135	Second Subject, in C
	"	135—150	Tributary Subject, in C
	"	152—160	First Subject, in C
	"	160—170	Coda, in C

In the second movement of Mozart's Sonata in C is a more detailed analysis, showing the phrases, sections, and sentences into which every composition may be divided :—

Phrases.	Sections.	Sentences.
Bars 1—3 Two-bar, in F	1—5 Four-bar } 5—9 Four-bar }	1—9 Eight-bar
„ 3—4 One-bar, in F		
„ 4—5 „ in C		
„ 5—6 „ „		
„ 6—9 Three-bar		

Many of the difficult and knotty points in harmony are so clearly explained and so pleasantly interspersed here that one is led to forget that they were ever troublesome. *E.g.* :—

“The scale of C is made up of two groups of notes exactly alike ; and the same is true of all major scales. This group of four successive notes, containing two tones and a semitone, is called a *tetrachord* ; therefore a scale contains two tetrachords, a lower and an upper. Play the upper tetrachord in the scale of F :—C, D, E, F. It is the same as the lower tetrachord in the scale of C ; so this tetrachord forms a part of both scales—in other words, they have a tetrachord in common. For this reason we spoke just now of the key of F being closely related to that of C ; the two have one of their tetrachords in common. The other key which is closely related to C is G (the dominant), because the upper tetrachord of C and the lower of G are the same.”

Several instructive and interesting facts are related about the composers which make us understand their music more fully. We cannot do better than give an anecdote about “our greatest English composer,” Sterndale Bennett :—“Schumann gives an anecdote showing how, on one occasion, an unbeliever in the possibility of any good music coming from England was converted by Bennett. He was to play his third Concerto, and, before the concert began, this thorough-going German gave utterance to the uncomplimentary sentiment : ‘An English composer ? No composer.’ After the concert was over,

Schumann turned to him, questioning, 'An English composer?' 'An English composer, and a true one,' was the answer. So much for the composer." Of the brilliant gifts as a player, and the *tour de force* of memory by which he astonished and delighted the Leipzig circle in his younger days, there are accounts extant which remind us of what used to be told of Mozart. When Bennett sold his "Capriccio in E" to a Leipzig publishing firm, they were surprised at receiving only the MS. of the orchestral score; and, on their inquiring for the pianoforte part, it turned out that this had never been written down, though the composer had played the work both in London and Leipzig, and had apparently quite forgotten the omission in handing over the MS. to the publishers.

It is possible that some teachers may not, at a first glance, perceive how to use "The Musician." We would suggest that each pupil should have a copy of the book, and be required to analyse every piece learnt on the methods adopted by these valuable primers. We venture to predict that this is the high road to become "musicians" indeed.

C. E. MEAD.

SCHOOL NEWS.



ON Saturday, February 3rd, a few of us went to London to a concert in St. James's Hall. The day was beautifully fine, and we all enjoyed the music exceedingly.

On Friday, March 2nd, much to our astonishment, the long-wished-for Cambridge reports arrived, and we were very pleased to find that all but one of those who took the examination had been successful. Though there were not so many distinctions nor as many honour certificates gained as last year, yet the total number of passes was greater than it had ever been before.

On Good Friday we had a holiday, and, in the evening, some of the elder girls, with the aid of our music teachers, gave a sacred concert in the dining-hall.

On the following Friday we had some very beautiful dissolving views, illustrating the "War in Egypt." We greatly enjoyed Professor Malden's instructive and interesting lecture, which contained some thrilling stories of the brave deeds performed by English soldiers.

On the 2nd of April we had quite a grand day. A silver vase was presented by a number of London friends to Thomas Scrutton, Esq., as a slight acknowledgment of his work in connection with the London School Board. The chair was taken by Henry Green, Esq. E. N. Buxton, Esq. (Chairman of the Board), Dr. Kennedy, and others addressed the meeting. Then it transpired that Mr. Scrutton never accepted a testimonial, and so, at his request, the magnificent vase was handed, *pro tem.*, to the newly opened Technical College for Women, and gracefully received, on its behalf, by the Rev. J. C. Harrison. The vase is exquisitely wrought. Solid silver figures of Art and Science point to Genius, and Genius points ever upward and onward. We give a drawing of the vase by one of the Technical Students. About three hundred guests were present, and, after the ceremony was over, they visited the gymnasium, and the school-room, where a practical cookery lesson was being given; and subsequently examined the drawings and needlework.

Since Christmas, from thirty to forty of our number have been taking lessons in dressmaking, and at tea-time one evening, shortly before the end of the term, a procession of girls, wearing the dresses they had made, entered the dining-hall, that the results of their much stitching might be seen by wondering companions.

On May 10th we gave our annual concert—or rather concerts

—for this year there were two; that in the afternoon being for the friends from London, and that in the evening for our local guests. Notwithstanding the rain, which steadily continued all day, the hall was well filled at both concerts. The First Singing Class, among other things, sang the Cantata, “Water Fairies,” which was much applauded. The performance of the Juvenile Singing Class from the High School also met with great favour. We much enjoyed Mr. Prentice’s beautiful rendering of two of Mendelssohn’s “Lieder Ohne Worte.” After the concerts our guests visited various parts of the building—the gymnasium, where gymnastics were being performed; the music-rooms, to hear the sestets, &c.; but the favourite resort was the lecture-room, where the babies of five and six years, from the High School, were playing Kindergarten games. After the evening concert Mr. Prentice favoured us with a recital, playing Beethoven’s Sonate Pathétique, which was highly appreciated.

We have had two very interesting missionary addresses this term—one given by the Rev. J. L. Green, from the South Sea Islands, and the other by the Rev. E. Pearse, from China. Both missionaries kindly brought down idols, specimens of the native costume, and other interesting objects.

COMING.



E may come to Thee in the early morn,
 When the sun is chasing the mist away;
 When a thousand flowery gems are born,
 And the birds’ rich music begins the day.
 In the dawn of life, in the sweet Spring-tide,
 When the opening blossoms are fresh and fair;
 Ere the first dark cloud o’er our sky shall glide,
 And when all seems pure as the fragrant air.

We may come to Thee in the mid-day heat,
When the buds and flowers have opened wide ;
When the fiercest rays on our pathway beat,
And we hear the splash of the swelling tide.
In the Summer-time, 'neath the noon-day sun ;
When alone each one in the world must stand ;
When so quickly now all our life's wheels run,
And we look and long for some guiding hand.

We may come to Thee at the even-time—
On our work unfinished the shadows fall ;
O'er our fevered hearts steals the vesper-chime,
And the twilight calm cometh fast on all.
In the Autumn days, in the harvest-field,
When we reap in full what our hands have sown ;
Yet our labours nothing but sorrow yield,
And we sigh for rest with a wearied moan.

We may come to Thee in the waning light,
When the shades are gathering thick and fast
Over land and sea, and the black, dark night
Stealeth down on wings of the stormy blast.
Amid Winter's frost, and its chilling air ;
When our heads are white with its falling snow ;
And we trembling stand, with a silent prayer
For a friend to bear with our footsteps slow.

In the morn or eve—at the noon or night :
At the blush of dawn, or the last faint ray :
In the Winter drear, or the Spring-time bright,
If we come, Thou never wilt say us nay ;
But will gently, tenderly, sweetly bless ;
And when o'er the seasons, complete the strife,
And the darkness falls, Thou wilt love no less ;
Yet, we "will not come" that we "might have life."

HELEN DAVIES.

PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS.

CAMBRIDGE LOCAL EXAMINATIONS.

The letters *m*, *d*, *r*, *l*, *gn*, *mu* signify respectively distinction in Mathematics, Drawing, Religious Knowledge, Latin, German, and Music.

SENIORS.—CLASS III.

A. Harsant	D. Hewgill	L. Moffett	R. Tritton (<i>d</i>)
------------	------------	------------	-------------------------

SATISFIED THE EXAMINERS.

M. S. Allatt	E. A. Harry	B. Thomson
S. Burgess	F. Horton	L. Tuck
L. Gilfillan (<i>mu</i> .)	A. Spence (<i>mu</i> .)	M. Wishart

JUNIORS.—CLASS I.

E. Bolton (<i>m</i> , <i>d</i>)	K. Conway (<i>r</i> , <i>l</i> , <i>gn</i>)	M. Champness (<i>r</i>)
	M. Thomson (<i>r</i> , <i>m</i>)	

CLASS II.

M. Chadburn

CLASS III.

R. Henson	M. Sweet	B. Singleton (<i>mu</i>)	M. Smith
-----------	----------	----------------------------	----------

SATISFIED THE EXAMINERS.

A. F. Charlesworth	M. Johns	F. Rudduck
D. Hook	H. Lewis	I. Sweet
	L. Pope	

HIGH SCHOOL.

SENIORS.—SATISFIED THE EXAMINERS.

L. G. Arnold

JUNIORS.—CLASS III.

N. Butchard	E. Homewood.
-------------	--------------

SOUTH KENSINGTON.

PHYSICS.

ELEMENTARY STAGE.—CLASS I.

M. Anthony	E. Bolton	L. Gilfillan	M. Marsden
	M. Thomson		

CLASS II.

S. Burgess	C. Chandler	L. Pope
M. Chadburn	K. Conway	L. Tuck

MATHEMATICS.

STAGE II.—CLASS I.

A. Bater	C. Moffett
----------	------------

CLASS II.

L. Hutchin	M. Rawlinson
------------	--------------

STAGE I.—CLASS I.

S. Burgess	C. Chandler	D. Hewgill
M. Champness	A. Harsant	M. Thomson

CLASS II.

M. Anthony	M. Davies	L. Jubb	M. Shrewsbury
M. Chadburn	E. Dodge	M. Lea	M. Smith
K. Conway	M. Edwards	H. Lewis	M. Sweet
A. Conzens	L. Gilfillan	E. Mabbs	L. Tuck
A. Cox	R. Henson	L. Pope	

HIGH SCHOOL.

STAGE I.—CLASS II.

M. Bryant

PHYSIOLOGY.

ADVANCED.—CLASS I.

C. Wood

CLASS II.

M. E. Marsden	E. Wilkinson
---------------	--------------

ELEMENTARY.—CLASS II.

I. Darnton	M. Edwards	H. Gilfillan	E. Marsden
E. Dodge	V. Edwards	E. Mabbs	M. Lea
	M. Shrewsbury		

DRAWING.

(*E* signifies excellence, a prize being obtained.)

(FREEHAND.)

M. Chadburn	M. Davies	A. Houchin	W. Nuttall
E. Chew	A. Evans	E. Johns	C. Soden
E. Courttnall	H. Gilfillan	E. Mabbs	Edith Starmer
E. Craig	R. Henson	E. Nicholls	Ethel Starmer
	A. Wareham		

Acknowledgments.

(MODELS.)

A. Bater	A. Evans (E)	L. Hurndall	E. Smith
M. Chadburn (E)	H. Gilfillan	L. Jubb	Edith Starmer
K. Conway	E. Handley	M. Lea (E)	E. Sturt
I. Darnton	R. Henson (E)	E. Marsden (E)	A. Wareham
M. Davies	C. Houchin	E. Nicholls	

(GEOMETRY.)

M. Chadburn	R. Henson (E)	E. Nicholls
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(PERSPECTIVE.)

E. Nicholls (E)	R. Tritton (E)
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HIGH SCHOOL.

(FREEHAND.)

M. Bryant (E)	E. Homewood (E)	L. Nicholas	M. Paine
	E. Unwin		

(MODELS.)

A. Gammon

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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Also the following Magazines:—*Thistle, City of London School Magazine, School for the Sons of Missionaries' Magazine, Epsomian, Brook, Droghedian, Whitgift, and Miltonian.*

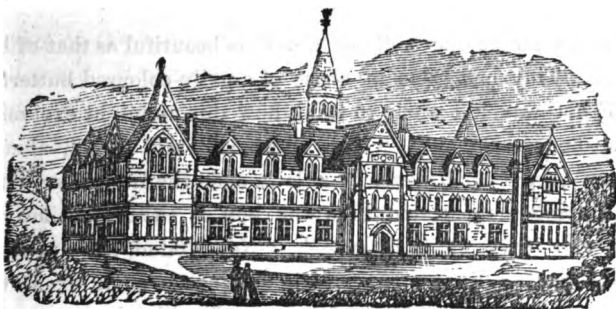


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ORA ET LABORA.

Milton Mount Magazine.

NOVEMBER, 1883.

"THE WISHING WELL."

TINY and his little sister Ethel were sitting on a grassy bank. It was a very hot day, and they were enjoying the pleasant shade of the old elm tree, which spread its green branches above them. Ethel had a picture-book open on her lap, but I do not think she thought it very interesting. She was thinking of something quite different. That very afternoon Martha, their nurse, had been telling the children of a wonderful well about two miles from the town in which they lived. The fairy of this well had the power to grant the wish of anyone who visited it at a certain time in the night. Ethel had a little friend named Lily, who was the owner of a lovely doll; and Ethel was very fond of dolls, and greatly envied Lily. When she heard of the wishing well, she determined to get up in the dead of night in order to

go and wish at the well for a doll as beautiful as that of her friend. Tiny had gone in chase of a gaily-coloured butterfly. So Ethel was left alone to think how this midnight excursion could be carried out. "How tiresome," said Ethel, aloud; "I am sure I shall never be able to open the front door without making a noise, and then the bolt is so stiff and heavy; how very tiresome, to be sure." "Never mind, Ethel; never mind," said a little voice which seemed to come from the ground beside her. "If you follow me I will take you to the wishing well." Ethel rubbed her eyes; she seemed awake, but surely she must be dreaming, for there on the grass was a funny little Elf dressed entirely in green, with a blade of grass in his hand which served as a wand. Ethel was at first too surprised to speak, but presently, summoning up all her courage, she asked his name, and where he lived. "My name," answered the Elf, "is Mischief, and I live in the rose which blooms beneath your nursery window." "How very funny," said Ethel; "and can you really take me to the wishing well?" "You shall see," replied the Elf, and then giving a shrill whistle, he jumped on a rabbit, who, on hearing the noise, had poked its head out of a hole in the bank. "Come, jump up behind me," said the little man. Ethel replied that she was too heavy. The Elf then took from his pocket a small cake, which he told her to eat. After doing so, everything around appeared to grow much larger, and the rabbit no longer seemed too small to carry her. She mounted, with the help of the Elf, who now waved his blade of grass three times, and away they went through woods and meadows and over hills. Ethel had never travelled so fast in her life before. At last the well came in sight, the rabbit stopped, and Ethel and her guide alighted. The Elf then said, "I am now going to leave you for half an hour; in that time you must have had your wish, and be ready to accompany me. Now, be sure on no account to look over

the edge of the well ; if you should do so, harm will surely befall you." Having said this, he disappeared as suddenly as he had come, and the rabbit ran off to a neighbouring spring for a drink.

Ethel, now left alone, felt very curious to see, if possible, the bottom of the well ; so she crept cautiously to the very edge, but, as she did so, she dislodged some stones, which fell over with a hard noise. This startled Ethel so much that she lost her footing, and fell head first after the stones. Down, down, down she went, and at last came to the bottom with a sudden bump, and at the same time she heard a voice, which sounded very familiar, saying, " Look, Ethel, I have caught the butterfly ; isn't it a beauty ? " Ethel jumped up and looked about her. Everything was the same as usual ; on the walnut tree opposite hung the swing, and her book lay open on the grass, and by her side stood Tiny, looking at her with wondering eyes. " Where have I been ? " said Ethel. " Been ? Why, been to sleep, I suppose," replied Tiny. Just then Martha came to call them in to tea. That night, in bed, Ethel told Tiny the whole of her wonderful dream, and they both decided not to attempt a journey in the night to the wishing well, lest they should come to the same end as Ethel did in her dream.

N. BRYANT

(High School).

A VISIT TO MANCHESTER.



ON arriving at our destination the first building that we visited was the Exchange. The interior is especially handsome, massive pillars are on each side, the centre being quite clear, which on market days is thronged with gentlemen who have come to discuss business.

They are constantly receiving telegrams on the state of trade elsewhere. These are put in the lamps, and, owing to the lights behind, can be read distinctly.

We next visited the Town Hall, which is also a fine and extensive edifice. We ascended a very beautiful staircase; the stairs were of marble, and the capitals of the pillars were carved in the most graceful designs. The windows also were pretty, part of the glass was stained and part plain, giving the whole a light appearance. We then entered the hall. At the farthest end is an organ, which was being played while we were there. On the walls of the room are painted frescoes on the history of Manchester, commencing with the building of the wall. On the ceiling are the arms of the different countries of the world. We then visited the mayor's banqueting room. Everything about it has the air of being thoroughly good. The furniture is of solid oak, and the curtains were worked by the students at South Kensington. We next visited the reception room, and after that the court, in which were the portraits of the first and present mayor.

On leaving the Town Hall we made our way to the Picture Gallery. The galleries during the past year have been both improved and enlarged, and are now considered among the finest in the kingdom. But although the size of these rooms is increased, the number of pictures which are hung is smaller than the preceding years by 376, one reason for this being that the members of the Corporation have decided only to hang a picture where it can be seen to advantage. It must indeed be humiliating for an artist to see his work hung so much out of the way that it is almost lost to sight. The number of pictures now hung is 943; this reduction secures a much choicer selection than if a greater quantity were admitted. Many of these have been exhibited in previous years at the Royal Academy. The pictures which we specially

noticed were "Charles I. on his way to Execution," by Ernest Crofts, A.R.A. Charles has a quiet dignity about his person, and a resolute expression on his face which is well depicted. He is walking by the side of Bishop Juxon; on each side of the road are lookers on, some being soldiers, who look with hatred at Charles. Among these we can also discern a few friendly faces. It is early morning in winter, the frost is on the trees, there is a misty look in the atmosphere, and one can almost feel the cold by looking at the picture. "The Child Bride," by John Collier, represents a little girl who has decked herself out in bridal attire. The complexion of her face and the child's attitude is beautifully depicted. "Prince Arthur," who is pleading with Hubert—he can almost be heard to say the words, "Will you put out mine eyes, these eyes that never did nor never shall so much as frown on you?" the earnest expression on his face is so eloquent, as well as the determined look on Hubert's. "The Captain of the Eleven," by P. H. Calderon, R.A., represents a little boy, bat in hand, waiting for the ball. "Grandfather's Pet," by H. Herkomer, A.R.A. The old man is seated in his arm-chair and has drawn one arm round his grandchild. The faces of each are splendidly done; the sunburnt wrinkled face of the grandfather contrasting with the fair, joyous face of the child. It is a beautifully finished picture; the dress of the figures and their surroundings are so well done. "Snowdon," by Joseph Knight, is a bold representation of mountain scenery. It is covered with snow, and looks bleak and desolate. A few sheep are feeding in the foreground, giving a little life to the picture. "A Pebbled Shore," by Colin Hunt. The sea is of a deep blue colour, and mountains are in the background; in the foreground are a quantity of stones. At some distance this picture looks very well; perhaps the colour of the water and mountains is rather exaggerated, but in Nature one occa-

sionally sees very brilliant effects. "Noonday Rest," by S. F. Watts, R.A., is a gigantic picture, all the pictures being life size. There are two dray-horses, and the driver, who is lounging by them. They are very natural, but the picture would only be suitable to hang in a large public room. There were there many other pictures, some too well known to need description, as "The Grey Lady," by Millais, "The Ides of March," by E. J. Poynter, R.A., &c.

The beauty of this Exhibition is that all the pictures are so thoroughly good; as well as being a great luxury, it is also instructive.

Many of these institutions are open free of expense, such as the National Gallery, the British Museum, &c., so that even the poorer class may also have the benefit of them.

E. NICHOLLS.

THE DRUIDS.



WE cannot look around our country without seeing everywhere objects which seem strange to us, and which undoubtedly are memorials of the past.

Among these interesting relics still existing to be viewed and wondered at, are the Druidic remains which are chiefly found scattered over the West and South of England, and the whole of Wales.

Perhaps the great power which was exercised by that most important class of early British society, the Druids, is not realized in these modern times. But, on reading ancient records, the most reliable being those by Julius Cæsar, we find that not only did they act as priests in all religious matters, conducting ceremonies and offering sacrifices, but they were officers of State, judges and magistrates; acting also as the instructors of youth.

They were exempted from taxes and military service. These, and various other immunities enjoyed by them, led to a great increase of their numbers; the wealthy and noble of the land sending their sons to be educated by Druids. Their doctrines were not committed to writing (any attempt to do so being condemned by the order, and severely punished), but were very probably in the form of triadic verse learnt by heart. The acquisition of this knowledge often took twenty years, and in addition to this the Druids instructed their pupils in philosophy, geometry, astronomy, mechanics, rhetoric, &c. They were regarded by the people with the greatest reverence, their judgment in all matters, whether civil or religious, being accepted by every class of society.

It is no wonder, then, that we find traces of them scattered in various parts of the country. The most remarkable example is to be found in Salisbury Plain. It consists of two large circles of stones, one within the other, within the inner being an elliptical ring of stones. Avebury is also noted for two immense circles of stones similar to those already described. These are now supposed to have been vast temples in which some of the most solemn rites were performed. Many are of the opinion that an annual court, for the settlement of civil matters, was held in the temple of Stonehenge, Salisbury Plain, being in a central position as regarded some of the then important towns.

The Cromlechs or Gorseddcs, many of which are found in Wales and Cornwall, are much smaller in structure. They usually consist of three upright stones firmly fixed in the ground, with a large flat stone resting on them. Numerous Druidic circles of a much smaller size are also found. To these are attached fantastic traditions, peculiar to the locality. One instance will serve as an illustration of this.

A few miles from Penzance is to be found a circle of nineteen upright stones called "The Merry Maidens." In a field at a

little distance from these are two similar stones, called "The Pipers." The country folk around say, that on a certain Sunday, many years ago, nineteen maidens were dancing in the field to the tunes played by the two pipers. As a punishment for their disregard of the Sabbath day, they were all turned to stone, and still remained a memorial of their sin. On the stones are engraved numerous strange characters, but the meaning of these is, as yet, unknown. Ruins of circles are generally found surrounding the cromlechs, but these have in all cases become so disarranged as to defy attempts at explanation of their use. It is now generally believed that cromlechs were used as altars, on which sacrifices were offered.

The Cistvaen is another specimen of Druidic remains. It usually consists of four upright stones enclosing a space on which rests a slab or lid, the whole presenting the appearance of a chest. Within these structures have been found human bones, skulls, and even entire skeletons. Hence it has been assumed that cistvaens were tombs, probably of distinguished chieftains. As they are generally found near cromlechs, some have thought that they were connected with religious ceremonies, and used as minor altars. Whenever the Druidic circles, cromlechs, or indeed, any form of these remains are found, it has been observed that, scattered around, apparently in no particular order, there stand large upright stones, many of which are of immense height. It is supposed that these were monuments of the departed brave.

The Druidic religion was evidently very widely spread. Immense monuments and circles are found in various parts of Southern Europe, the most important being those of Normandy. These relics extend as far eastward as Persia, and their presence there has started many interesting questions and controversies as to where the order and worship of the Druids took their rise. It is probable that their home, in pre-historic times, was

in the East. We first find them in their strength in Gaul, from whence, through some social rupture, a portion seems to have migrated along the south of Europe, and gone as far as Asia Minor. The subject is deeply interesting and worthy of careful study.

MARY E. MARSDEN.

GEORGE TINWORTH AND HIS WORKS.



GEORGE TINWORTH was born at Walworth on the 5th of November, 1843. He was the child of poor parents, his father carrying on a small business as a wheelwright in that wretched part of London. He early learnt the meaning of poverty, and his youthful days were clouded over by the wickedness of a drunken father. But he had for his mother a true Christian woman who, though uneducated, yet knew and loved her Bible well, and who earnestly and faithfully instilled in her child the principles of religion. In her son's choice of subjects in his sculpture her work is now made manifest. While still very young, Tinworth was taught to help his father in the shop, his education in any other direction being entirely neglected. As a little child he showed his artistic taste by colouring prints, carving little wooden figures, and in other ways, in all of which his father greatly discouraged him, and even used to beat him for not employing his time more profitably. In 1861, when Mr. Tinworth was about seventeen years old, he joined the Art Classes in Miller's Lane, where Mr. Sparkes taught. His entrance there as a student was peculiar. Longing for an artistic education and hearing of these classes, Tinworth with one of his friends went to find out what they could of these schools one evening. There happened to be a modelling class that day.

Tinworth put his ear to the keyhole, his companion gave him a push, and he fell into the arms of Mr. Sparkes, who was going out. The lad, being confused, just held up one of his little works, a head of Garibaldi in sandstone, which Mr. Sparkes recognised. He invited the young man to come in, and from that evening Tinworth became one of the most promising students in the Lambeth schools. He attended the classes every evening, and sometimes, in his love for art, spent whole nights there working hard. At home he had to work in secret for fear of his father, who, whenever he discovered his son modelling or carving, would break all his figures and images.

After gaining many prizes at Miller's Lane, Mr. Tinworth was admitted to the schools of the Royal Academy for the merit of one of his works, a model of "Hercules," done while he was at Lambeth. In 1865, Mr. Tinworth gained the second silver medal, and in 1867 the first silver medal, but failed in his competition for the gold medal. His father dying about this time, he was left to carry on the wheelwright business alone. It was a business not worthy of his talent, and for which he had neither health nor inclination. This excited the compassion of his former master, Mr. Sparkes, who obtained work for him from Messrs. Doulton at the Lambeth Pottery. Here Mr. Tinsworth's first works in an artistic line were some large medallions in terra-cotta. In 1869 he executed a fountain in terra-cotta, designed by Mr. Sparkes, and which is now in Kennington Park. Later, he decorated a cabinet with panels in stoneware, representing Biblical scenes. In 1874 he exhibited at the Royal Academy three of his more matured works, large panels in terra-cotta, representing "Gethsemane," the "Foot of the Cross," and the "Descent from the Cross." The next year eight small terra-cotta panels by Mr. Tinworth were exhibited at Burlington House, and again, the year after, four more. At that time the sculptor was honoured by a visit from

Mr. Ruskin and the architect, Mr. G. Street, R.A., the latter of whom tried to persuade Mr. Tinworth to carry out one of his (Mr. Street's) designs in wood for the reredos of York Cathedral. But Mr. Tinworth would only consent to execute it in terra-cotta, and the work was put off for some time till Messrs. Doulton had made a tint in terra-cotta to suit. He also assisted in decorating the Guards' chapel with eighteen panels. The most popular of all Mr. Tinworth's works is a fountain in Doulton ware, decorated with Scripture scenes, most of them connected with water. The greater number of Mr. Tinworth's works represent Biblical scenes, the few which are not Scriptural being inferior.


"The Dying Gladiator" gained the second silver medal, and "Jason" seven years' studentship, both being figures in white terra-cotta. Some of Mr. Tinworth's most remarkable works are four very large terra-cotta panels, representing incidents in our Lord's life; they are:—"Going to Calvary," the "Entry into Jerusalem," the "Release of Barabbas," and "Preparing for the Crucifixion." The time selected for the first is when Jesus, turning to the crowd following him, said:—"Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children," and the time of the last is before the Crucifixion. In all four a large number of people are represented within a comparatively small space, but without giving the least impression of confusion or heaviness. Mr. Tinworth has also executed many smaller panels of scenes from Scripture, of which a few are:—"Jesus, Mary and Martha," the "Dismissal of Hagar and Ishmael," "The Resurrection," "Zacchæus," and "Peter's Denial." Three very fine works of Mr. Tinworth's are a salt-cellar in Doulton ware, whose four-panelled sides represent scenes from Christ's betrayal and crucifixion, the fountain before mentioned, and a bowl in the same ware also decorated with Biblical scenes. Among the

medallions is one of the sculptor himself, executed in the year 1880. Among Mr. Tinworth's other works we must not omit to mention some miniature reliefs, illustrating about twenty of Æsop's Fables. One of our greatest pleasures this term has been our visit to the Tinworth Exhibition, and our interest in all sculpture has been much increased by the fact that several of *our* number are learning to model in clay.

E. R. TRITTON.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

A RECIPE FOR HAPPINESS.

"AIN, rain, go to Spain, and mind you don't come back again!" So said, or rather sang, two little people, one dreary November morning, in the most dolorous fashion possible. Flatten their noses as they might against the panes of their nursery window, no sunbeam seemed in the least likely to be forthcoming. The rain was relentless, and positively refused to go to Spain or anywhere else, but just where it was, and wasn't wanted.

Tom and Wynn timer were nearly despairing : the whole morning to be got through somehow or another, and their limited stock of amusements already exhausted. They had played "Doctor" so long over the unfortunate body of Lady Victoria Augusta of Dolldom, that no leg, arm, finger, or toe remained to be further operated upon, still less any room for any contagious disease, which she generally caught from the inkstand. The long-suffering dog, Toby, had finally taken himself off, and was nowhere to be found, his doggish brain having rapidly arrived at the conclusion that the canine tribe was by no means solely created for the experiments of their young masters and mistresses. Bricks were voted perfectly stale, and picture books despicable. To

put a finishing stroke on the matter, nurse had declared that she really could not allow Master Tom to play at trains any more, if he let off steam so continually, and always with the whole force of his decidedly not weak lungs.

What was to be done in such a desperate state of affairs? Nothing exciting would happen out in the street; the rain seemed to have damped everybody, mentally as well as physically. But just as Tom had decided he really must do something dreadful if something did not happen, relief appeared on the scene in the shape of Auntie May, with a face just as bright as those of her young nephew and niece were gloomy. Her entrance was hailed with acclamations, and she was speedily installed in the low, comfortable nursery-chair, a little relative on either side.

"A story, Auntie, please, a story; 'cause, you know, we are so miserable, and we do so want to get jolly again," pleaded Tom.

"Yes, Auntie, and a good long one," added Wynnie, looking coaxingly up at her from her low seat.

Thus urged, Auntie began:—

One terribly wet day, just such another as this, a big drop of rain fell right into the middle of the beautiful lily where little Bluebell lay fast asleep. Waking up in a terrible fright, she crept to the edge of her pretty bed-chamber to see what could be going on. The sight that met her gaze did not at all please her. Everything looked as if it had been crying all night, and the tears rose to Bluebell's eyes in sympathy.

"Oh, how horrid!" she said to herself. "I really think I won't go out at all, but just stop here all day, and try to amuse myself as best I can."

"Won't you be miserable if you do, that's all!" squeaked out a little voice close at her side. Bluebell started, so that she nearly fell over the edge of the lily down to the ground

beneath. Recovering her balance, however, she peeped cautiously out, and saw a tiny old man, with the happiest face imaginable, sitting right out in the middle of the wet, and apparently enjoying himself immensely.

"Why should I be miserable?" queried Bluebell.

"Because you won't be happy," the little man rejoined, nodding his head several times with supreme satisfaction over the unassailable truth of his reply.

"What makes people happy, then?" continued Bluebell, somewhat perplexed at the strange manner of her new acquaintance.

"The receipt is as old as the hills," cried the old man. "Do you really mean to say that you don't know how to be happy? It is high time you did. Come, listen to me, and mind you do not forget what I say."

Bluebell leant anxiously forward to catch his next words, and balancing himself on a broad blade of grass, the old man thus began:—

"To those true happiness will come
Who others happy make,
But misery to those who live
Solely for self's own sake."

Which said piece of doggerel was the last bit of information Bluebell was destined to receive, for, with a whoop and a shout, he leapt from his perch and disappeared amid the thick grass. His words seemed to be caught up and re-echoed by everything around—in the rustle of the leaves, in the drop, drop of the rain, in the twittering of the birds; everywhere Bluebell seemed to hear them whispered over and over again.

"Ye-es," said Bluebell, doubtfully, to herself; "but what if there are no others to make happy?" Suddenly breaking off, the water-drops and the leaves altered their song, the birds joining in the chorus, and sang still sweetly and softly—

"Only look and you will find! only look and you will find!"

Bluebell, with a sudden resolution, resolved to try their advice. Accordingly, shivering a little, she stepped out into the cold and damp and looked carefully around. In a moment an opportunity of the kind she sought was presented to her. There, close at her feet, in a little pool of water, with wings saturated and its power of moving almost gone, lay a tiny fly. In another minute or two it must be drowned.

All other thoughts dispelled from her mind by the sight, Bluebell hastily dragged a dry leaf up to the edge of what was to her a good sized pond; then carefully pushed it in till it came within reach of the fly. With its last remaining strength it seized upon the safety thus presented, and was towed in triumph to shore. The little fairy was not content however with this, but continued her exertions until the extempore carriage had arrived with its burden safe under shelter; nor did she leave the tiny winged creature before its strength had been well-nigh regained. Considerably cheered she went on her way, and next came upon a poor little mole, who, having by accident come out from his hole, was utterly unable to find his way back. Half-frightened, Bluebell timidly approached him, and offered her assistance. He accepted it with delight, and, after a little delay, his home was discovered, into which he made his way with all possible speed, forgetting, in his hurry, to thank his little conductress.

Once again she started, and now found a little unfledged bird, fallen from its nest, and lying on the ground in great pain. Its mother, unable to find her little one, was flying distractedly about, when a kindly word from Bluebell sent her off in a moment to its rescue. Then a tiny maiden who had lost her thimble met with a share of the happiness the invisible fairy was trying to scatter; and when the leaf which concealed her lost treasure was removed, soon discovered it, and joyfully trotted off. Close by was a delicate fern-like little plant, whose feeble life was

being gradually crushed out of it by a twig, which had fallen across it from the tree above. With some trouble Bluebell was at last able to free it from its burden, and was speedily rewarded by the way in which the drooping stem 'straightened itself, and began almost visibly to grow. A friendly shake to a branch over-loaded with rain-drops was the next good work the fairy performed; and then a regular fight with a snail had to be gone through, to prevent his threatened attack upon the leaves she had just saved from an untimely withering.

So the day passed on, Bluebell being hard at work all the time; and when the evening came there was no more devout believer anywhere in the recipe for happiness than little Bluebell,—“and that, Wynn timer,” added Auntie, “ends my story.”

The little people sat very quietly thinking for a minute or two, and then Tom said—

“I think I know why you told us that story, Auntie; the recipe is just as good for Wynn timer and me, isn't it?”

He met with a ready assent, and if any other people, little or great, don't agree with him, let them try it for themselves.

K. CONWAY.

THE CAVERN.



If you wander along up the rocky chasm,
From stone to stone in the brook,
You will reach at length a wondrous cave
Full of thoughts like an earnest book.

There are arches and aisles, mighty columns and halls,
Formed long ago by the sea—
A brave true heart that has fought its fight
It has always seemed to me.

In sheltered corners sea-weed and shells,
Broken and bruised they lie—
Are hidden away from the light of day,
Too sacred for common eye.

Oh! how terribly long must the fight have been,
An agony writ in stones!
Its peace is gained; but the grass above
Is fed on its crumbled bones.

Shut off from the world by its rocks and its stream,
Only its friends try the way;
And the children fear to venture near,
So far from the light of day.

Their playground lies on the slopes above,
That smile with flowers and light;
But that very smile, O children dear,
Was born in the cave's dark night.

But if in the midst of their frolic and fun
A thunderstorm should arise,
Away they speed to the cave's wide arms
To hide from the frowning skies.

And is it not so in the storms of life,
When 'whelmed by wave upon wave,
We turn to a heart that is true and tried,
To shelter as in a cave?

We may be content with the surface calm
As long as the sunshine lasts,
When trouble comes we must deeper seek,
Where the rocks have felt the blasts.

Hidden away in its loving depths
Tenderest memories lie,
And broken idols and vanished dreams
Fill a heart with sympathy.

But a difficult task it is to find
The treasures of such a heart,
For thoughts that are shaped on the anvil of life
Are cherished in silence apart.

Take only the patient lantern of love,
And the gloom will be chased away,
And the mica and schist of its time-worn rocks
Will reflect back every ray.
Its springs will refresh you, abundant and pure,
Flowing, unsullied by aught,
For from hearts that are holding communion with hearts,
Arises a fountain of thought.

HELENA MARTIN.

ART FOR SCHOOLS.

WE are glad to receive interesting and valuable information, in the form of a circular, from the committee of the "Art for Schools Association." The object of this Association is to bring within the reach of boys and girls in our Board and other schools such a measure of art culture as is compatible with their age and studies. The committee are of opinion that the time has arrived when an organized and general effort should be made to remedy the deficiency of English school arrangements, in the means of awakening a sense of beauty and an interest in art. They propose, therefore—

1. To negotiate with art publishers for the purchase of prints, photographs, etchings, chromo-lithographs, &c., on advantageous terms, and to supply them at the lowest possible price to schools.
2. To reproduce, from time to time, by one or more of the processes familiar to engravers and printers, carefully-selected examples likely to have a large circulation.
3. To print a descriptive catalogue and price list of the examples which the committee are prepared to recommend to the notice of schools.

4. To present to schools, in special cases, and as the funds of the association shall allow, small collections and books explanatory of them.

5. To arrange various loan collections to be placed at the disposal of schools, on such terms as may prove convenient.

6. To bring together a number of examples to be exhibited in a suitable place, as a tentative model of a standard collection. The collection to consist of—(1) Pictures, of the simplest natural objects, birds and their nests and eggs, trees, wild flowers, and scenes of rural life such as town children seldom see and country children often fail to enjoy consciously until their attention is specially called to them; (2) pictures of animals in friendly relation with human beings, especially children; (3) pictures of the peasant and artizan life of our own and foreign countries, incidents of heroic adventure, &c.; (4) pictures of architectural works of historic or artistic interest; (5) landscapes and sea pieces; (6) historical portraits; (7) scenes from history; (8) and last, but by no means least, such reproductions as are available of suitable subjects among the numerous works of the Italian, Dutch, and modern schools, especially those of our English public galleries.

The committee hope that those who are in sympathy with the cause will aid them by contributions of money and pictures, whether prints, photographs, etchings, or chromo-lithographs, that they may the sooner and the more effectually be enabled to carry out their philanthropic scheme.

A GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL.



LAST week was marked by an educational event—the opening of a Girls' High School, the first of its kind in Paris. It is called after Fénélon, who was for extending to the bourgeoisie the high instruction which

de Seigné and many of the brilliant court ladies of his time received; and the school is situated in the heart of the Quartier Latin. The building was erected in the seventeenth century for the Princess Palatine, Duchess of Orleans. On her death it was sold to the Prince de Rohan, and up to the time of the Revolution preserved a grandiose character, many traces of which yet remain. The state-rooms and *petits appartements* of the De Rohan family have undergone no alteration. The former are of great height, and open by arch door-windows on a terrace, from which there are steps leading to a garden still containing fine old trees. The ceilings are painted and moulded in seventeenth century fashion. The *petits appartements* are charming; they have light, air, sunshine, handsome fire-places, and beautifully decorated wall-panels. Unfortunately, the magnificent old saloons will be disfigured with partitions, as they are too large for ordinary class-rooms. The pupils will be divided into three categories, *i. e.*, ordinary day scholars, half boarders, and *élèves surveillées*. The first will take their mid-day repast at home, or bring it from home to be eaten at school; the second will in all cases be provided with it in the refectory; and the third will be fetched from their homes and taken back and "coached" by special teachers. Instruction will be given from eight to nine o'clock, and from a quarter past nine to a quarter past ten in the forenoon. No class will remain at work for more than one hour, and between the classes there must be a pause of fifteen minutes. The afternoon instruction will be from two to three, and from a quarter past three to a quarter past four. Three times a week lessons in needlework and cutting-out are to be given. The category of *surveillées* are to arrive at a quarter to eight in the morning, and to return home at half-past six in the evening. They can bring their luncheons to the lyceum, where they will be able to get a steak, or a chop, or eggs cooked for nothing. The half boarders are provided

with a *déjeuner à la fourchette* at eleven o'clock, and with a *gouter*, or snack, at half-past four. The former will include bread, meat, vegetable, a dessert, and wine. The cost of primary instruction in the juvenile class of the free out-door pupil is 150 frs., and of secondary instruction in the first and second periods, 200 frs. and 250 frs. The *surveillées* are charged according to the divisions, 250 frs., 300 frs., and 350 frs., and the half boarders 550 frs., 625 frs., and 700 frs. respectively.

The juvenile classes are to be a preparation for the higher ones, and are obligatory for girls from about eight to ten, or girls of the latter age who are not able to pass a test examination. Some of the secondary classes are optional. Girls who wish to prepare for commerce may give more attention to studies which would be of use in such a career, than those who aim at obtaining diplomas or merely cultivating their minds. Promotion to a higher class will only be made after an annual examination. All the courses will take five years, at the end of which diplomas will be awarded. Such a diploma will, after 1888, be necessary for girls who have passed through lyceums wishing to remain in them as teachers, or to compete for admission to the normal school for highest instruction. Immediate provision has been made for 240 pupils. When the lyceum is thoroughly organized there will be room for more than twice that number. The maximum of pupils in a class is not to exceed 29. Great care has been taken to ensure good ventilation. The teachers are well paid, and only admitted after passing special examinations. Some of them have salaries of 6,500 frs., with board. The lowest salaries are those of the *maîtresses répétitrices*, who help the pupils who study after school hours. They are lodged, but not boarded, and, according to the divisions in which they are engaged, will receive 2,400 frs., 2,100 frs., 1,800 frs., or 1,500 frs.

SCHOOL NEWS.

WHEN we returned on the 18th of September, we could not but be struck by the changes which had taken place during the holidays. As regards the extension, very great progress has been made, but the workmen are still busily engaged upon it, as we found to our cost at 6 a.m. the first morning. Another addition, too, has been made to the dining-hall, in the shape of an organ gallery. The organ, however, which we had hoped to see, has not yet arrived, and is not expected till after Christmas. Many of the walls have been repainted; those in the corridor are of light terra-cotta. No. 7 is coloured with two shades of green, and the staircases with a rich chocolate. We found several new companions in our midst, who seemed to settle down remarkably quickly and happily; perhaps this was owing to the fact that so many of them are sisters of old Miltonians. Arrangements have been made this term for the teaching of modelling at the Technical College. A lady from Queen's Square School of Art comes every Saturday to give lessons in this subject, and also in painting and designing.

We have already spent many pleasant evenings this term. On October 2nd, to our great delight, our old friend, the Rev. H. C. Wilson, paid us a visit. After giving us some advice about what *not* to do in examinations, he gave away the South Kensington prizes and certificates, and then greatly amused and interested us by a story and recitations. We enjoyed it all the more, as it reminded us of "Auld Lang Syne."

The first of our series of winter evening concerts was held in the dining-hall on Wednesday, October 10th. The Toy Symphony, which was played by some of the girls, was highly appreciated by the little ones.

On October 12th the Walford family gave us their hand-bell ringing entertainment. Amongst other things they played the "Hallelujah Chorus" and the "March of the Israelites." Some popular melodies, such as "Auld Lang Syne" and "Home, Sweet Home," were much enjoyed. Between the bell-ringing, recitations and songs were given.

On the 16th of October most of the girls gained a holiday, which had been offered by Miss Hadland, for usefulness and punctuality during the vacation. As the day was not very fine, we especially enjoyed an exhibition of conjuring feats, accompanied by a performance on a new instrument called the Cyclona.

Some time ago we had a visit from our very kind friend, the Rev. J. C. Harrison. Some of us perhaps will never forget the two beautiful thoughts which he then gave us. Both were suggested by a scientific book. The first thought was, that there can be no life without life, as late researches have proved. This formed a beautiful illustration of the spiritual life which can only have a Divine origin. The other was, that neglect inevitably causes deterioration. The changing of pigeons of rare breed to common rock pigeons; of the cultivated strawberry to a little wood strawberry; and of the handsomest roses to dog roses, when no care is taken of them, were each in their turn mentioned as examples of this. In the same way talents, if neglected, must deteriorate, and at length disappear.

We have much pleasure in recording that in the recent entrance examination for the new University of South Wales, Janet Greener came out first, and so won a scholarship of £40 a year for three years.

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN.

A REVIEW.



NEW edition of this book, which first appeared as a serial, has recently been published. It is a portion of the history of a wealthy, beautiful, and highly educated girl, who laid aside for a time the advantages of her position, to live among the poor of the East End as a dress-maker. Angela Marsden Messenger, having finished her course at Newnham, found herself the only surviving partner in the firm of Messenger, Marsden and Company, owners of a great Whitechapel brewery. As her father died before her birth, Angela had been the heiress all her life, and was brought up by her grandfather, who sent her to Newnham, to study Political Economy, which he considered a necessary part of a brewer's education. After taking high honours, she astonished her friends at Cambridge by declaring that Political Economy was "a so-called science, not a science at all, which had been put together for the most part by *doctrinaires* who lived apart, and knew nothing about men and less about women, and that for all the good it had done her she might as well have studied a course of *Æsthetics* or advanced Ritualism." So, having at her fingers' ends all the theories about people, and believing none of them, she determined to learn something about the people themselves. Accordingly she went to Stepney, and, under the assumed name of Kennedy, started a Dressmakers' Association, whose profits were to be divided among the workers. In addition to this unheard of novelty, she electrified her assistants by giving them time for rest and exercise in the middle of the morning's work. In

order that this might be properly used, she provided also a lawn tennis court and a gymnasium, and taught the girls to use both. Besides this she gave them, contrary to the usual custom, a substantial dinner and tea every day. Moreover she presented them with a drawing room for use in the evenings, and taught them to appreciate music, and to dance and sing. Soon a change was visible among the girls. The worried look vanished from their faces. They learnt to laugh, they learnt what enjoyment meant, and their faces grew rosy. They were allowed to bring their friends to the drawing room once a week; so their mothers came, occasionally their fathers, and after a while their brothers. And Angela would go among them and talk to them, listening to their troubles and giving sympathy and practical help. Thus her influence widened, and soon all doubts and whisperings as to Miss Kennedy's character and intentions died away.

A greater scheme by which to teach the people's discontent with their joyless lot—which however was not her own—was the erection of a Palace of Delight in the midst of the dreariest part of East London. This building comprised a large hall on the ground floor for dancing, where the children might play in wet weather; a concert room, a theatre, a library, and a gymnasium. Upstairs there were smaller rooms intended for classes in painting, drawing, sculpture, modelling, wood-carving, leather work, lace work, &c. There were also billiard rooms, rooms for chess and draughts, smoking rooms, and refreshment rooms. The palace was handed over to three or four trustees—one being the designer of the building, of whom more will be said presently—whose first duty it was to see that no one made any profit out of it. Angela gave the building to the people for their sole use. They themselves were to give the concerts and act in the theatre without charge.

But while speaking about the heroine and her work, we must

not forget the hero who helped her so effectually both in making plans and in carrying them out. To begin at the beginning, a certain Lord Jocelyn le Breton had, when young, taken into his head the whim of adopting a boy from the lowest class of society, and bringing him up as if he belonged to the highest. At the time when the story opens Harry Goslett, Lord Jocelyn's adopted ward, was handsome, well educated, and possessed an aristocratic appearance, and having reached the age of twenty-three, had learned for the first time his real parentage. Finding that he belonged to Stepney, he determined to return, for a while at least, to his own people, to see wherein they differed from those with whom he had been brought up. Having been taught to use the lathe, he became a cabinet maker. Then it happened that the boarding-house on Stepney Green in which he lived was the one chosen by Angela as her abode. Both were naturally surprised to find refinement where they had expected only ignorance. Angela confided to Harry her ideas and plans, and he sympathised with them and greatly assisted her in carrying them out. One evening, during a temporary return to her life at the West End, she heard from Lord Jocelyn, whom she met at a dinner party, Harry's story, including the fact that he had determined to give up his position and spend his life among the poor of East London, for love of a certain dressmaker. Our readers will not be very surprised after this to hear that the day on which the Palace of Delight was opened was Angela's wedding day. It was in the great hall of the building that her marriage feast was held. Then, and not till then, did all her East End friends, Harry included, learn that Angela Marsden Messenger, the great heiress, and Miss Kennedy, the dressmaker, were one and the same person.

A large number of characters of less importance are introduced, and no small interest attaches to them. The most important of these, in his own eyes at least, is Harry's uncle,

the benevolent banker, who was, according to his nephew's account, "everybody's friend, and especially beloved by people behindhand with their rent."

The other boarders who also lived in the same house with Angela are humorously described. Among them were a professor of magic and sleight of hand, a village schoolmaster and his wife from New Hampshire, who had come to England to claim an English title, which was believed to be extinct; a cobbler in Australia, who had taught himself Hebrew, and had made a great discovery which, in his imagination, filled all the learned men of Europe with hatred and envy. How everyone felt Angela to be his or her good angel because helped just in the way each most needed, we must leave to our reader's own industry to discover.

A. BATER.

LIFE IN PRAIRIE LAND.

THE term "prairie" is familiar to all students of geography; but as there are few of those whose privilege it has been to study at Milton Mount College—perhaps none besides ourselves—who have had any practical experience in farming "out West," we thought that, having spent eighteen months in Iowa, we should have become sufficiently acquainted with our new life to fulfil Miss Hadland's request, and give a brief description of our present surroundings.

In the spring of 1882 the steamship *Republic* left Liverpool, bearing some 800 or 900 passengers—including ourselves—towards the New World.

We landed in New York after a delightful trip of ten days, which was varied by such excitements as calling at Queens-town ; meeting homeward-bound vessels ; coming within half-a-mile of beautiful, glittering icebergs, as they rode majestically on the calm, deep-blue waters ; experiencing a heavy gale ; visiting the engine-rooms and the roaring furnaces, &c.

In New York we spent only one day, and, taking an evening train, commenced our land journey. The route lay through Buffalo to the Niagara Suspension Bridge, thence through Chicago and Dubuque (on the Mississippi) to our destination, Storm Lake City, which we reached a fortnight from the date of leaving England. The journey on the "cars" occupied three nights and two days, our longest stay being made at Chicago, where we spent two hours. The noble Mississippi forms Iowa's eastern boundary, while on the west the State is bounded by the river Missouri.

Storm Lake "City" is a flourishing little town, or rather village, on the open prairie in north-western Iowa, 1,500 miles from New York, and on the northern shore of a lake about five miles long and three miles broad. The population of the town is 1,800. Near the lake are many very pretty, well-furnished, detached houses, built of wood and painted, which give the town quite a genteel appearance. The finest public building is the school-house.

Sectarianism stands forth as strongly in Storm Lake as in much larger towns, and, accordingly, this small place is ornamented by six churches. We were very cordially received here, and, after spending a pleasant fortnight making our first acquaintance with American people and customs, we turned our attention to the life awaiting us. So, one fine morning in May found us enjoying a novel and delightful drive to our new home, which lies twenty-five miles from Storm Lake, out on the open, unbroken prairie.

"Unbroken" is the term used to signify land which has never been cultivated, or even turned by a plough. For miles upon miles, in every direction, nothing is to be seen but the apparently interminable stretch of the vast, grassy, undulating plain, dotted here and there by a grove of trees, indicating the presence of a farm. The entire absence of all trees and shrubs on the prairie, except in the river valleys, is probably due to the prevalence of fires in the spring and autumn. The remark has been made to us by an old farmer in England, who fails to comprehend the nature of the land here, "But what good can land be that won't even grow trees?" The prairie is not a sandy desert, but has a rich loam soil, and hardy trees thrive rapidly.

Large, solitary stones are scattered over the prairie which cannot be accounted for, except on the supposition that glaciers once covered the face of the country, and, melting, deposited the stones. These have to be found, dug out, and broken, to form foundations for our houses.

The long grass is plentifully sprinkled with quantities of lovely wild flowers. Large butterflies and insects of every colour flutter from flower to flower, and now and then a small snake quietly glides across one's path. In the summer evenings we are entertained by the croaking of innumerable frogs, which inhabit the neighbouring "sloughs," while the fire-flies enliven the scene, as they flit about, giving forth their intermittent light.

New settlers are continually coming, and a few minutes' walk will take us to our nearest neighbours. Marathon is the classical name of the very *unclassical* little railway station two miles from our house. As Marathon is not yet two years old, the village which is springing rapidly up around the "depôt" is not very extensive, comprising at present two general "stores" (one of which is also the post-office), two timber-

yards, a blacksmith's shop, and a boarding-house—population, thirty!

One day last year, as we were driving through Marathon, we enquired the reason for a narrow strip of land, which had just been broken. "Oh, that is the Piræus, the principal street of the city," was the reply!

The nearest village of any importance is Sioux Rapids, ten miles west, prettily situated in the valley of the Little Sioux River, and surrounded by natural timber—a feature of special interest to dwellers on the prairie, accustomed to see no trees, except the groves which each one hastens to plant around his home.

From Sioux Rapids we had to fetch all we required on first settling here, and, indeed, now we have to go there for most things. Three miles east lies a small lake, which we often visit. Pickerel and buffalo fish abound in the water, and, occasionally after bathing, one may discover a leech or two firmly adhered to hand or foot. We are seriously meditating saving up our pennies (or rather cents) and putting a boat on the lake, which would greatly enhance our pleasure, as at present there are only three flat-bottomed canoes, which let in water faster than we can bale it out, and into which we dare only venture in bathing costume.

Some parts of summer are very hot, but, as a rule, the nights are cool and refreshing. We enjoy magnificent sunsets, and grander thunderstorms can hardly be imagined than occur here frequently. Sometimes sheet-lightning plays for hours, with scarcely a moment's intermission, and crossed in all directions by long streaks of forked-lightning, taking the most fantastic forms.

There is a delightful feeling of perfect freedom when one is galloping on horseback across the prairie. Occasionally we may be seen, on a fine summer evening, riding saddleless

horses behind a herd of cows, having gained permission to fetch the cattle home, albeit the consent is somewhat reluctantly given, as the boys know that they will be half-an-hour behind time with their milking—for in enlightened America this heavy duty is not imposed upon the female portion of the farming community, as in the "old country."

In the autumn the *Aurora Borealis* is often visible at night, though not to any great extent.

One of the excitements of the "Fall" is the far-famed prairie-fires. These are often started by "fire-breaks," either accidentally or, if no mischief is likely to ensue, purposely. A fire-break is a belt of grass, about twenty feet wide, mown down around haystacks, fences, villages, &c., and burnt. The property is then secure against an ordinary wild fire, as the latter cannot cross the part already burnt. Broken land also is an effectual fire-break, so that every farm-house is well protected. It is when burning the dry grass in these breaks that the fire sometimes catches the tall standing grass, and then away it goes utterly uncontrollable. It is a grand sight, when one is standing near the fire—to windward, though!—to watch the hungry flames crackling and hissing through the long grass, and rising at times to the height of from twenty to thirty feet.

Yesterday a large wild fire was raging, blown irresistibly forward by a strong south-east wind. It was several miles away or we should have been anxiously watching its progress, prepared, in case of danger, to set a "back-fire" to meet it. At night the whole eastern horizon was a line of fire, and although the moon was hidden by smoke and clouds, the whole country was illuminated by the glare of the flames. This morning we were glad to find that the fire had been extinguished by rain.

B. GRIFFITHS.

(To be continued.)

TO OUR FRIENDS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

WE have still on hand a number of copies of the February number of our Magazine, containing the plans of the extension, now nearly completed. Would it not be a good plan for those among our Subscribers, who feel so inclined, to send for a copy of this number for presentation to friends who may be interested in the enlargement of the College? It is desired to open the new wing free of debt, in January. An old pupil, Miss Sainsbury, has lately sent £5 to the Extension Fund.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

WE beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following Magazines:—*Mill Hill, City of London Epsomian, Thistle, Whitgift (2), Brook, Droghedian, Miltonian, School for Sons of Missionaries, East-bournian, Bradfordian*; and some games for the little ones from *W. Hall, Esq.*



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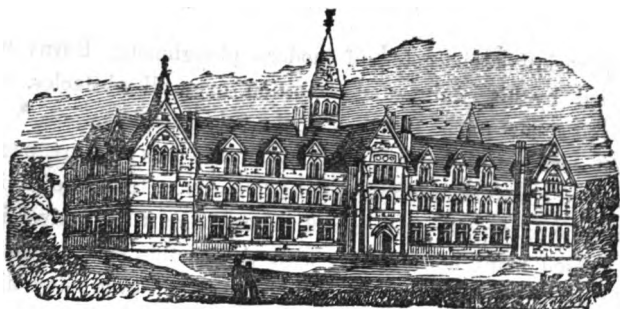
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ORA ET LABORA.

Milton Mount Magazine.

MARCH, 1884.

CHAUCER AND BURNS.



VERY slight acquaintance with the main facts in the lives of Geoffrey Chaucer and Robert Burns would lead us to infer that, having been trained in such different schools, there must be a wide gulf between the thought, ideas, and style of the two poets. Chaucer was a Londoner, the son of a vintner, and probably came little in contact with the physical ills of life. One part of his education he received at Cambridge or Oxford, or both; another and far more important portion in his case he gained by foreign travel; by service in the army, by the opportunities which his office as page gave him of observing Court manners. He went along a comparatively smooth pathway to the "temple of fame;" but it was far otherwise with Burns.

Born in circumstances calculated to crush any sparks of poetry out of most men (as is proved by the generally dull and

Chaucer and Burns.

unappreciative character of modern ploughmen), Burns was carried by his genius and ambition over all obstacles, and arrived at last in the dwelling of the fickle goddess.

At seventeen Chaucer (it is supposed) was a Court page; Burns at the same age was a farm labourer. Instead of living amid the externally refining influences of Court and university, he passed many hours a day with the earth's surface as his only subject for contemplation. He could not even allow himself the pleasure of cloud-gazing, nor permit his spirit to wander into dreamland. Furrows must be straight, and castles in the air are terribly destructive to the real.

Altogether, the sphere of Burns was narrow as compared with Chaucer's. His life was shorter, and his own moral character took him into society which may be interesting, but cannot be edifying, for us to make acquaintance with through his writings.

It is hardly surprising to find that Burns, having suffered much actual want and hardship himself, and endured insults from his superiors in worldly position, should be inclined to endow the rich with more vice and less virtue than he assigns to the poor. Chaucer is more kindly and impartial in his judgments. Especially in the "Canterbury Tales" he seems, as it were, a remote looker-on at the comedies and tragedies which others are playing around them, writing down without bias what he sees and hears, making us feel that the characters he introduces are real individuals, not disguised editions of himself.

It is doubtful if Burns, even had he attained to the age of Chaucer, would have been capable of the sustained effort necessary to write a long poem like the "Canterbury Tales." He had the descriptive talent of Chaucer to an equal degree; he possessed as perfect a knowledge of the human heart within his limited area as Chaucer did in his wider circle; he had the

same marvellous facility of expression, but the impartiality, the clear common sense which could look all round a subject, the plodding diligence of the elder poet, were lacking in him.

Perhaps the point of resemblance which would first strike most students of Chaucer and Burns is the similarity of position they hold in the present day as regards the reading public. Chaucer is the first great writer in a language which has since undergone much change; Burns is the last in the almost disused Scottish dialect. Others, of course, have rhymed in broad Scotch since, but only genuine lovers of old forms take the trouble to read their verses in our day. Now even an Englishman will patiently translate Burns' poems more readily, perhaps, than he will set himself to modernise Chaucer, because the existence of the one is kept more prominently before him than that of the other. Statues and portraits of Burns look down on us from all quarters; we hear him eulogised enthusiastically or bitterly inveighed against every other day; while Chaucer, "the father of English poetry," is entirely ignored by a large class of society, especially by that class which raves over the love songs of the Scottish poet. Happily the number who recognise Chaucer's genius and beauty is rapidly increasing. However much our Modern English may change in the future, he has secured the vitality of Middle English, as Burns has immortalised the expressive Scotch words and phrases in which his ideas are clothed.

A strong characteristic of the Scottish poet—patriotism—at first sight finds no parallel in Chaucer; but, on reading his poems, we find such frequent allusions to quiet English beauties, and such good-humoured fondness for all ranks and sects of his fellow-Englishmen, that we cannot but see he had a deep love for his native land. And it was hardly likely that he should sing enthusiastic praises to the Normans, who, only three centuries before, had conquered his ancestors. He remembered,

no doubt, that the victories which England had gained on the Continent since 1066 were won by Normans as well as by Saxons.

Both poets had a strong natural love for society, and both took up the position of the shrewd observer rather than that of the brilliant conversationalist, although Burns was, when he chose, the most brilliant talker of his age. We can easily imagine Chaucer at some public dinner taking stock of the "squire" or the merchant or the doctor of medicine destined to be immortalised by him, and it is obvious that many of Burns' characters are drawn from the low life of the tap-room.

Robert Burns' jocular and familiar attitude towards the devil is not shared by Chaucer. Indeed, the latter avoids the region of fire and brimstone as much as he can. He shrinks from narrating the story of that duke who, for love, went to seek his friend in hell, and Dante's sad, hopelessly condemned spirits inspire him with dread. Death, too, is a solemn, terrible spirit to Chaucer, while Burns describes him as destroying life to make a living.

From these and other facts we might gather that Chaucer's mind was more sensitively alive to the dread and the mysterious than Burns' was. His face alone might tell us that. A melancholy dreaminess is its main characteristic; fire and alertness are expressed in Burns' countenance. Burns lived in brightest sunshine or darkest shadow; while Chaucer, though intensely humorous and pathetic at times, could descend or ascend from one extreme to the other by various gradations of feeling, never laughing too loudly nor sinking into such depths as Burns does.

The want of delicacy in some poems by both our authors has often been remarked on. These poems show us the dark side of human nature, and that they do so truthfully is the only argument which can be used to justify their preservation. It has always been maintained that Burns' nature was a noble,

albeit an erring one, and so it may have been—in surface-theory. A man loves his thoughts, and had the occasional beautiful sentiments we hear from him been very deep, surely the man who, through such difficulties, achieved renown, might have conquered the glaring vices which he (nobly?) wasted his time in extolling. If you give a dog a bad name it will stick to him, and we may be pretty sure that, whatever of Chaucer's virtues might have been forgotten, his vices would have been handed down to us. And yet there is no blot of drunkenness or other evil on his name, though the connection between whisky and Burns was, and is, very close. Carlyle remarks that Britain had nothing for a Burns to do but gauge beer, and now one way she takes to perpetuate his memory is to convert his birth-place into a tavern, and another is to make riotous dinners—all this for his *honour*.

To a general reader, the descriptions of the unparalleled beauties with whom Burns had acquaintance become rather tedious (though they may suit the “sad and sighing band of youthful lovers” for some time to come); but in Chaucer we have ever a change of subject, a variety of character. The latter was accused of stealing material and imitating unpardonably; still, his imitations and stolen goods are more attractive and better worthy of life than Burns' imitations, or, rather, repetitions of himself.

The estimate of women which the two take presents a great contrast. Chaucer considered the daisy a fitting emblem of womanhood; but Burns is continually writing of fair, fickle, and false lasses. If she is not a beautiful animal, and has not a good voice, a woman's mental and spiritual qualities weigh very lightly with Burns.

Chaucer and Burns are like, and yet unlike, in the services which they rendered religion. The one helped by his good-natured satire to break down a real temporal bondage of men

to the Church; the other shocked the rigid Scotch Calvinists of his age by daring to dispute their dogmas, and thus paved the way for a freer, brighter view of sacred truth.

A. L. ROBBIE.

CHATSWORTH.



CHATSWORTH is the family residence of the present Duke of Devonshire. The middle part of the building is very old; but recently two wings have been built, and it has been renewed and beautified, so that now it does not look at all ancient. The Castle is surrounded by lofty hills covered with trees, and the River Derwent flows through the grounds, and nearly surrounds them. The park is open to the public, and is spotted over with very fine old trees, single and in groups, and hundreds of deer lie under their shadows, or are scattered about the open glades.

As it is such a beautiful day, suppose that we pay a visit to these beautiful grounds and the noble mansion which they adorn. Going through an avenue of limes, we cross the river by a stone bridge, which is ornamented with statues sculptured by Cibber, and then we enter the mansion by a grand Roman arch. The style of the building is Ionic, but on the whole it has an Italian character. In front are extensive terraces, ornamented with statues and fountains.

When we have passed the first grand entrance, we enter the hall, the ceiling of which is decorated with a very large painting from heathen mythology, most of the other halls being ornamented in the same way. There are many carvings from Grinling Gibbons. His masterpiece is a piece of point-lace, not very large, but most exquisitely worked. There are also a great number of cornices, brackets, and festoons, which are formed mostly of flowers and scroll-work.

Chatsworth contains a great many paintings; in one room especially, there are some very good pictures. The room is small, but quite large enough for the purpose. The walls are hung with rich crimson velvet, which shows off the pictures to great advantage. The principal picture is Landseer's "Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time," which is very old, but does not look much the worse for age. It is very large and in a massive gilt frame. Opposite to it is Collins' "Country Scene," which has been less fortunate. It represents some rustic children opening the road-gate for the 'Squire, and it has blackened sadly, much to the injury of the happy spirit of the subject.

In another room is a favourite picture called "The Monks at Prayer." The faces of the monks are very good, and a soft light comes through the stained-glass window, and shines through the sleeve of the surplice of the officiating priest. Everything is so beautifully real that one may almost hear the groaning of the monks as they kneel at prayer, counting their beads, and looking so anxiously at their intercessor, who is at that moment pleading for them. One of the monks seems to be very untidy, or else he is a great sinner and has to undergo great penance, for his garment looks dirty and torn, his hair and beard unkempt, and he has trodden down the heel of his shoe, so that his bare heel appears. And yet there is a hallowing influence about the picture, which makes us loath to leave it; but the guide comes up, and we are obliged to pass on.

Passing through the state-rooms (one of which contains the coronation chairs of William IV. and his wife, which were given as perquisites to the second Duchess of Devonshire), we at last come to the orangery, which is a very long room; on each side are orange-trees, and a few very large tomatoes.

Down the middle are statues, and in the centre stands a huge basin made of Derbyshire marble, costing £500.

We are now placed in charge of one of the workmen, who

said that there were about seventy gardeners always on the place. Sir Joseph Paxton used to be head-gardener, and we go through the original Crystal Palace. It is very large, containing 7,000 square feet of glass, and it takes seven miles of piping to heat it. All along the sides and suspended from the roof are maiden-hair plants, and also on the edge of the paths.

Passing out of the conservatory we enter the gardens, which are laid out in terraces, named after different countries. There are the Alpine or Swiss gardens, in which there are a number of pines, Scotch firs, and other trees belonging to cold regions; but the prettiest of all the terraces is the Italian garden. The beds are laid out in all kinds of fantastic shapes, and are gorgeous with bright coloured flowers, while many fountains and statues are scattered about.

Suddenly we come upon a grotto, with a large fountain playing in it, and in front of it is a very curious tree; we also notice that the ground and rocks in the grotto are very wet, which is the more remarkable as it is a burning hot day, and all the ground outside the grotto is intensely dry. The visitors, of course, go to examine the curious fountain, when suddenly, with an oozing noise, water bursts from the crevices in the rocks around, and the "Weeping Willow" begins indeed to weep copiously. The younger members of the party all rush out as fast as they can, nearly knocking over the fat old ladies who cannot hobble out fast enough, and who thereupon generally sit down on the nearest seat and go into a fit of hysterics.

The waterworks are very wonderful. The water starts from the summit of the hill behind the Castle, and dashes down the stone terraces and precipices prepared for it. Before it reaches the lake at the bottom, it goes over 300 steps, and at last disappears under the pathway, and is conveyed by pipes to the lake.

There are six fountains playing on the lake, but the middle

one is not playing. When it is, it sends up a column of water 200 feet high into the air, and is seen three miles away. But this only takes place when the Duke is at home, or on some other very special occasion, as it wastes an immense quantity of water.

After visiting Queen Mary's bower, which is surrounded by a moat, and in which the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots was confined for seven years, the carriages come up, and we leave Chatsworth, after having spent a most enjoyable day.

H. U. LEWIS.

ORA ET LABORA.

I.



LOWLY fell the fleecy snowflakes,
This their last, reluctant fall,
For the merry Spring was coming,
Crown'd with blossoms for us all;
And the next day proved the birthday
Of the spotless snowdrop bright,
Which had robbed the snow its whiteness,
And bent glistening in the light.

II.

Gladly smiled they to each other,
Bobbing gaily each frail head,
Till the brilliant sun, declining,
Sank into its western bed.
Then one little lonely snowdrop,
Almost hidden 'neath the snow,
Felt so sad and so despondent,
That its head dropped very low.

III.

"If I *could* but do some kindness,
For my merry neighbours near;
But I am *so* lone and helpless,"
Mused she, seized with trembling fear.

Ora et Labora.

But the soothing moon appearing,
Beamed her troubles far away,
And her little petals closing,
Found her back in brightest day.

IV.

Dreamt she now no longer lonely,
She had many standing by,
Who, with loving words and tender,
Bade her never more to sigh.
Saying, "If you wish to labour,
Ask our Maker what to do,
For we *all* have here a mission,
And, though feeble, you have too."

V.

All at once her friends did vanish,
But she felt no longer sad ;
For her heart with joy was throbbing,
And she could not but be glad.
"Listen! I hear footsteps coming!"
"Listen!" echoed all the rest,
"Some one's bringing me my answer,
Long I've waited for the best."

VI.

Soon the owners of the footsteps
Showed themselves behind the trees,
And the sound of happy voices
Floated on the pleasant breeze.
O'er a band of gleeful maidens,
Waved a banner floating gay,
On it "*Ora et Labora*,"
Though it was a holiday.

VII.

And the snowdrop, Heaven-taught linguist,
Read its meaning clear and bright,
And then, smiling, felt enchanted
With the children's wild delight.
All at once a sharp pain thrilled her,
For no longer on the ground,
She was plucked by a fair maiden,
Who was pleased with what she'd found.

VIII.

She was carried, where, she knew not,
But she felt the admiring gaze
Of a poor sick child upon her,
Who was caught in suffering's maze.
Then she woke up from her dreaming,
Saw above the sky so blue,
She had learnt by heart the lesson,
And her dream, ere long, came true.

ALICE COSTER.

REVIEW OF "THE SCHOOLMASTER MARK."



SHORT time ago, our dear friend the Rev. Joshua Harrison came down and gave us an address. He told us that he had been lately reading a book on "Thoughts from Science," two of which had much impressed him. These he took as his subject. The first thought was as follows, and used to show that a talent uncultivated will deteriorate :—

A beautiful blush rose was taken from the rich, fertile ground, where it grew in all its splendour, and was carried to another land, where the soil was poor and the climate unfavourable. In a few years the flower which had formed one of the chief ornaments of a pretty garden had degenerated into a coarse cabbage rose, with smell and colour alike gone.

The thought was beautiful and full of suggestions ; but the same could hardly have happened with a less hardy plant. If some delicate exotic, with fragile stem and dainty flowers, had been exposed to a like treatment the result would have been inevitable. It must have died. A truth somewhat like this in character seems to be concealed amid the pages of Shorthouse's recent version of "*Schoolmaster Mark.*" The hero's happy, peaceful life in the village, among the people whom he loved, the delight he had in his work, and the good it did, are all rapidly sketched in the opening pages of the book. Here, no

cruel blast of unbelief was nigh to scorch and blight the life of the unstained flower; all was favourable, and nothing prepared the way for the terrible change that was to come. The air of the Castle Joyeuse could never support the life of such a one as the "angel-child" is described to be, and it may be that to show this was one of the objects of the book.

On reading it for the first time, one cannot help feeling a great desire to know the author personally. It seems as if it would be so much easier to understand the purpose of his work if one did. But this privilege being out of the question, the only course left open is a second careful perusal of its pages. The task of setting down in black and white what "Schoolmaster Mark" may or may not mean is like deciding the colour of the chameleon. Each individual will interpret it according to his own particular disposition and temperament, and according to the light in which he sees it. But one or two sentences taken from the book itself might perhaps be given as little keys to the whole.

First, that of Carrichio, who, in his quiet talk with Mark, confesses to him how wearying and unsatisfying is his present life of thoughtless gaiety, but yet expresses his belief that there is "A divine art, which is not life, but which fashions life."

Secondly, that of the Prince, in which he calls "the grace of piety the supreme touch."

Thirdly, that of the Princess Isoline, who, while encouraging Mark, tells him, "Do not be afraid to die."

The whole thread of the story may be intended to show how hollow and empty life must be without the faith which gives the keystone to the whole; but the silence with regard to the Signorina and many others, silence which leaves us in doubt whether they felt satisfied with their life or not, hardly leads us to suppose it was the main purpose of the book. Indeed, one is almost tempted into thinking that there is no great

A NURSERY RHYME.

OLD VERSION.



SIMPLE Simon met a pieman
 Going to the fair;
 Said simple Simon to the pieman,
 "Give me of your ware."
 Said the pieman to simple Simon,
 "Show me first your penny;"
 Said simple Simon to the pieman,
 "Sir, I have not any."

NEW VERSION.

The unsophisticated Cymon encountered a peripatetic vendor of those comestibles masticated with such avidity by juvenile humanity while directing his peregrinations towards that conglomeration of temporary edifices erected for commercial transactions, and entitled by plebeians a "fair." The before-mentioned innocent personage emitted from his lingual cavity the following requisition:—"Locate, at my disposal, a portion of your collection of vendible articles." Whereupon the panific merchant responded: "Demonstrate before my visual organs the existence of a circular cupric lamina, so that it may create within me a conscious experience of your possession thereof." To which our ingenuous hero vouchsafed the confession—"Most illustrious representative of the mercantile profession, I am totally destitute of the article which you mention."

INFANS.

SCHOOL NEWS.



W had two good concerts last term. On October 31st the young ladies from the High School gave us a musical evening, and on November 14th, Mr. Prentice and his pupils gave us a concert, for the best description of which Mr. Prentice offered a copy of the Author's Edition of the "Second Grade of the Musician." The prize was gained by E. Marsden. On one of the dull November evenings we enjoyed some dissolving views of Austria and the Rhine, several of which views were to illustrate the Passion Play, and were explained to us by Miss Hadland. The Seventh Form gave their usual Christmas entertainment one evening, when they acted "The Cricket on the Hearth," and an æsthetic play entitled "A Happy Medium in All Things," together with two or three tableaux. On November 21st our kind friend the Rev. Radford Thomson, M.A., paid us a visit. He read to us several selections from Tennyson, among others "The Lady of Shalott" and "Oriana."

We held our farewell tea December 12th, which those of our number who were leaving, and the Seventh Form, attended. Mr. Prentice gave us a recital on the 19th, and on the 21st the term ended.

This term we number 185, the extension of the College having been completed in the Christmas holidays. All our old friends who have left us, and have not been able to visit the College lately, will be glad to hear that this term we have the organ kindly presented by the Rev. H. S. Toms. It has been placed at the upper end of the dining hall, and is approached by a staircase leading from the servants' wing. We subjoin a specification for the organ. Two Manuals from CC to G, fifty-six notes. Two Octaves and a half of Concave and Radiating Pedals from CCC to F, thirty notes—

GREAT ORGAN.

1. Open Diapason - - 8 feet.
2. Lieblich Gedact - - 8 „
3. Principal - - - 4 „
4. Fifteenth - - - 2 „

SWELL.

5. Open Diapason - - 8 „
(closed Bass.)

6. Gemshorn - - - 4 feet.
7. Hautboy - - - 8 „

PEDALE.

8. Bourdon - - - 16 „

COUPLERS.

9. Swell to Great.
10. Swell to Pedals.
11. Great to Pedals.

E. R. TRITTON.

We have much pleasure in recording the success of Alice Harsant, who has matriculated at the London University in the first division.

THE NEW WING.



AFTER the Christmas holidays, on our return to College, we found a great many strange faces among our old school-fellows, for this term between thirty and forty new pupils have been admitted.

The new wing, which was begun last June, is completed and furnished; and, of course, the first thing we did on our arrival was to explore this "extension." We found that a small corridor extended along the side of the School-room, from which we entered into the new Lecture-room and Laboratory. The latter is fitted up with all apparatus necessary for chemical and physical experiments. In the middle of the room stands a large table, the top of which is covered with lead, and is fitted up with pipes and taps of gas and water. Practical cookery lessons are also given in this room, as there is a large gas stove provided for cooking the comestibles which are made by the girls.

A door at the end of this apartment leads into the Lecture-room, which is furnished very comfortably, and contains at one

end a piano. The fire-place is panelled with hand-painted tiles, which are the work of some of the art students.

Passing from the Lecture-room through the Laboratory, we come to the new staircase, which leads to a new Music-room and to the corridors above.

The formal opening took place on Friday, February 15th. A special train brought a large party of friends from London, and £957 were raised towards the £4,000, the entire cost of the "extension." Dr. Bridge, of Westminster Abbey, presided at the organ, so kindly presented by the Rev. H. S. Toms.

Henry Wright, Esq., took the chair, and stated that about 350 pupils had passed through the College, of whom ten were married and twelve deceased. Our generous treasurer, Thos. Scrutton, Esq., described the pressure of candidates for admission in January, 1883, which had induced the Committee to entertain the idea of extension. Mr. Scrutton announced that a "young friend" would contribute £500 to the Extension Fund, and invited the audience to clear the remaining amount.

Dr. Hannay followed, and, quoting the report of the Dean of the College of Preceptors, read an extract from the *Educational Times* :—

"The total number of candidates examined amounted to 8,624, of whom 3,641 were boys and 4,983 girls ; besides these, 170 candidates were entered who were unable, on account of illness and from other causes, to attend the examination.

"It will be seen that in the *First Class* the girls are more successful than the boys, in the proportion of 52 to 36, which is partly explained by the consideration that, according to our scheme, the boys are required to satisfy in a larger number of obligatory subjects than the girls—viz., in English Language, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, Euclid, Latin, and a modern foreign language ; while, in the case of girl candidates, only the first four subjects and a foreign language are strictly obligatory, though they are required to pass in the same *number* of subjects as the boys. In the *Second Class* the proportion is also slightly against

the boys ; while, in the Third Class, the work of the boys is again greatly inferior to that of the girls—in the proportion of 55 to 67. It should, however, be borne in mind that the girl candidates are, on the average, about a year and a-half older than the boys. It is worthy of remark that the subject of Arithmetic, which once told so fatally against the success of the girl candidates, no longer enjoys that 'bad eminence,' and there is now little difference between the elementary work of the male and female candidates in this subject ; while, in foreign languages, the girls still maintain their former supremacy."

Dr. Hannay further announced that, in the College of Preceptors' examinations, E. Homewood, of the High School, and L. Moffett, of the College, were bracketed second in Experimental Physics of all the boys and girls in England. Of the 4,983 girls, in all subjects, L. Moffett is sixth, M. Thomson tenth, and L. Nicholas, of the High School, forty-fourth.

The other speakers were the Rev. Colmer Symes, of Kensington, Arthur Marshall, Esq., Rev. Jas. Beazley, and Jos. Spicer, Esq., who promised the last £100 to clear off the debt. The chairman also kindly contributed £50.

The meeting was then concluded. Dr. Bridge again played ; some of the guests remained in the hall to listen to the organ, while others at once commenced the survey of the new wing, or partook of tea, which was served for them in the School-room. In the Laboratory the chemists, under Mr. Gwinell, were performing some chemical experiments, and others were cooking. In the Studio, modelling, painting, and drawing were going on, and the works of the girls were exhibited ; the gymnasts performed various exercises in the Gymnasium.

At five o'clock a large bell was rung, and then the carriages which had been provided drove up, and the guests departed, leaving Gravesend by a special train.

L. HALL.

THE PUBLIC DAY-SCHOOL FOR GIRLS AND KINDERGARTEN, PARK PLACE, GRAVESEND.



A POWERFUL article appeared in the *Times* newspaper of the 28th of August, 1883, pointing out the need in England of schools between the Board School and the High School. This great want has stimulated the friends of education in various parts of England to make an effort to meet the need; and, in consequence, a new School has been opened this term in connection with Milton Mount College. Its object is to place within the reach of the inhabitants of Gravesend, and the surrounding districts, a day-school, where a thorough education under well-trained teachers can be obtained at a more moderate cost than that of the High School.

The course of study includes Religious Knowledge, Reading, Writing, Grammar, and Composition, History, Geography, and Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Elementary Science, Freehand Drawing, Domestic Economy, Plain Needlework and Cutting-out, Class Singing, and Calisthenics. The fees per term are:—For pupils under seven years, one guinea; under twelve, a guinea-and-a-half; and under sixteen, two guineas. It will be at once evident by this that no pecuniary profit can arise from the School. The benefit of the children is the one desire of the promoters.

The pupils, where enough advanced, are sent in for the College of Preceptors' and South Kensington examinations. The ages of the children vary at present from four to fourteen years of age. Boys as well as girls are received into the Kindergarten class; but girls only in the other classes. The Kindergarten is again divided into three, for three can read, a few just know their letters, but most of them cannot read at

all. There are only three classes at present—the Kindergarten and two other forms. French and Music are extras.

The rooms are not very large, with the exception of the lecture-room, which is two rooms in one, with sliding doors across the centre, so that, when needed for small classes, it can again be made into two rooms. It is a bright airy room with two windows, one having a front view and the other having a splendid view over the Thames and the opposite shores of Essex. This room is fitted up with desks and maps, and is used for writing and other larger classes, and also the Kindergarten, in which they have the Kindergarten games, which they play splendidly, considering that they have learnt for so short a time. There are three class-rooms also in use, and two more that have not yet been needed; but we hope they soon will be. The School, though as yet small, is in a very promising and hopeful condition, and we think that it will, in time, supply in a great measure the need that has so long been felt in Gravesend, of a good Middle Class School for girls.

H. U. LEWIS.

THE TEACHERS' GUILD OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

(We are indebted to a correspondent for the following report.)



THE first general meeting of this Guild was held at the Society of Arts, Adelphi, on Saturday, February 23rd. The meeting was crowded, and many well-known educationists were on the platform. The Right Hon. A. J. Mundella, M.P., took the chair. The names of several gentlemen were first read who, though not able to attend the meeting, had expressed sympathy with the objects of the Guild; among others, those of the Rev. Prebendary Baker, Canon Daniels, Mr. Mark Wilks, Mr. Forster, Professor Stuart, the Dean of Westminster, Dr. Abbott, and the Rev. W. Rogers.

Mr. Mundella said that he was not present as an exponent of the Guild, but in order to show his sympathy with the important objects it had in view. These objects did not lack comprehensiveness. The teachers' profession was more numerous than any other. The last census gave a

return of from 180,000 to 190,000 persons engaged in teaching. Though equal in importance to any other, this profession, however, except in the case of elementary teachers, had had little organisation. He agreed with the Guild's circular that "there is a growing feeling among teachers that, notwithstanding the different conditions of elementary, secondary, and university education of the public and private schools, of the education of boys and of girls, there are, nevertheless, broad lines of agreement which cannot be too distinctly recognised, and that there is common ground on which all teachers can meet." It was impossible to overrate the influence of teachers on the country; hence the great importance of an organisation by which they might be able to compare methods, become acquainted with foreign systems of education, provide means of training for teachers, and make provision for sickness and old age. Other results of such an organisation were foreshadowed; for example, an important influence would be exerted on public opinion in matters referring to education, and more light would be thrown on disputed questions, such as those of religious instruction and over-pressure in schools. Mr. Mundella was glad to see that from a commencement of five the members had already reached 500 in number, and he hoped that in a year's time they would be numbered by thousands.

Sir Edmund Hay Currie, of the London School Board, moved the first resolution—viz., "That this meeting heartily commends the Teachers' Guild of Great Britain and Ireland to the warm sympathy of the friends of education throughout the country." He said that the Teachers' Guild commended itself, so that there was need of little to be said in reference to it. He briefly reviewed the different objects of the Guild.

Mr. Woodall, M.P., in seconding the resolution, said that he had much pleasure in becoming an associate of the Guild. Though its objects were comprehensive, they were, at the same time, practical. Teachers of higher grade schools might, in a sense, be said to be able to take care of themselves; still both these, and also the teachers of primary schools, would be benefited by knowing more of education conducted under different conditions from those under which they themselves worked. The resolution was carried unanimously.

Mrs. Fawcett moved the second resolution—viz., "That the meeting desires to call the attention of all teachers to the proposed work of the Teachers' Guild, and especially to the benefits which would accrue to them from an organised system for the promotion of thrift and mutual help." She said that it was not the object of the Guild to make thrift in any way compulsory on its members, but to bring before them the means that existed for making provision for sickness and old age. She referred to the advantages of the Post-Office as regards insurance—viz., its absolute

security and the large number (6,000) of branch offices distributed throughout the country, and stated that a scheme, of which, however, she was not at liberty to give the details, was about to be laid on the table of the House of Commons. She impressed upon the audience the fact that an organised body, such as the Teachers' Guild, would be able to secure advantages for its members in the way of medical aid, &c., which would be impossible by teachers individually.

J. G. Fitch, Esq. (Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools), in seconding the resolution, said that his wide experience had led him to the conclusion that there was no body of workers at the same time so isolated as that of teachers and so much in need of mutual help and sympathy. In some cases co-operate interest was opposed to public interest, but every one of the objects of the Teachers' Guild was highly conducive to the public interest, as well as to that of teachers themselves.

The following ladies and gentlemen were then elected as Vice-presidents and Members of the Council.

Vice-presidents.

The Lord Aberdare
The Rt. Hon. A. J. Mundella, M.P.
Dr. R. S. Ball, F.R.S., Astronomer
Royal for Ireland
E. North Buxton, Esq., Chairman
London School Board
Prof. H. Calderwood, LL.D., Edin-
burgh University
Miss Clough, Newnham College
Rev. Dr. Dale, Birmingham
Prof. E. Dowden, LL.D., Dublin
University
H. W. Eve, Esq., M.A., University
College School
The Ven. Archdeacon Farrar, D.D.
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St. Mary's College, Hammer-
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 Miss Hannay, High School, Gravesend

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 Miss Shaw Lefevre, Somerville Hall, Oxford
 W. Woodall, Esq., M.P., Burslem, Stoke-upon-Trent
 Dr. R. Wormall, Cowper Street School

This resolution was proposed by Philip Magnus, Esq., City Guilds Technical Institute, seconded by T. Scrutton, Esq., and was carried unanimously.

The Council was then "empowered to do all things requisite to carry out the objects of the Guild, and to draw up the constitution and code of rules for its regulation, to be submitted by the Council to the next general meeting."

The Rev. Alfred Baurne, B.A. (British and Foreign School Society), in moving the above resolution, said that there was in the Teachers' Guild nothing charitable in the sense of eleemosynary. It was the object of the Guild to help teachers to help themselves. There was need that this aid should not be solely intellectual, as too often had been the case.

The Rev. Canon Percival, in seconding the resolution, spoke of the advantage to teachers entering upon their work of knowing something of the labours of others in the same profession. In this respect the teaching profession had been most unscientific. The training of teachers was a very important object, and one hitherto much neglected; also the need for making provision for sickness and old age was urgent, more especially as some of the most influential and inspiring teachers were those with finely strung and nervous temperaments, who, though needing such provision most, were often without it. It would be one of the highest objects to relieve such of this care, and thus enable them to give

themselves up to their work. In the future, more than in the past, the work of the teacher would lie not only in education, but in the inculcation of social and religious principles, for the freer a nation became, the more will its history be bound up with its daily life.

Mr. Mundella, replying to a vote of thanks, accepted the office of Vice-president offered to him, remarking that he looked forward with hope to the future of teachers, and the result of the establishment of the Guild would be, he trusted, to raise the ideal of English education, which, after all, was miserably low. The English people might then become that which they ought to be—the best educated nation in Europe.

PUPILS' EXAMINATION—CHRISTMAS.

COLLEGE OF PRECEPTORS.

CLASS I.—DIVISION I.

E. J. Moffett (sp. Euclid)	M. Thomson (sp. Hist. & Music)
(Brown Scholarship £20)	

DIVISION II.

F. M. Rudduck (sp. Mus. & Scrip.)	M. E. Smith (sp. Drawing & Mus.)
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DIVISION III.

A. A. Couzens	I. Sweet	M. G. Johns
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CLASS II.—DIVISION I.

A. L. Evans	A. M. Williams	V. Edwards
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DIVISION II.

L. G. Jubb	E. Darby	E. Watson
C. I. Soden	A. Coster	L. Darby
	E. Sturt	

DIVISION III.

E. E. Starmer	C. B. Hastings
E. S. Johns	E. J. R. Johnson

CLASS III.—DIVISION I.

E. B. Handley	A. R. Dixon
I. F. Darnton	C. E. Houchin
G. S. Anthony	L. M. Hall
E. L. Starmer	G. Wilson
E. Atkinson	B. Harding
M. E. Peel	M. Plank
S. Cocker	M. A. Tuck
F. M. Harry	A. M. Wareham

DIVISION II.

E. Blandford	A. F. Wallace
M. E. Seymour	A. L. Bettis

Acknowledgments.

F. Jubb
N. Conway
E. Lewis
E. Gee

E. Harker
G. Corbold
C. B. Robinson

DIVISION III.

S. W. Clifton

HIGH SCHOOL.

CLASS I.—DIVISION I.

L. Nicholas (sp. Scrip.)

DIVISION II.

E. Homewood

CLASS II.—DIVISION I.

K. Shaw

M. Cobham

DIVISION II.

A. Balgarnie

E. Gutteridge

A. Frankenstein

R. Paine

CLASS III.—DIVISION I.

E. Paine

F. Starbuck

C. Martin

DIVISION II.

M. Swettenham

DIVISION III.

P. Biggs

FORMER PUPILS are invited to visit the College on Saturday, May 10th, or to send, on or before that day, some account of the work in which they are at present engaged.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

WE beg to acknowledge with thanks the following books for the Library from Miss Lees:—"Elementary Lessons in Logic" and "Theory of Political Economy," by W. S. Jevons; "Lessons in Elementary Chemistry," "Political Economy," Simson's "Euclid," Colenso's "Algebra," some books on Astronomy and Chronology, "The Childhood of the English Nation," "Greek Classic Poets," "The Bible Handbook," "Cruden's Concordance," Fischet's "German Reading Book," Declarnatine's "Voyage en Orient," "What Girls can Do," "Ezekiel, and other Poems," "Christian Lyrics," and "Things to be Thought of;" also some good music. Also some small books from A. Medwin, Esq., of Folkestone, and "Great Thoughts," from W. Hall, Esq.

Also the receipt of the following Magazines:—*The Epsomian*, *The Thistle*, *The Cinque Port*, *The Eastbournian*, *The Whitgift*, *The Droghedian*, and *The School for Sons of Missionaries' Magazine*.

THE MILTON MOUNT MAGAZINE

No. 2. JULY, Vol. X.
1884

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PRICE SIXPENCE.

MILTON MOUNT COLLEGE, MILTON-NEXT-GRAVESEND.



ORA ET LABORA.

Milton Mount Magazine.

JULY, 1884.

EDITORIAL.

QUONCE more we send out our Magazine, hoping for its favourable reception at the hands of our readers. This—the summer term—is decidedly the most pleasant in the year, and we have returned to school, hoping for a successful and happy term of good hard work, both at our studies and amusements. This year the results of the Cambridge examinations were not quite so good as in former years. Thirty girls went in and 26 were successful. K. Conway gained the Brown Scholarship in the senior examination. Last May the girls entered for the South Kensington examinations, and, in June, three of the 8th form will take Matriculation. In July, the 4th and 5th forms will sit for College of

Preceptors, and the 6th and 7th forms for Oxford. We heartily wish them success.

We have renewed the meetings of the Shakespere Club, and, as we are favoured with fine weather, tennis, croquet, and other garden games are in full swing. This term we have held Miltonians' Day and our annual concert, full accounts of which will be given further on. We think it likely that some ex-Miltonians who do not take the Magazine might like to do so. By receiving the Magazine, they would be better able to extend to us the sympathy which we so much value.

Also, if some of our old friends will kindly favour the Editor with contributions for the Magazine, they will be gladly received by the committee; and doubtless papers would then be inserted from all quarters of the globe, and thereby greatly increase the interest of the Magazine.

OUR MAY MEETING.

MANY former pupils who could not join the gathering at Milton Mount on May 10th, will be anxiously looking out for some account of it in the July number of the MAGAZINE. Having been one of the happy visitors on that occasion, I will do what I can towards making up their great loss to my unfortunate friends. Those who could have come had they felt disposed are probably among the few who do not feel sufficient interest in the College even to take in the MAGAZINE; and so I may presume that I am addressing thorough-going Miltonians like myself, who are prevented from keeping up an annual connection with the dear old place only by distance or pressing engagements.

It is said that as people advance in years they become more conservative, so, considering that I am a very old girl, indeed a veteran of May 19th, 1883, I shall perhaps be pardoned for my unreasonable veneration for things as they were. In common with some of my contemporaries, I have a way of thinking that the present Miltonians look so much smaller and younger than we did. We can hardly summon the proper respect due to members of the 7th and 8th Forms, and are surprised when their teachers tell us that we looked just as juvenile six or seven years ago. While we admire the tiers of desks which have lately been put in the two end class-rooms as a great convenience to teacher and pupil, we speak tenderly of No. 7 as it was in our day, when we bent our backs over Arithmetic books resting on our knees, or met, as the 7th Form was then privileged to do, for a pleasant homelike evening with our teacher. We feel a great interest in the girls who now occupy our cubicles and use our book-closets, and yet can hardly get over that most ungracious feeling that our sanctums are being desecrated and our rights usurped. Let not the present Miltonians think any the worse of us for this; we are among their warmest friends, we sympathise with them heartily in their difficulties and successes, and we rejoice especially when they prove themselves our worthy successors by outstripping us in anything good which we attempted. And they are outstripping us in every direction. A pleasing advance is indicated by the fact that the rules are not so numerous as they were. Then the extension has provided the chemistry students with a grand laboratory at the further end of the school-room, and by the addition of a new lecture-room has given the art-students a capital studio where the lecture-room used to be. The desks have been transported to the new room, leaving plenty of space in the old for easels and modelling tables. A document has just been received from the Edu-

cation department at Kensington, announcing Milton Mount College to be a certificated School of Art. In the music of the school, of course, the new organ has wrought marvels. The first singing class gave us some selections from their cantata, and though we expected great things from girls who have been so long under Mr. Prentice's training, and have such a sweet instrument to inspire and accompany them, we were not disappointed. This is putting it very mildly, but perhaps the girls would not like me to say too much about their good voices. A violin class has been started, under the able guidance of Mr. Alfred Burnett, of the Royal Academy and Guildhall School of Music; but at present the members carry on their performances in private.

Though thirty more pupils have now to be seated in the dining-hall every day, by some magical arrangement of tables and chairs there are always seats for twelve visitors. These are sometimes occupied by students from the High School and Technical College, but Miss Hadland promises a hearty welcome to any number of old friends. As most people know by this time, the dais—in an enlarged form—is at the end of the hall, under the organ, and just in front of the hatchway, which useful aperture is concealed from view by an artistic stained-glass screen.

Mrs. Anthony still carries on her most indispensable duties in the housekeeping line, and her little sitting-room is resorted to more than ever by weary teachers and homesick girls, who find a relief from books and studies in looking at the various treasures of sea and land with which the mother of a sailor and the friend of all dumb animals adorns her room. Of course there are physical refreshments to be found there, too; but with some of us the former attractions have greater weight. Thomas and his family have found the lodge too strait for them, and sailed in the *Toronto* on May 15 to seek their fortunes in Canada.

Our gathering on Saturday, the 10th, was in its general plan very much like other gatherings of the kind have been. The day was delightfully fine, and we spent a good deal of time in the garden. I saw no sign of a cricket match. That was an important part of the proceedings a year or two ago, but now that some of the enthusiastic cricketers have left—one, she tells us, to impart her enthusiasm to her little boy pupils—I am afraid that art is dying out. If I am mistaken, perhaps one of the girls will contradict me in an able and indignant paper in the next issue of the Magazine.

About thirty-seven were present at the Conference in the new lecture-room after dinner. We missed some regular visitors, whose letters did not arrive until the next day! The meeting began with our favourite hymn, "Father, I know that all my life," and prayer. The captain's speech ought to be printed; but as Rosie Tritton is also editress, perhaps she will be too modest to allow it, and will depute the writer of school news to give any facts which I have omitted. Miss Hadland tells us that there are 185 pupils now in the school, and that 358 have passed through it; that twenty former pupils are married, and eleven are heads of schools. We hear that Mrs. Ingram (*née* Katie Biggs) came not long ago with her little girl, who was loudly applauded, as the first Grandchild of the College. This year the girls are taking Oxford Local Examinations instead of Cambridge. The original intention of the Founders of the College, that pupils should be prepared for Cambridge and Oxford Examinations, is, we believe, the only one not yet carried out. Maude Rawlinson reported increase of numbers at the High School, and Lilian Davies gave us a spirited account of the Technical College. Dressmaking is a favourite study there, and it is hoped that in future, when a girl leaves Milton Mount in search of employment, she will not help to augment the existing throng of would-be teachers, unless she

is especially qualified for that work, but, if she has taste and skill of a more technical kind, will find something to do in the way of designs for walls and cotton materials, in wood-carving, or in wood-engraving, as one or two former pupils are already working for the *Graphic*. Since last year, the Public Day School has been started, providing a good plain education at a lower rate than at the High School; and Marion Edwards told us a little about it. Miss Hadland gave us some information about the Association for Assistant Mistresses and the Teachers' Guild, in which our scholastic friends especially were interested. Letters were read from Edith Pope, Mary Marsden, Edith Corbold, Kitty Sainsbury, Ada Kendall, Sarah Burgess, Jessie and May Tarbolton, Cathie Wood, Alice Braithwaite, Emily Houchin, Lydia Snell, Polly Lewis, Flo Darnton, Minnie Tuck, Nellie Rew, Mary Browne, Ida and Annie Spence, Maggie Thomas, Margaret Gilfillan, Helen Murray, Bell Griffiths, and Lena Fielden. It would prolong my paper too much to mention the varied occupations of our old companions and friends; teaching and housekeeping seem the most common. Some are in far-off lands—in Japan, South Africa, and the American Prairies. Many seem to be trying to do some good beyond their special calling or profession, and it was very pleasant to hear news of them all. Of those who were present at the meeting, the majority seemed to be girls who were in the Senior Forms from two to four years ago, though six of the "very originals" were there too. Miss Doran was with us as an Old Teacher, and, having left only a few months, she was the more universally known and welcomed.

Through all the changes at Milton Mount one thing remains always the same, and that is the kind and hearty way in which we Old Girls are received—not only by our ever kind friend at the head of the College and by those who knew us as girls—but also by teachers and girls who know us only by tradition.

May we always prove worthy of such a reception, and do each one of us what we can to support for the sake of others the Institution which has had so much to do with making us what we are.

PATTY SAINSBURY.

Finchingfield, *May 24, 1884.*

THE WHITE DOE OF LEVENS HALL.

THE days of fairies are now nearly numbered. Ghosts and goblins grow fewer and fewer. Superstitions of all sorts are speedily taking their departure before the rapid increase of intelligence and education. Though this is the general rule, yet here and there we find some old superstitions believed in; one such is to be found in the south of Westmoreland. It is a curious and romantic story, and is called the "White Doe, a legend of Levens."

Levens Hall is now a fine Elizabethan old building lighted by numerous low windows. Its plain white front is relieved by a handsome square lawn, while its garden, with its variously cut trees, is one of the wonders of Westmoreland.

At the time of my story it was a border fortress. It consisted of one large hall some 40 feet in length, and about 15 feet wide. The hall was entered at one end by a door, opposite to which was another opening into a court yard. The passage between the doors was screened off by a wooden partition about 12 feet high, beautifully carved.

A dais at the other end of the hall extended across the room, and there was placed the table where the lord and his family dined.

Behind the dais was the keep, and here in several flats were

the sleeping apartments of the family. It also served as a place of shelter in case of siege, and although the hall might be in the hands of an enemy, yet as long as they remained inside they were in safety.

The view from the top of this building extended over a vast tract of country. Southward, the eye could reach as far as the distant waters of Morecambe; northward, the "Helm" stood forward as an outwork of defence for the Valley of the Kent, while the scaurs rose up as the bulwark for the Kendal Valley.

The Manor of Levens, at the time of Henry II., passed into the hands of a family called the Redemans. They were an influential family in the county, and represented it in Parliament.

Young Norman, one of the earliest scions of this family, was at the time of my story Lord of Levens. He was much esteemed and beloved in the county for his benevolence and kindness to his dependents and for his generosity and great bravery. Many were the rejoicings, therefore, when one day, after a rather prolonged absence, Norman returned home, not as usual alone, but accompanied this time by a beautiful young girl as his wife. Her name was Eva de Beckingham; she was a daughter of the Lord of Burneside, who occupied an important position in the county.

Six months after their joyous return, Norman received a summons to attend on the Lord of Lancaster, who was about to set out for the King's Court in London. It was with a heavy heart that he carried the news to his young wife, for, as he well knew, it might be months ere he would be at liberty to return. What might not become of Eva during his absence? For at that time the border counties were never at peace one with the other, and forays and raids might take place at any moment. To be sure there was his strong keep in case of such an emergency, and his retainers were among the bravest of the

brave. Still his heart sank at the sight of his wife's pale face and at the thought of the long separation about to take place.

The days that remained flew rapidly away, and the night previous to Norman's departure came all too soon.

Norman and his wife paced up and down the roof of the keep, watching the sun, red and fiery, sink below the western horizon. As the last gleam disappeared and the cold leaden grey clouds came down on the mountain tops, Eva shivered; and Norman, wrapping her still more closely in her shawl, felt again that strange foreboding that all would not go right during his absence.

"Norman," she whispered, pausing on the threshold as they went down, and lifting up her white, cold face to his, "if I should get into trouble during your absence and should die, remember this, I will always keep by you; I will be near you to warn you of coming ill; believe me, I mean it."

Norman, though almost as wretched as his wife, yet for her sake tried to make light of her words and to banish the thought from her mind. He sought to do this with glowing descriptions of what he meant to achieve during his absence, and how she might expect to see him come home wearing the spurs of knighthood. He partially succeeded, for she saw him drive away on the following morning with comparative composure.

For the first few weeks, news came every now and then telling her of the grand doings at Lancaster. Norman sent her many messages, and the time slipped away faster than Eva had at first thought possible. But after a while the messages grew fewer and fewer, and at last stopped altogether. Poor Eva! these were bitter days for her, but she kept a brave heart within her, and never ceased to look out for her husband's return. She had plenty with which to occupy her time. She looked after the household, sometimes went fishing in the weir,

and sometimes rode ; and so the months went by, and still no news of Norman. At last, however, when Eva's sanguine heart had nearly failed her, a messenger suddenly arrived bearing a letter from Norman himself, which contained the happy news that he would be with her on the morrow, all being well. One can imagine the sudden joy that came to the poor girl's heart after so many weary months of waiting. Soon all was in a bustle of preparation. Eva herself was among the busiest ; every one was determined with her to give their master a right good welcome, and the business was carried on with great merriment and glee.

At last, towards evening, Eva was thoroughly wearied, and calling her maid, she went out for a stroll into the cool evening air to calm her excited spirit. She turned her steps towards the Force, the noise of whose waters grew louder and louder the nearer she approached. When she reached the edge of the bank just above the falls, she clambered a little way down, and, sitting on a stone, she gave herself up to most delightful reveries. Her maid did not follow her further than the edge of the bank, where she sat down to await her mistress' return. At last, Eva rose to go home. As she turned to climb the steep ascent her foot slipped. Instinctively she grasped the branch of the tree above, which, decayed by the long rain, yielded under her weight, and, with a wild cry of "Help, Norman !" she fell into the cruel waters beneath, where they leapt and danced and then rushed on, breaking into foam with the noise of thunder over the stones, bearing on their bosom the treasure of Levens Hall.

We cannot attempt to depict poor Norman's sad return, nor his grief. For a long time it was thought that his brain would give way under the intense suffering, but he gradually recovered, though not to his former state of health.

About the time of the anniversary of Eva's sad death,

Norman one summer's evening was riding slowly through the Park, when suddenly in front of his horse's head a beautiful white doe appeared. Absorbed in thought, he did not take any notice of her, but pulling his horse sharply round, attempted to continue on his way. The doe, however, again came in front. Norman was surprised and dismounted. He put his hand upon her beautiful head. The eyes that were turned upon his were human in their expression, large and pleading. What was it that brought those words of Eva's to his mind, "I will come to warn you of danger. I will always be with you?" Norman knew not, but, unable to bear the memories called up, he mounted hastily and rode off.

* * * * *

The next morning, Norman de Redeman was not to be found at the Hall. Search was made everywhere, and at last his body was found lying murdered in a corner of the park.

Ever since then, this appearance of the doe has been noticed prior to the death of the owner of Levens. Only so lately as two years ago it was seen. Where it goes to, no one knows; it stays for a little while and then, after having fulfilled its mission, disappears.

LILIAN HALL.

THE SONG OF HOPE.

"Hope is ever sweetly singing,
'It is better farther on.'"



Side by side, through the meadows fair,
Where sweetest flowers perfume the air,
Side by side, through the valleys chill,
Where mists descend from the sunlit hill,
Side by side, their way they take,
Through moss-covered ruins or thorn-tangled brake,
Side by side, in peace and strife
The river of Hope, and the pathway of Life.

4*

The Song of Hope.

I watched, methought, the pilgrims pass, upon the beaten track,
 And ever they pressed onward, nor thought of turning back ;
 I saw how many a weary one paused from the hurrying throng,
 And listened eagerly to catch the river's cheering song.
 One child I marked o'er whose fair head ten summers scarce had rolled,
 His brow was bared to catch the breeze that tossed his locks of gold ;
 To his delighted innocence each sight and sound seemed new,
 The flowers that filled his childish hands were wet with morning dew.
 His earnest gaze was bent afar, as kneeling by the stream,
 He listened to the Song of Hope—it echoed through my dream !

“ Farther on, the skies are brighter,
 And the birds more sweetly sing,
 There the summer sun has banished
 All the showers of early spring.
 Farther on, the landscape widens,
 Noble deeds await thee there.
 Up and onward ! Child no longer—
 Be a man to do and dare.”

* * * * *

I looked again, I knew that form, that earnest brow and true,
 Though suns had changed the golden locks to somewhat darker hue.
 The summer sun, with scorching rays, had blazed the livelong day,
 And crags and stones, and bleaching bones had strewn the weary way.
 With step less joyous, but more firm than I had seen before,
 He left the rugged highway-side to seek the stream once more,
 And gathering of the pleasant fruit that grew its brink along,
 Hard by the river side he paused, to listen to its song—

“ Farther on, the way is smother,
 Cooler breezes fan the brow,
 Clouds of sunset shade the brightness
 Of the sun so scorching now,
 Honours crowd thy path to brighten,
 Crowns await the victor there.
 Onward ! reap in joy the harvest,
 Though the seed was sown in care !”

* * * * *

Once more I saw him, as he passed along the toil-worn way,
 His back was bent with weight of years, his scanty locks were gray ;
 Though yet undimmed that eagle eye flashed keenly as of yore,
 Upon his brow was stamped a peace it had not known before ;


Soft fell the winter's snowy flakes upon the lonely road,
 And slowly through the gathering gloom, the winding river flowed ;
 The cheering song of days gone by still echoed loud and clear,
 And reached at last, through storm and blast, the Pilgrim's failing ear—

“ Farther on, the Land of Promise
 Knows a never-ending spring,
 Farther on, through glorious mansions
 Angel-echoes sweetly ring.
 Dearly-loved ones wait to meet thee,
 Where they know nor grief nor sin,
 And the King Himself shall greet thee
 With His gracious ‘Enter in.’ ”

Then o'er the Pilgrim's upturned face a sudden radiance broke,
 As if the music in his heart a hidden echo woke ;
 No more he felt the bitter blast, nor marked the deepening night,
 Before him lay the Paradise of Joy and Life and Light.

LILIAN DAVIES.

AUDIENCES.

“  N audience is an assemblage of people, gathered together for the purpose of hearing ;” so says the dictionary, and to many the definition would seem full and clear enough. But to those who have had audiences of their own, the impossibility of bringing out anything like the full significance of the word in a terse sentence, such as that above, will be very apparent.

To begin with, any audience is for the most part made up of three or four different classes of people.

- (1st) The *indifferent* (both to speaker and subject) ;
- (2nd) The *critical* ;
- (3rd) The *antagonistic* ;
- (4th) The *sympathetic*.

To one who is “ unaccustomed to public speaking,” and who is, moreover, decidedly nervous, it is a matter of great importance

to which class most of his audience belong. If to the first, he will probably play his part with the greatest amount of personal comfort; if to the second, with the least. If, however, the third class predominate, he will in all likelihood (such being the perversity of human nature) speak, out of a very spirit of contradiction, far better and do himself far more justice than under any other circumstances; while, with an audience largely made up of the last class, he will very often disappoint both himself and his friends. A moment's observation will suffice to pick out these various classes one from another. The listless appearance of the one, and the easy, waiting attitude of the other, are directly manifest; while the scornful or angry expression, and the eager, ill-concealed anxiety of the last two classes are even more so. It must be remembered, however, that this rough division of audiences and their respective effects upon the speaker is only made on the hypothesis that the said speaker is quite new to the work, and possessed of no super-abundant talents; for it is a pretty commonly received axiom in public speaking that a talented, well-practised orator will first make his audience and then carry it along with him, so that it is for the moment of but one class and one character.

But even such must have a beginning—as witness, the late Lord Beaconsfield's first attempt in the House of Commons—and it must surely be granted that the kind of audience he is then addressing makes every difference to him.

How great this difference is, very few, if any, who have not themselves gone through some ordeal of the kind, can well understand. A description given by one who has herself had some slight experience in "first attempts" may, perhaps, bring this out more vividly. The scene of the ordeal she describes is the front part of our lecture-room; and the time, the last half-hour of the Education Class. This, as most of my readers are probably aware, is devoted to a practical lesson, where each

member of the class in turn has to give a lesson on some subject previously arranged, the result serving as an example to the rest of the class of either what a lesson should or should not be. It is, of course, given in the teacher's presence. Notes of faults (or perfections, if there are any) are taken during the process by the onlookers. Need it be said that this half-hour is the one most to be dreaded in the whole week for the unfortunate member whose turn it is to demonstrate the mode of teaching she would employ if called upon to do so in real earnest. Her audience is, for the most part, composed of Classes II. and IV., with, perhaps, a sprinkling of Class I.; and the following description may, perhaps, afford examples of one or two typical listeners:—‘Without directly looking at anyone, I had a pretty distinct idea of the attitude and expression of each one in the room before me. For example, up in the end of the desk sat a friend, who knew pretty well all the miseries I was enduring; and, with chin comfortably rested in her hand, she watched my every movement with eyes that, in spite of their sympathy, were full of a quizzical laughter, that made me almost more nervous than anything else in the whole room. Next to her was one whose intensely sympathetic gaze made me painfully aware of all the wretched blunders I was making and was about to make. Higher up, a pencil held ready to jot down the first failure in any way noticeable, had such a magnetic influence upon me, that a furtive glance in its direction every other minute was a positive necessity; and when, as was sure to be the case, a few moments saw it actively employed, a feeling nearly akin to hatred for the moment took possession of me. Another trying feature was the oldest member of the class, who, through constant experience, knew just what to expect, and, by her quietly expectant-attitude, caused the very mistakes which her long-time experience had told her were forthcoming. A still more provoking spectator

was the girl behind, who, with her head just a little on one side, and with both ears well open, was quietly scribbling on her book in a manner fidgeting to the last degree. No phonograph was needed to intensify each little sound; for the same nervousness which caused me to feel the glances my audience interchanged acted only too well in its stead."

It would be hard for anyone who has not noticed to believe how many queer little tricks people indulge in when they are listening. Scarce anyone is quite free from something of the kind. I have heard girls say again and again that they cannot listen half so attentively if they do not employ their hands in some way, and the condition of the desks in almost every boys' school in the kingdom, I venture to suggest, will fully testify that they are similarly constituted. Watch-chains, buttons, brooches, all serve an apprenticeship of the kind; whilst other of our fellow-creatures find relief in a movement of their feet or fingers one within the other.

But in all justice to girls it must be said that they have not one half the tricks that boys have under similar circumstances. Noses, lips, chins, ears, eyes, and brows, in fact almost every part of their body available, together with everything in their reach, come into requisition. A glance round a crowded lecture hall, where older people are gathered together, would probably give food for much amusement. One set of people are almost invariably to be seen—namely, those who feel it necessary to express their approval of any particular sentiment or statement by an energetic nodding of the head, and their disapproval by an equally energetic shake. This, if watched for any length of time, has a remarkably funny effect; especially if the unconscious performer is possessed of a bonnet ornamented with nodding plumes or bangles, when a perfect little gale will be set in motion.

Some people will tell you that they cannot listen properly

without shutting their eyes ; but as this may be only a convenient method of concealing a comfortable nap, it is hardly reliable information.

But all these little eccentricities, since they are carried on in comparative silence, make little or no difference to those around. Unfortunately, however, there are other peculiarities which are not quite so harmless. There is a story of an old farmer who used to take such interest in all that was said, that he could not help giving vent to his approval or disapproval pretty audibly. When particularly delighted, his next door neighbour would be probably startled by a number of "Just so, just so's," uttered in by no means a low tone ; and once, when his ire was considerably aroused, he was heard to exclaim, "I don't care if yon's the Prime Meenister hisself, he's just telling a pack of lees !" The effect of such behaviour on both audience and speaker can better be imagined than described.

Many who do not go quite so far, still often carry on a running commentary which is very discomposing to those around. But space will not allow mention of one half the oddities which listeners allow themselves ; and as a careful observer will be able to see far more for himself in five minutes than he can gather from a brief sketch like this in half-an-hour, this paper had better close with a recommendation for all who want a little amusement during a wearisome lecture, to spend their time in a study of their fellow-listeners.—K. CONWAY.

ABBESBROOK BAY.



WE had lived in the Isle of Wight many years before we ever heard of such a place as Abbesbrook Bay ; but one day, while we were staying at Brading (a little village not far from Ryde), four of us started on an exploring expedition to try and find a suitable place for a picnic which we wanted to have during the next week.

We had walked across the Downs for about two miles, gathering wild flowers, and stopping here and there to rest, when, by a sudden bend, we came upon the most beautiful—village I was going to say, but the place was not large enough to be a village, as, beside one farmhouse, there were only one or two fishermen's huts scattered here and there. Those who have been to the Isle of Wight will no doubt have been struck with that wonderful combination of sea and woodland scenery which is found everywhere about the island, and here we saw before us one such view.

The sea at this part ran far into the coast in the form of a large bay, and brown rocks covered with seaweed rose abruptly out of the water, looking like sleeping sea-monsters in the midst of the golden, many-hued bay; for in the bay itself, on such a day as this, there is surely some magic colouring on the sea. Lying under the pleasant shade of those old trees that stretch away from the water to the ruined Abbey a little distance from the shore, one sees how close the grass grows to the edge of the bright-hued water, where the purple and rose-coloured sea-shells have been casting up their lining on those rippling waves.

The ruined Abbey, too, that faces the bay, is just now turned to frosted silver; and the warm light has brought into fuller beauty the grey tint of the old farmhouse beyond. There is a great softness and lustre on the roof of this old dwelling-place, while the walls are completely covered by the many climbing plants around. In front of the house is a large, rather neglected-looking garden, which makes a broad line of division between the grey stones and the waste green that stretches to the edge of the bay.

The unscreened flood of sunshine had made the ground dry and baked, but there is pleasant shade on the right, beneath those fine old trees, among a tangle of ferns and rushes. Very

shady nooks are to be found here, but still the sunshine finds a way through chinks among the boughs above.

On each side of the ruined Abbey, and nearer to the shores, are little dots of fishermen's huts. Only five, I think, we counted in all.

Over all this, as we looked, an English summer sky was bent. The blue, where it was blue, was very deep, and yet tender in colour; and the sailing clouds, being very light, were only a grateful relief to the eye, and cast enchanting shadows over the purple moorland, the ruins, and farmhouse beyond. The bay was shiny, and dotted over with a sail here and there. The whole place seemed to us almost as some enchanted spot.

We stood and gazed for some little time in silent admiration on this scene; then we descended by means of a pathway cut in the cliff down to the shore below. We walked along for some way; then we thought we would go over to the farmhouse and ask if they would kindly let us rest for a little while, as we were all beginning to feel rather tired.

A bright-looking girl of about sixteen came to the door. She said we might rest with pleasure, and took us into a room leading out from the hall. It was a very pleasant room, rather low, and furnished after the old style, while flowers seemed scattered everywhere. It was beautifully cool after being out in the sun.

We all took low seats by the open windows, around which honeysuckle and roses were climbing in great abundance. The girl, whose name was Lucy, went away a few minutes, but soon returned with some milk and cakes for us. She was very communicative, and told us that it was very seldom they had visitors there; as it was out of the route generally taken by tourists. She said to-day her father had gone into Ryde, so she was alone in the house. Her mother had died when she was quite a child, and she had lived here with her father ever

since. A very long while ago this had been an old manor-house, to which the Abbey—or chapel, as she called it—belonged. The last owner had become impoverished, and been obliged to leave. The house had fallen into some decay, when her father bought it, with a good deal of the land around.

We sat and talked for some time longer, when Lucy asked us if we would not like to see over the Abbey, “For,” she said, “long ago it was very famous, and had special charms attached to it; but I can tell you more about it when we are there.” We stepped out from the low windows along the grass until we came to the chapel. The upper part was quite complete; it was only the lower part which had fallen into ruins. At the top was a beautifully stained window, evidently very old, which seemed to us rather out of place among its poorer surroundings. In front of this was a kind of altar, upon which hung a large wooden cross. The whole place was evidently well attended to, for it was all in beautiful order. Our guide saw that we were looking with some surprise at the window, and said, “Ah! you wonder how that window got into such a place as this. There are many strange stories and legends about it, and who put it there. Perhaps you would like to hear one of them.” And so we sat down on one of the high, old, oaken seats in the dim, still old chapel, while she told us in a clear, soft voice the following legend of the painted window:—

“One morning, a very long time ago, in that same house where we were just now, a noble youth was kneeling upon a cushion at his mother’s feet, making a request.

“‘Let me,’ he asked, ‘go out into the world.’ The lady, who sat in a great chair before an open window, drew her son closer to her. She said, ‘Why, Harold, why do you want to leave us? I and all the rest about you try to fill up your father’s place to you, so far as we can.’

“‘Yes, mother, but ——.’ He rose quickly from his knee.

Turning about, he looked out through the open window, saying, 'There are great cities, bright rivers, dark forests which I have never seen. Oh! let me go and see them.' His mother watched him with tears in her eyes. She saw that the great world, with its pleasures and temptations, was busy at his heart, drawing him away from her.

" 'It must be so,' Lady Margaret said, sighing heavily. 'I suppose it is your father's adventurous blood stirring in you. But, remember, my child, the great world is full of perils, and far from being safe, and bright, and full of pleasures, as you think.' It is doubtful if Harold heard her last words; he was overjoyed at the thought of going out and far away.

"He was already fancying all kinds of adventures. He threw his arms round his mother's neck, and, kissing her, said, 'Let me set off at once, mother dear.'

"Lady Margaret looked grieved. 'You cannot start at once,' she said, reprovingly. 'If for no other reason, there is a rite to be gone through first.' 'What is that?' he asked, with a sad face. She replied, 'Before any of our house go out into the world they must prepare themselves by prayer. To-night you must pass in the chapel before the cross, and it would be well for you to pass the rest of to-day in quiet thoughts. Try to understand the dangers you will have to meet in the world, and think how it will be best for you to act when you are face to face with them.'

"Nearly all Harold's pleasure fled on learning of this delay. He wanted to go forth that moment. He fancied his mother's was an old-fashioned view of the world. Perhaps in days far back there had been some risks, but now the world was so bright and fair that it was a pity to lose a minute in setting out. But although Harold could not oppose his mother, he bent his head and soon after left the room.

"Not that he went to pass the time in quiet thinking. He

called around him in the large hall the servants who were to go with him, and told of the great things he meant to do. 'If there are dangers,' he cried, 'I am young and strong; I will cut my way through them.'

"By-and-by the night came, and he had to go to the chapel. He bowed himself with reverence as he entered it, but it was a hasty bow; and as he knelt at the foot of the great crucifix (for most people then were Catholics) he sighed sullenly. If he had really spoken out his feelings, his lips would have been saying, 'What a waste of time this praying is.' In the dim, quiet chapel, lighted only by one swinging lamp, the night had passed very slowly. Harold made little effort to command his thoughts; even in the sacred chapel he was thinking of pleasures and adventures. How glad he was when he saw the red morning light stealing in through the windows. Delightedly he left the chapel; his band of followers were soon ready; the painful parting with his mother was gone through. It was a fresh, sunny morning; everything seemed gay. Harold was in the highest spirits—all was so wide, so free, and the prospect stretched so far. He sang and he shouted for joy. At length they drew near to one of the great forests of which he had spoken to his mother. Rising in his saddle, he cried, 'Follow me; we will ride into its depths.' He spurred his horse, and soon they were under the shade of the lofty trees; but suddenly from the left a band of robbers rushed upon them. He turned, calling to his servants; but, glancing over his shoulder, he saw them in full flight. The leader of the band came forward, and with a sweep of his club overwhelmed both horse and rider. The robber's face broke into a laugh. 'Ah, ah!' he cried, '*You have come forth unprepared.*'

"Harold, though he was much bruised, just managed to step off the saddle. He ran as fast as he could among the trees, while the robber was despoiling his horse of its trappings.

Slowly he made his way through the great forest, his clothes and flesh torn at every turn. When he came out on the other side he found himself by the banks of a stream. A rude kind of bridge was thrown across it, which Harold stepped up ; but no sooner had he reached the middle when, to his horror, he found it giving way beneath him, and as he sank in the cold, deep water he seemed to hear voices above him saying, mockingly, ‘ *Ah, ah! you did not pray before you came out into the world.*’ Fortunately Harold could swim a little, so he did not drown. With difficulty he got to the bank, and avoiding now both woods and streams, he made his way across a wide plain. Towards evening it brought him to a large town. He went in through one of the gates. People pretending to be friendly gathered round him for money, and, when he began to hesitate about giving them what they asked, they took it. In the end they stripped him of everything, and nearly killed him. ‘You are in our power,’ they said ; ‘but then *you did not pray before you came out into the world.*’ Then, weary with walking and the wounds he had got, he sank on the cold pavement. Then he prayed, promising if he should be brought back in safety to his home that he would devote his life to deeds of charity, and would have erected in the chapel, before the very cross he had rejected, a beautiful window—as beautiful as money could make it. Then he fell asleep, and when he awoke in the morning he found a horse beside him, with a fresh suit of clothes upon it. He mounted, and started off at once back to the home which he had left with such great expectations, but to which he was returning very gladly now. He never again wanted to try the world, for whose pleasures he once had had so great a longing ; but, as he had promised, he devoted his life to deeds of charity, and had the window, which you see before you now, put in. This, the girl said, “is one of the many tales afloat about the window.”

We thanked her for so kindly entertaining us, and, after taking one lingering glance at the lovely bay and the old chapel, we started home as quickly as possible, full of all we had seen and heard.

DORA HOOKE.

A TRICYCLE TOUR.

“**I** SAY, Madge!” The speaker, a girl of nineteen, with curly brown hair, and laughing blue eyes, threw down her pencil, and leaned back in her chair. On the table before her, lay a note-book, a play of *Æschylus*, and sundry dictionaries. As her exclamation brought forth no reply, she spoke again, “*Do* put away those wretched figures, Margaret; I’ve got a glorious idea.” This time her companion spoke, but without looking up from her work, “Oh! Flo, don’t disturb me for just five minutes, I do believe this problem’s coming out.” Margaret was a very quaint little person, with a pale face, smooth dark hair, and bright grey eyes. The two girls were cousins, Margaret, who was an orphan, having been adopted by her aunt. Presently she looked up. “Now then, Flo?” “Well, Margaret, you know we’ve had a long spell of hard work, though you do scold me so for being lazy, and I’m sure you are tired out yourself. Don’t you think a holiday would be the best thing in the world for us? You see, if we don’t take one soon, we shall not be able to get one before the exam; for July will soon be here. And it seems a shame to keep on pegging away at musty old books these lovely days.” “Oh, Miss Idleness! And the books are neither musty nor old.” “Now, Margaret, be sensible; don’t you think we might spare a week, and go somewhere on our tricycles? It would be so jolly.” “Well, Flo, I don’t think you are far wrong; I’m longing to get away

from the work for a while, and I think we might spare a few days. Let us go and talk to Auntie about it." So off they went to find "Auntie." The result of their talk was, that one fine morning, a few days afterwards, they found themselves spinning along a level road, at a good pace, *en route* for the village of X——, where was to be their mid-day halt. Presently they turned out of the road, and found themselves in a long lane, at the top of a hill. On each side were high hedges covered with wild roses and honeysuckle. As they passed one very fine cluster of roses, Flo, saying, "I must have those flowers, Margaret. Don't wait for me, I'll catch you up directly," stopped her tricycle and got off. The roses were higher than she thought and gave her some trouble, and so, when she had got them and turned in triumph to continue her journey, she beheld her tricycle careering madly down the hill. She had unconsciously given the machine a slight push, and as it was on the edge of the slope it had rolled down. In a few seconds it came to rest in the hedge. Flo ran down the hill and reached the spot almost as soon as Margaret. To their dismay the girls found that the tricycle had plunged into the very middle of a bed of nettles. Do what they would, it was just beyond their reach. After suggesting all manner of impossible things, Flo in desperation declared she should go in and drag it out. Just then Margaret, who had been looking through the hedge, said, "I believe they are making hay at the end of this field." As this turned out to be the case, they applied to the haymakers for help, who by means of their long rakes got the tricycle out. The girls were soon again on their way, and reached X—— without farther adventure. This they found to be a village of the most primitive description. There were only two shops in the whole place, and in the windows of these, cheese, oranges, bacon, flour, thread, thimbles, and the never absent sweets, were mingled with a charming absence of

arrangement. The inhabitants had certainly never seen such a phenomenon as a lady on a tricycle before, to judge by the way in which they stared. Outside the village Flo discovered a quiet, shady corner of a field, where they ate their lunch. After resting for an hour or two they started off again. On each side of the road were rough masses of sandstone. Ferns peeped out from the crannies, foxgloves with their broad green leaves, and purple or white bells filled the corners, and the graceful leaves and tendrils of the wild briony spread themselves over the rocks. A tiny streamlet trickled along at the side of the road, sprinkling the thick moss and the fresh green leaves and red berries of the wood strawberries. Flo broke into enthusiastic exclamations of delight, while Margaret was equally pleased, though quieter. Presently the road began to ascend, so they got off their tricycles and walked up the hill. The rocks on each side became lower and presently ceased, and the girls found themselves at the foot of some hills they had noticed in the distance before leaving X——. At the same time they became aware of certain black clouds which were gathering, whose ominous appearance made them wish some shelter were near. But not even a hut was to be seen. The only thing they could do was to go on as quickly as possible, and hoped to reach shelter before the rain began. Before long, however, a low peal of thunder warned them that the storm was at hand. After a vivid flash of lightning came another peal, which was followed by crash on crash, while the lightning blazed incessantly. In a few minutes a drenching shower came on, and before long they were wet through. At last, to their joy, they saw a house in the distance, which, on reaching it, proved to be an hotel. After drying themselves, and settling down to a comfortable tea, they began to wonder at finding an hotel in such a place. On inquiring they learnt that there were some Roman remains near, which were much

resorted to by excursionists in the summer, and so the hotel had been built.

The next day was very fine, so, after inspecting the grass-covered mounds and dykes, of which the "remains" consisted, the girls went on their way, which lay along quiet lanes between cornfields and meadows. At evening they reached a sleepy old cathedral town, where they were to stop for the night; and, after procuring rooms, sallied forth to explore the town and visit the cathedral. The next day was wet, so they were fain to content themselves with staying in the house and reading. Towards evening, however, the rain stopped and a strong wind sprang up, so that by the next morning the roads were nearly dry. Accordingly, Flo and Margaret started off again, thinking, with sorrow, how rapidly their holiday was drawing to a close, for the next day was their last.

Late in the afternoon they came to a very picturesque old farm-house, covered with honeysuckle, climbing roses, wisteria, etc. A smooth lawn with flower beds lay in front. Margaret wanted to sketch it, so, choosing her position near the gate of the farmyard, she set to work. Flo, meanwhile, went to get some wild flowers. As Margaret was intent upon her sketch she did not notice that the cows were coming home until one of them lowed. Then, turning with a start, she discovered that she was surrounded by them. There were cows to the right, cows to the left, cows behind. In front was the fence and the farmyard, and in the yard were more cows. Now Margaret was terrified at cows—she would go half-a-mile any day to avoid meeting one, and here she was in the midst of her enemies. Happily she bethought herself there was one resource left. The two tricycles would make some sort of barrier between her and the cows. So, with great fear and trembling, she got down and drew the machines in front of her. Then, in mortal terror, she stood against the fence and waited for what

seemed to her hours, though it was really not ten minutes. At last a man came, drove in the cows, and shut the gate. By this time Flo returned with a large bunch of flowers, and they hastened on, for it was getting dark. As they had still some way to go, they did not reach their destination until everyone in the place had gone to bed. At length they found an hotel, but after thumping at the door for five minutes a window was opened, and a gruff voice said, "Be off with you! I'm not coming down to open the door and find no one there again. If you don't go off at once you shall have a bucket of water about your heads." Then the window was shut again. The girls were completely at a loss for a time, but presently Flo suggested that a barn they had passed might be unfastened. As they found that it was open and there was plenty of clean straw, they decided to spend the night there. Next morning, after getting some breakfast at the hotel, they inquired the meaning of their treatment the night before. The landlord told them, with many apologies, that for three nights past he had been knocked up after going to bed by persons who professed to want a night's lodging, and each time, on going to the door, had found no one. He had supposed that they were playing the same trick.

Their last day passed without any awkward adventure, and they reached home safely, tired out, but none the less having thoroughly enjoyed their Tricycle Tour.

A. BATER.

SCHOOL NEWS.

LAST term we had several amusing and pleasant evening entertainments, including some good concerts, and organ, piano, and violin recitals. On one occasion a potter came bringing with him his wheel and some clay. It was very interesting to watch him working, and he turned several articles both useful and ornamental before us. We enjoyed some capital lectures: one on China, by Rev. J. Thomas, accompanied by dissolving views, was very instructive and entertaining. On March 17th, Professor Morley visited us and lectured on "Macbeth." The lecture was exceedingly interesting, and revealed the characters (especially that of Lady Macbeth) in quite a new light to many of us, and helped us to understand the others much better. As many of the girls are studying "Macbeth" for Oxford this year, this lecture was especially welcome to them. Another lecture, also illustrated by dissolving views, was given by Mr. Procter. The subject was "Astronomy," in which many of us are very interested, but all, I fear, are very ignorant.

Last term a Shakespere club was started to help the senior girls to a better acquaintance with that poet and his works. Miss Wolstenholme is our president, and we heartily thank her for helping to start the new society. The governing committee of eight is formed of teachers and girls, and we have about forty members. "As You Like It" was the play studied last term, and we take "Hamlet" next. Besides taking parts and reading the play through, some of the members write papers on the play and its characters, which lead to edifying discussions. But the members are not so ready in this latter part of the

programme as the committee would like, and it is hoped that practice will soon make perfect.

On May 15th we held our annual concert, or rather concerts ; for now we have so many guests we have been obliged to have two programmes. The first, beginning at about four o'clock, is that to which our London friends are invited, and the second is attended by local guests. This year we were favoured with a fine day, and at both concerts the hall was full. After the concerts the visitors went over the College, visiting the gymnasium, studio, music-rooms, &c., but taking an especial interest in the new wing. Miss Unwin, Lady Principal of the School for Daughters of Missionaries, invited some of us to visit Sevenoaks one day and see Walthamstow Hall. Accordingly, early in the morning of Tuesday, May 27th, a party of thirty of us, with representatives from the High School and Technical College, drove to Sevenoaks, a distance of about eighteen miles, stopping twenty minutes on our way to catch a glimpse of the beauties of the Vigo. It is a very beautiful drive, and we had fine fun both coming and going. We were very kindly received by Miss Unwin and the girls, with whom we spent a very pleasant afternoon, admiring the house and garden, and rambling for a short time in the beautiful Knole Park.

E. R. TRITTON.

PUPILS' EXAMINATION—CHRISTMAS.

CAMBRIDGE SENIORS.

CLASS II.

K. St. J. Conway

CLASS III.

M. A. Anthony

Pupils' Examination.

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SATISFIED THE EXAMINERS.

E. Bolton	M. H. Lea
S. Burgess	E. W. Mabbs
C. A. Chandler	E. Marsden
L. H. Gilfillan	L. H. Tuck

JUNIORS.

CLASS I.

M. M. Chadburn (*d*)

CLASS II

L. T. Pope (*mu*)

CLASS III.

M. Davies	B. Partner
H. P. Gilfillan	M. E. Sweet

SATISFIED THE EXAMINERS.

A. Burgess	R. M. Henson (<i>d</i>)
A. B. Cox	E. C. Hurndall (<i>mu</i>)
G. Daniels (<i>r</i>)	H. U. Lewis
M. E. Dodge	M. Shrewsbury (<i>mu</i>)
E. A. Courtneall	

HIGH SCHOOL.

SENIORS.—SATISFIED THE EXAMINERS.

E. H. Shrewsbury

JUNIORS.—CLASS I.

B. M. Singleton (*mu*)

SATISFIED THE EXAMINERS.

M. Bryant	E. E. Mallinson
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WE beg to acknowledge with thanks the following books for the Library from J. Scrutton, Esq. :—"Plant Form," "Sketches from Nature," "Handbook for Young Painters," "Leonardo Da Vinci on Painting," "Bell's Anatomy of Expression," "The Old Masters and their Pictures," "Modern Painters and their Paintings," "Bridgewater Treatises," "Every Day Art," "Chevreul on Colour," "The Art Student at Munich," "How to Decorate," "Manual of Design," "British Anatomy," "A Handbook for Painters and Art-Students," "Principles of Design." Also, "Tristram's Land of Israel," from Canon Musgrave, and the "Life and Times of the Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone," from the Misses Allatt.

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PRICE SIXPENCE.



ORA ET LABORA.

Milton Mount Magazine.

NOVEMBER, 1884.

A RECORD OF THE DOINGS OF SOME "OLD MILTONIANS" DURING THE EASTER HOLIDAYS, APRIL, 1884.

I.



AFTER thirteen weeks' "hard labour," imagine the feelings of three teachers let loose and set down at Keswick, with nothing to do but to enjoy the Lakes! The trio consisted of the "Spread Eagle," "Tam," and "Mac." "Spread Eagle" was, by virtue of a year's precedence in age, our noble *chaperone* and caterer; "Tam" and "Mac" two old Miltonians.

After some trouble, lodgings were found which suited both comfort and pocket. Mrs. Smith (as testified by many former lodgers) was a "regular brick," and in return for little trouble given took care of the improvident tourists, and on several occasions kept us from starvation.

After a good night's rest, by a natural instinct we turned to the Lake, hired a boat for the day, and set off in superior style towards Lodore. The steering of the "Spread Eagle" was the thing most worthy of notice after the scenery. Our noble *chaperone* evidently had a profound respect for the art of tacking, running aground, and making for sunken islands; nevertheless, after hard work and many ineffectual attempts to find the river Derwent and a proper landing-stage, we reached *terra firma* and Lodore Falls.

Not one of the party was capable of scraping together sufficient present participles for Southey's poem, so we were obliged to do without.

Apostrophise the miserable inadequacy of High School mistresses' education, and proceed to clamber up the rocks.

There was not enough water to make the Fall at its grandest; but the trees were all coming into leaf, the sun was shining, the water was as clear as crystal, the climb exciting, the stones injurious, genius flashing, only two or three "'Arrys and Emmas," and no honeymoon people. So, altogether, the tourists were enchanted.

"Mac" (who had an inconvenient habit of wishing to get to the top or bottom of everything) thought she would attempt to discover the source of the Falls, and was soon lost to sight. The "Spread Eagle" grew more and more pathetic, and only "Tam" was left, devoid of sentiment, sitting on a rock in mid-stream.

One attempt at sketching was made, but the beauties of nature and the fine model of "Mac" hugging a huge bun proved too much for Art.

The hotel at the foot is very prettily situated, and appears to be much besieged by coaches and tourists. The trio waited for coffee, and were much subdued by contact with some real, proper ladies and gentlemen, who were doing everything in the

best possible manner, and had paused for dinner before drawing on their gloves to go and contemplate Lodore. Shall we *ever* be able to attain to such superiority!

The row back was glorious and the water rough. After tea we had one more row in the twilight before turning in.

II.

The next day, being strongly solicited by one landlady, two coachmen, and one hostler, the three tourists condescended to take a drive to Buttermere on a *char-à-banc*, more familiarly known as a "Sarah-bench," or "Charley-bang." The start was effected at ten, and by the time we had all got used to the compressed situation we were nearly at Barrow.

We skirted the lake towards Lodore, only pausing to look at Barrow Falls, which are very nicely got up; or, to speak *à la* Spread E., "simple lovely." The road has all sorts of break-neck little twists and turns, though the occupants of the Charley-bang proudly forebore to express any feelings on that point.

We passed the Bowder Stone, an enormous block of fallen rock—of course with a ladder to the top. On the right, one of the grandest things on the way is the Castle Crag, a sudden, pointed, rugged elevation rising to a great height, covered with firs and backed by mountains, snow, &c. The sun shone out every now and then with glorious effect, lighting up the fresh green larches and making them shine, as S. E. poetically observed, "like little green lamps all over the hills."

A honeymoon couple on the front seat were well balanced by an honest butcher minus h's behind us, and tourists to right of us, tourists to left of us, &c., formed an irregular cavalcade over the Honister Pass. The Honister Pass and the crags and the mountains, and the precipices and the wildness, are indescribable; but not so the road. On this stony way was it that

our noble *chaperone* was first dubbed the "Spread Eagle." She said it was a Roman road (she now, of course, says that was only a joke), but the Romans' ideas of civilising our forefathers could not have consisted in making them walk over loose boulders, slide down every few yards, and slip over wobbly stepping-stones meant to help their enterprising descendants over oft-recurring mountain torrents.

Our *chaperone* was on ahead, her cap had jerked aside, the long fur episcopal cloak floated broadly in the breeze, and two or three feet of flounce trailed from under it. "Tam" and "Mac" were also not clad in the garb of city life, but all three were equal to anything, and sublimely indifferent to aught save the glorious clamber and swoop down the Honister Pass.

Buttermere and Crummock Water are very near together, so, true to our aquatic tastes, we first found out about the water and boats. While drinking coffee at the inn we settled to row across Crummock Lake to see Scale Force. A young gentleman at a neighbouring table was heard to remark to his friend that he would be happy to row us across. We were naturally offended and marched off to the lake immediately. Here there was much bargaining with a mercenary *Charon*, in the middle of which the two tourists of the Inn sauntered up, looking as indifferent as possible.

Charon advised our trusting ourselves to the mercies of "them two gentlemen."

"Them two gentlemen" being nothing loth, and, as time showed, very gallant and praiseworthy young men, the bargain was completed, and we set out in a long tub of a boat with no rudder.

The lake was very rough, and the clouds half-way down the mountains; but we soon discovered the creek, and, after floundering about in three bogs, arrived at the splendid fall of Scale Force.

It springs 156 feet straight down into a narrow, dark, rocky gorge, and is *grand*.

Our two conductors climbed to the very foot, but after a slippery clamber over the boulders we were content to be splashed at a respectful distance.

On the return journey rain came down in torrents, and before we got back to the boat we were as cold and damp as mermaids. The rowers were drenched to their skin when we reached the other side, and following up their own wise precepts immediately started to walk to Keswick.

We turned into the inn for some hot coffee, and revolved, before a hot fire, in a cloud of steam, till the coach was ready to start.

We were evidently an inexplicable trio to the honeymoon couple, who sat cosily warming their feet, guiltless of a drop of rain.

Some of the other tourists exhibited kindly fellow-feelings, and even the bran-new little wife gave the fire a gentle poke that we might roast the more quickly.

The drive back was most beautiful, only disturbed by sharp, peppery showers; squeals as the Charley-bang rounded acute angles, and the entertaining contortions exhibited on the face of the male half of the honeymoon couple when the "Spread Eagle," at every gust of wind, poked the dripping ribs of her dilapidated gamp down his shirt collar.

The first stretch of the road is cut in the side of the hill with a deep gorge to the left. Half-way up here we overtook a dog-cart in distress, the horse had not been properly attended to at the inn and could not move an inch. All the tourists from two rival Charley-bangs, including "Tam" and "Mac" (S. E. being far ahead), helped to push it for a few yards, and many were the suggestions, foolish and otherwise, given by all. "Mac" received respectful attention when she eagerly urged

that the poor animal should be unharnessed and allowed to roll down the precipice for a drink in the torrent below !

Finally the owners were obliged to take it back to Buttermere.

A kind long gentleman in eye-glasses belonging to the van vehicle, was most assiduous in opening gates on the way. Most of the passengers merely thanked him kindly ; this touched the heart of one of our trio and she threw him a half-penny, for which he seemed very grateful.

Our two friends of Crummock Water, as they prophesied, had got into Keswick before us, and while strolling to the Lake after tea we met them.

III.

The next day, feeling incapable of much exertion, we decided that a walk to the "Druids' Circle" would be of agreeable length. After a very damp tramp of an hour we found these ancient relics in a field on the top of a hill. There were forty-eight huge stones spread in a wide circle, several inside forming an oblong division.

It was a wild dreary spot, singularly productive of long and strong quotations. The "Spread Eagle" was evidently imbued with the idea that Boadicea had something to do with it. Our long-suffering gamps were flourished to express dim, but excited poetical feelings on one occasion ; and one especially, distinguished by seven holes and two broken ribs, was found to be of the exact shape of a shield used in warding off something or somebody on that exact spot 200 years B.C.

The following morning we started to climb up Skiddaw. We did not get to the top. After compassing Latrig, a hill on the way, we found ourselves about a mile out of the track and cast lots who should go and ask at a farm house some way off. The lot fell on "Tam." She was so limp as hardly to be

able to jump a brook on the way, but managed it by degrees, and after wading through a farmyard arrived at a buxom lassie with the required information.

A fresh start was made, and in the course of an hour, and through several rain storms, we stood admiring the glorious view from a little white hut halfway up. We sat on a rickety gate, shivered, eat dry biscuits, and wondered whether we should go to the top. Up came two solemn travellers of the kind who would look mildly astonished if addressed without previous introduction in the desert of Sahara. We ventured gently to enquire the time (not as our coachman put it,—“’ow goes the henemy?”). They told us to the second. Then with startling intrepidity our chaperone asked further questions, the result of all being that we sat still and they went up!

Presently, down came at break-neck speed a tornado of a tourist, with necktie awry, enormous nails in his boots, red eyes, and a huge stock. We stopped him in his downward course and asked his advice as to continuing.

He said it was “awfully cold up there,” but that you could see Scotland and the Isle of Man every now and then. The view from where we were of the masses of mountains, clouds, and beautiful Derwentwater was so lovely that we could easily dispense with the map-like prospect from the summit; and we were soon tramping homeward, feeling that the day had in no wise been lost.

In the evening we rowed on the lake, and landed (or stranded) on Herbert’s Isle. There are still the remains of his domiciliary residence, and the ground was covered with prim-roses, anemonies, and blown-down trees.

IV.

Our next visit was to the Pencil Works, where we saw the interesting (?) process of lead got into cedar wood.

Southey's house is close to the works, and is now used as a ladies' school.

Thinking that we should like to know what it was to dine once more, our unwilling chaperone was made to follow us into the Queen's Hotel, where, rather to her disgust, we hailed a joint with joy.

The trio afterwards emptied their purses to pay for the same, when lo! it was found that enough was not forthcoming; and, much to the amusement of a hitherto solemn clerical gentleman, it was agreed that unhappy "Tam" should stay as hostage, while the "Spread Eagle" and "Mac" went home to fetch more money.

"Tam" was accordingly looking sorrowfully round for a book to while away the interval, when it was discovered, after some severe arithmetical calculations, that there was enough after all, and the trio departed in peace instead of in pieces.

We then had a long walk up to Walla Crag, a high rocky point between Keswick and Lodore. It was a tiring expedition, inasmuch as the last half mile consisted of getting over walls and scrambling round and over fallen trees which lay in hundreds on the bleak heights. We visited a lonely shepherd's hut on the way back, and stopped at a farmhouse for some cream.

This was our noble "Spread Eagle's" last evening. Higher duties were to call her on the morrow to the smoky old city of the south. Her jovial laugh would be heard no more from the Smithian sofa, from the tub on the lake, from the bogs, or from the shaky heights of the char-à-banc. And how would she be missed! not only by her grateful charges "Tam" and

"Mac," but also at the receipts of custom of many merchants, and by the deaf old patriarch of the curiosity shop.

We sallied forth once more after tea, dropped "Mac" at the shoemaker's, where she was irretrievably lost, turned over most of the goods in one shop, and had a last desperate trot along the lake before turning-in for the night.

The next morning, after victimising ourselves to a photographer, we just had time to row to Lodore and back before conducting our *chaperone* to the station.

The difficulties of all three in sticking to the big box, little box, handbox, shawls, packages, bags and bundles, were not slight, but were at last overcome, and the property of the "Spread Eagle" was even triumphantly got into the same train with herself! Our hearty blessings followed our Roman friend, and we only hope she enjoyed the time at jolly little Keswick as much as we did. The deserted duet tramped, called at a lollipop shop for consolation, and then sketched, read, and froze for an hour on the end of Hermit's Crag.

The most beautiful walk we had near Derwentwater was to Watendlath. The Lodore omnibus dropped us at a gate leading to the rocky, steep, lovely road, through woods, over mountain rills and rickety bridges, till, at the end of a long winding pass, we came to the few bleak houses of Watendlath.

On the way thither we overlook three neat old ladies with alpenstocks, giving them some trouble, and a guide. Time and speed fail one in recounting all that those three energetic ladies did and said during the half-day in which we were continually meeting them; but they and the dear old cobbler, who so solemnly advised "Mac" about her shoes in Rosthwaite, ought to go into a book.

On the way back we went to inspect the "Bowder Stone," an immense block of rock fallen from above. "Mac" took the trouble to ascend it by the "blue ladder," for which she was

caught by a buxom dame, as usual with : "Anything you like to give, Miss."

"Tam" wisely made off with much dignity, but "Mac" stayed to inquire if the "expenses of the ladder had not been paid yet?"

The following day we parted from our kind landlady, caught the coach at nine, and went on to Grasmere. The coachman was grieved with us on account of a previous argument with the "Spread Eagle" as to the fare. We felt how unjust it was; but he evidently considered we were only to be tolerated with grave solemnity, because we belonged to that absent bargaining culprit. He thawed however as we neared Wythburn, and helped the poor, stiff and frozen tourists down to see the church. This sacred edifice is noble and imposing. It contains about half a dozen pews, an altar like a matchbox, and a font like a thimble. Also (but for this I will not be responsible) the clergyman combines in his duties those of minister, choir, sexton, bellringer, clerk, chapel-scrubber, duster, surplice-washer, and lighter-up!

The ride to Grasmere is not interrupted by a continual getting-up-and-down, which is such an aggravating feature of the usual tours, and invariably lets the walking tourist get in first.


At Thirlmere the driver blew a few musical notes on his horn, which were echoed by the mountains on the other side of the lake by a beautiful, mournful, soft sound, as if some unhappy spirit were imprisoned beyond the rocky gorges and could only tell of its lonely existence by answering across the waters, if all were still and everyone holding his breath to listen.

A little further on we were under the great mass of tossed about rocks called "Helm Crag." From one point of the road it appears as if a huge lion were seated on the top gazing at

the setting sun. Nearer Grasmere we could distinctly make out Wordsworth's "ancient woman" playing an organ. Our poetical ideas respecting this patient old lady were much disturbed by the coachman's assertion, that if the wind were in the right quarter she might be distinctly heard playing "Over the hills and far away."

(To be continued.)

THE TEARS OF JOCHEBED.

N our return to school this term, we found a splendid addition to the wall of Dining Hall through the kindness of J. Ruston, Esq., M.P. for Lincoln, who presented the College with a magnificent oil-painting by Wynfeldt, a Dutch artist. It has a very handsome deep gilt frame, at the top of which there is a scroll inscribed with gilt letters, indicating the chapter and verse on which the subject is founded.

The picture represents the child Moses in the arms of Jochebed, who is resting on the bank of the river before entrusting her babe to its waters; while kneeling by her side, and to the right of the picture, is Miriam. The slightly upturned face of Jochebed expresses suppressed anguish, though through it one can discern a calm imploring look, as if she were seeking strength for the coming separation. Around her head and shoulders is a white, loose, shawl-like garment, so common in the East. Her right arm is fondly encircling her child, who lies helpless and contented on his mother's knee, ignorant of his approaching separation, and ignorant alike with his sister and mother of their near reunion.

That little curly-headed boy seems such a small cause for such

great sorrow. Oh! if only that mother knew how short the parting would be, that tearful upturned face—dreading to take the last look at her child—would have expressed the intense joy which she ere long manifested.

The still glorious rays of the setting eastern sun, shedding a warm glow from over the dark trees and bulrushes, are yet so bright as to cause Miriam to shade her eyes with her dark bronzed hand. The earnest gaze of her beautiful black eyes, belongs to one who fears the approach of those who would cruelly break in upon her mother's last sorrowful moments with her little son.

The light and shade of the picture is exquisite, and shows to perfection Miriam's graceful figure and fine features, with her dark hair coiled loosely behind her well-formed head; while her long Eastern robe of light blue has fallen from off her shoulder, and lies in deep rich folds at her feet.

Though sad, Miriam's face displays all the eager hopefulness of youth. The expressiveness of the faces, the magnificent sky, shading from yellow to red above the distant trees, and gradually deepening until it becomes a dark bluish purple, gains for the picture the admiration of all who see it. And I think I may truly say, that those who see it are not likely to forget it.

ALICE COSTER.

THE CONGREGATIONAL SCHOOL FOR SONS OF MINISTERS, CATERHAM VALLEY, SURREY.

THE Congregational School has lately been removed from Lewisham to a new building at Caterham, in Surrey. On Friday, 10th inst., the public opening took place and we were invited to go. It turned out to be a very wet and cold day, and the journey down was anything but

pleasant, but we forgot all about that when we got there. The building is a handsome red-brick edifice, in Queen Anne style; and the inside is as handsome as the outside. Everything of course, was new and fresh. We were shown into the school-room, where a Devotional Service, conducted by Dr. Parker, was about to take place. Four hymns were sung, the dedicatory prayer was offered by Mr. Viney, and Dr. Parker gave an address; also Rev. J. Morlais Jones, of Lewisham, the former pastor of the boys, who was received with great applause. He gave us a stirring address full of wise counsel and good wishes for the future prosperity of the school. When the service was over we went into the playroom, where a very pretty and substantial luncheon was set out. When all had finished, the boys who were going to have their dinner afterwards, came in, and speeches were delivered by several gentlemen. Mr. Viney said, amongst other things, that there was still a debt of £3,000 on the building which they wished very much to have cleared off. Friends had been most liberal in giving before, and as the sale of the land which was not wanted, would, he thought, realise £1,500,—at least £1,000—he was of opinion that the debt might be cleared off there and then. Many gave very liberally, and after a few more speeches—in which the Caterham friends were very much against selling the land, if it could possibly be helped—Mr. Rudd, the head-master, gave us an address. He said that their object was to train the boys to be men, and not only that, but Christian men also; that their moral training was looked after quite as much as their intellectual, and he hoped that many truly Christian men would go out into the world from that school. Then a good many of us had to go, or we should have missed our train, but we had time to look round the building first. The boys have large, clean, airy dormitories. The neat little white beds are placed back to back, with a thin wooden partition between. They have little chests between the

beds, in which they keep one change of linen, and the rest is put in the larger chests which are in the room. There is room for thirty boys in each dormitory, and the masters' bedrooms open out from the boys' rooms. Outside is a lavatory, with basins to wash in and hooks to hang the towels on, also looking-glasses. Downstairs they have several well-appointed classrooms and a schoolroom, also the play-room and dining-hall.

We were very sorry indeed to leave, and hope to see it again some day soon.

A. SCOTT.

THE UPLAND PASTURE.



WHEN, with increasing splendour,
Through long and sultry days,
The fierce red sun his course has run,
And set in golden haze;

When from each barren pasture
The patient herds are led,
And every flower, in mead and bower,
Droops low its thirsty head—

The Alpine shepherd, watching
On sun-burnt plains below,
Looks upward to the mountains crowned
With everlasting snow;
Where, fresh and fair, in that pure air,
The Upland Pasture lies,
In fiercest heat a cool retreat
Beneath the silent skies.

Then calling to his fleecy charge,
He mounts the sunny slope,
His eye more bright, his step more light,
Impelled by eager hope;
While smooth the path beneath their feet,
Their Shepherd ever near,
The timid flocks, 'mid frowning rocks,
Press closely in his rear.

But when some rough-hewn mountain crag,
Or jutting granite wall,
Hides him from sight, though clear and bright
Echoes his well-known call,
The foolish sheep descend the steep
Towards the barren plain,
Preferring present rest and ease
To hope of future gain.

Yet still resolved his flock to save,
Cost what the effort may,
The patient shepherd once again
Leads up the toilsome way;
But on his arm, secure from harm,
And every hurtful shock,
He gently bears a snow-white lamb,
The fairest of the flock.

Now, though the upward track may lie
O'er many a giddy height,
His steps they trace, nor fear to face
The shadows of the night,
Till in the Upland Pasture,
'Mid shade and sunny gleam,
Shepherd and sheep together rest
Beside the cooling stream.

Our Shepherd bids us follow,
For He Himself has trod:
In darkest night the rugged height
That leads to home and God;
There lies *our* Upland Pasture,
Our home of rest and peace,
Serenely bright with God's own light
And joys that never cease.

But when from Him departing
Our faith and love grow cold,
Our Shepherd fain would lead us
Back to the Heavenly Fold;
Thither He bears up starry heights
The treasure of our home,
While still more clear His voice we hear
Bidding us "rise and come."

So one by one they gather,
Whence none can ever stray,
And with our loving Shepherd wait
The dawning of the day;
Oh! dear and peaceful Homeland,
Where parting cannot be,
Oh! happy, happy meeting,
Around the Crystal Sea.

LILIAN DAVIES.

REALISM IN FICTION.

IN one of Knatchbull Hugesson's delightful fairy stories, a little man is described, whose duty it is to go about the world picking up all the scraps of conversation which may fall in his way. He is represented as carrying home many tons' weight; but the object of his collection is left to the reader's imagination. Supposing him to be busily at work in most of the reading rooms, conversaziones, and drawing-room gatherings of the day, a fair guess might be made as to the probable subject of many of his scraps. One or two phrases would be sure to occur, many of them several times over, most noticeably "the degeneracy of the age," and "the signs of the times." One class of people seem to find their greatest happiness in gloomily foreboding the speedy fall and disgrace of their native land. "Other nations have fallen, why not ours?" say they. "Is history to stop for John Bull?" &c. Grim parallels are drawn between the effeminate luxury and licentiousness of the last days of Rome, and the many trifles which have been blowing about in our nineteenth century atmosphere. The craze for decayed vegetable colours, peacocks' feathers, china, and other utterdoms, has been the foundation of prophecies innumerable; while the quintessence of luxury to be

found in the furnishing of my lady's bedroom, &c., has called up visions of invasion and destruction from hardier races in the north, appalling in the extreme. The "disproportionate worship" of Irving, and the rage for acting which a little while ago formed the butt for considerable raillery in many of the comic papers of the day, go to swell a similar stream.

But one of the most fruitful sources of this kind of thought, and at first sight one of the most reasonable, is the present condition of English Fiction—its apparent poverty, and the vicissitudes through which it is passing, and seems destined to pass. Quantity does not mean quality: and it is an undeniable fact that out of the ten thousand and one volumes which have issued from the press during the last five or six years, not one has been found able to rank with the standard works, which poured forth in such rich abundance twenty years or so ago. Thackeray, George Eliot, Charlotte Brontë, and Kingsley, all have passed away, and as yet no one has been found to take their place. The articles in many newspapers that touch at all on the subject tell the same sad tale; but one or two of them throw a side-light upon the reason of this seemingly deplorable failure, which, if not altogether scattering its darkness, yet reveals it as the forerunner of a still more glorious dawn. They represent it as a time of quiet preparation, in which the forces which have been spending themselves hitherto on an object both exhausting and comparatively unprofitable, gather themselves up for a fresh and vigorous start in a new field. To put the matter in a few words, they declare that English thought has at last arrived at the conclusion that the time for idealism is past, and that the day of realism is at hand.

These words are bandied about so freely that at first sight it is not quite easy to understand the exact idea which their various employers mean them to convey. When an enthusiastic advocate of the latter *ism* begins his argument by an attack

upon Dickens as one of the best (or, as he would probably term it, one of the worst) specimens of the opposite school, declaring his characters utterly unnatural and overdrawn, and his works condemned by every man of good education as the products of an unliterary pen, many of us feel a strong disinclination for any education that would raise us above such a long-time friend, and an equally strong dislike for any reaction which would seem to make it necessary. So we begin to make up our minds at once that realism, whatever it may be, will not prove to our taste. But proceeding farther, we begin to see that the writer is only crusading against the absurdly unnatural and one-sided views of life which are to be found in so many of the novels in the circulating libraries in England. Here we agree with him thoroughly, and somewhat mollified in our opinions we proceed yet further. Perhaps we come to a sentence something like this: "An author (that is to say if he wishes to write a novel of any literary excellence) can no more sit in his study weaving characters and striking episodes from the raw material of his own imagination into a well-connected plot. On the contrary, his book must be the result of long experience and a keen observant power. It must be written of people whom the author has himself met with, of scenes and episodes which he has himself witnessed. Nor must he open his eyes to one side of life only. All must be fairly looked into, and all described with equal justice."

Here, again, some of us would be inclined to demur. It seems impossible that any author can sit down to his work without some definite object in view, and taking the above conditions for granted, some doubt seems to arise as to what this object may be. Turning again to the best possible authorities on the subject, the advocates of realism themselves, an answer is found in a moment.

"Our object is to paint life as it really is, or to use the words

of a great master, 'to show the very age, its form and pressure.' "

At first sight this seems satisfactory enough, but on looking at it more closely it does not seem to reach far enough back. It can hardly be that life-like description, and life-like description only, can be the ultimate aim and object of their work. A man of genius, as any great novel-writer must necessarily be, will scarcely be content without exercising some influence over the minds of his contemporaries ; and with a few painful exceptions, it seems to be a pretty general fact that present-day authors desire to exercise it for good. Still, some followers of the new school seem to deny this ; and one of the leading magazines of the day quotes the following passage as an example :—

"Your duty is to describe what you see. As to its influence upon morals, you are no more concerned with it than you are with the influence of human life, as modern civilisation has developed it, upon the morals of the individual."

It was, happily, no English hand that penned the above lines ; and while the English are such firm believers as they are to-day in their natural duty, man toward man, as inhabitants of a common world, and while they strive as earnestly as at the present moment to hand on the torch of truth and progress, not only no less bright than when they received it, but rather burning with a yet more brilliant radiancy, inspired by the breath of their own enthusiasm, such a thought cannot fail to meet with the condemnation it justly deserves.

The reviews of the day (to which the author of this paper is indebted for many other of the thoughts contained in it) tell us that a certain class of the present-day French novels are unreadable, on account of the hideous details and crimes which they describe. To defend such a course as this by saying that life contains such things, and that therefore life-painters must be as careful to delineate and include them in their work as any

other part of human nature, seems rather a fallacious kind of argument. The author surely intends his book to be read, and though to be acquainted with "all sorts and conditions of men" is very well in theory, few fathers or mothers desire to have any knowledge themselves of bad men beyond what is necessary and springs from a desire to improve them; much less do they desire it for their children.

At times it has fallen to the lot of an author, as a member of the general commonwealth, to try and remedy some crying evil by bringing it forcibly before the notice of the public, and by making it impossible for them longer to ignore it. But it is for no object of this kind that many French, and unfortunately a few English authors, spend their time in recording the doings of depraved and worthless men; indeed, they stoutly disavow any such idea.

If realism is to mean this, many of us would prefer to go back to our old loved romances, strained and unnatural though they may be; but happily it is not so, and the fact that books can be written true to life in every particular, and yet be perfectly pure, has been attested by too many master-hands already to be doubted. The work begun by Thackeray, George Eliot and Charlotte Brontë has shown itself such a lasting power, that the reason of their supremacy is being inquired into by every aspirant for like honour. Hence the well-founded prediction of a coming change in the whole spirit of the world of Fiction.

Still the old perfect characters, and the romances in which everyone receives his full share of a regularly poetic justice, will not be allowed to pass away without many a regret. Human nature is so proverbially full of weaknesses and foibles, that where real life, and real life only is described, the pen will probably have more to do with its vices than its virtues; and a more vivid impression of evil to be avoided than of good to be followed will, in all likelihood, be left behind. On the other

hand, stories of the opposite school naturally act in a contrary direction, if well written; and there are still those to be found to whom a sermon of "Dos" is more welcome than one of "Donts."

It is interesting to note that what is often spoken of as the "new" school, is really the oldest of all; and its future disciples will have a hard fight before they produce such life-like characters as many of those to be found in the pages of the "Vicar of Wakefield," or as some of Smollett's sailors.

K. ST. JOHN CONWAY.

THE FISHES.

ONCE upon a time there was a beautiful grotto underneath the sea. A great number of different sea-weeds covered the ground, together with pretty little sea-anemones of all colours, a few star-fish, and many others of the same sort.

The little coral insects had built a pretty red island for the other fishes, with tiny houses in it, coated with soft white sand to keep them warm and snug. The sea-weeds in the little gardens hid the entrances from sight. The sea was very calm overhead. The sun shone brightly, and all was peace. Two little craw-fish were building a house for a neighbouring dog-fish. "Oh!" said one, "isn't it hot?" "Yes," said the other. "I wish all the dog-fish were sunk under the sand, rather than that they should make us do all their work for nothing."

"But it would not be much use if they were," replied the other, "for they would soon unearth themselves again. I only wish that we could have a revolution; the dog-fish have been

at the head of the state too long already, they are most awfully conceited." They went on talking and arguing so earnestly that they did not notice that a young whiting was listening to their conversation.

Directly they had finished their work they began picking up their tools, preparatory to going home. The young whiting set off quickly, and darting round a rock, was soon out of sight.

The two little craw-fish then went home together and enjoyed a friendly cup of tea (fishes' tea). Meanwhile the mischief-making young whiting, seeing a number of older whittings sitting together, darted in among them crying, "What do you think I have heard? The craw-fish are going to rebel against the state!" The older whittings pricked up their ears and listened attentively to what the youngster said. "How many were there?" said one clever old eel, who happened to be in the assembly. "Oh," answered the whiting quickly, "I was behind a rock and couldn't see, but I heard a great many voices." Just then, two dog-fish policemen coming up behind, told the whiting to disperse and clear the way; but on being told what was the matter, they were soon engaged in talking quite as earnestly as the others. The dog-fish were the chief people in the state and thought a great deal of themselves. Next in rank came the craw-fish, then the lobsters and whittings, and lastly the shrimps, crabs, and shell-fish. The policemen took down all they could gather as to the intended revolt of the craw-fish and swam off with it to head-quarters. Several craw-fish passed the assemblage and wondered at the cold glances which were directed towards them, but were too busily employed to ask the reason. The next day to their surprise the craw-fish received a challenge. No reason was assigned for this proceeding, extraordinary to them, for generally peace reigned supreme in their little kingdom. So the craw-fish held a council of war, and

decided to ask the aid of the lobsters and crabs, and to get one or two sword-fish from a neighbouring state to come and help them. The sea was ruffled on the surface, the sun had gone down, dark lurid clouds came hurrying up from the far west, and all was war and tumult.

The craw-fish lost no time in carrying out their designs. They invited some of the lobsters to their conferences, which pleased them very much. One of them advised that a party of shrimps should be hired to get into the way of the dog-fish. Meanwhile the other side had not been idle. They had hired some cockles and mussels to come and build barricades for them. They set spies to watch what the craw-fish were doing, but the latter were too clever for them and their attempts proved fruitless. The camp of the whiting was on a stretch of sand, with rocks on either side. The craw-fish discovered this, and the shrimps crept under the sand and the lobsters in among the rocks, all waiting till it should be time for them to make themselves useful.

The sword-fish took the lead, the craw-fish followed and the crabs came behind, with all their claws and feelers sharpened like needles. The sea was covered with great white crests of foam, the wind lashed it into fury, thunder rolled, lightning flashed, the sea-weeds drooped their pretty heads in fear. The fishes flew about in their thirst for revenge. It was a fearful fight, for both sides fought bravely. At first the craw-fish seemed likely to be beaten, but when the lobsters and crabs crept out of their holes and caught hold of the tails of the dog-fish, and the shrimps almost blinded them, they retreated in great confusion. Still the whiting and their friends tried to rally their scattered forces, but at last were forced to yield. The craw-fish held the field.

After this the whiting tried to get the craw-fish to sign a treaty; but failed, for the craw-fish were angry at what seemed

to them an unprovoked attack. At last the chief of the dog-fish came over to sue for peace, and the craw-fish decided to settle the dispute by a trial of the chief offenders.

The young whiting confessed to having exaggerated matters to a great extent, and was sentenced to banishment for ten months, after which time it was hoped she would be older and wiser. The two little craw-fish were severely scolded by their respective parents for talking such nonsense, and the rest of the whittings were advised by the council not to be so hasty another time. An old lobster crept out of her hole and addressed the council. "My children," said she, "you see what harm may be done by a few thoughtless words, and by the repetition of anything you do not understand. Never say anything as if it were a fact unless you are sure of it." With this she hobbled off to her hole, and the assembly dispersed.

The sun was rising in the East, the waves had once more become quiet. The sea-weeds raised their heads rejoicing in the warmth. And all was peace again.

NORA CONWAY.

SCHOOL NEWS.



SINCE the issue of our last Magazine a delightful six weeks' holiday has come and gone, but before we went home two or three events worthy of notice took place. Foremost among these was a visit paid to us on July 8, by the deacons with their wives, from the churches in the neighbourhood of London. Martin Smith, Esq., took the chair, and the Rev. Joshua Harrison distributed the Cambridge certificates. The object our committee had in view

in inviting our guests was to interest the churches they represented in our college. During their stay chemical experiments were carried on in the laboratory, where also the members of the cookery class were at work, art needlework was shown in some of the class-rooms and in the studio, the drawings, hand-painted china and clay models lately finished by the art students, and, as usual, some of the gymnasts performed in the gymnasium. About a fortnight afterwards a lecture from Mr. Robins on the "Ethics of Art," was especially enjoyed by the art students. He dwelt principally on Long's conception of women as shown by his pictures "Esther," "Queen Vashti," and that which appeared in the Royal Academy of 1882, "Diana or Christ."

A pleasure more generally shared was the visit, towards the close of the term, of our old friend, the Rev. Joshua Harrison. He was warmly interested in our project of adding to our Natural History Museum by stores to be collected while we were away, and gave us many friendly hints as to the best way of enjoying our holidays.

Several valuable additions have been made to the museum by some of our companions, among which we beg to acknowledge with thanks the following contributions:—Specimens of iron ore and a flying fish caught in the Mediterranean, presented by M. Martin; stones and fossils from the Giant's Causeway, by E. and P. Turner; snake's skin, by E. Craig; African snake, by Meirion Jones; Red Coral from the Red Sea, by M. and E. Champness; piece of Roman tessellated pavement from Whately, by M. Plank; back of a saw shark, by E. and E. Webb; pieces of the pavement and lava from Pompeii; silver and tin ore from Cornwall, by K. and N. Conway; Jamaica seeds, by M. Dunlop; petrified nest, from Matlock, by L. Blake; fossils from Whately, and a specimen of Whitby jet (polished and unpolished), by A. Coster.

Returning again to work on September 16th, much interest was excited by the discovery that the Oxford reports had arrived. Considering their short time of preparation the several candidates have obtained, on the whole, a very satisfactory result.

The most noticeable change in our studies is in the subject of our elocution classes. A few terms ago, during a lecture on "Tom Hood" by Mr. Curwen, Mr. Kestin recited several selections from the works of this author; and, remembering the enjoyment he then gave us, we could not but be pleased to find that he was to aid us during the coming term in our elocution. But what is most generally appreciated, perhaps, is the half hour which he devotes every week to reciting to us. Amongst other selections, we have had the pleasure of hearing him deliver the latter part of "Enoch Arden" and one of "Macaulay's Lays."

The play which the Oxford students are now studying is "The Tempest," and they were again helped in their work by a very interesting lecture from Professor Morley on this subject. As on the previous occasion, Shakespeare's object in writing this play was shown to most of us in an entirely new and striking light.

Our art gallery has this term been enriched by a present from J. Ruston, Esq., M.P., of a beautiful oil painting, representing Jochebed and Miriam with the infant child Moses, a description of which will be found elsewhere, and by two large coloured prints of "Ancient and Modern Jerusalem," in gilt frames, from Thomas Scrutton, Esq.

Great excitement prevailed a week or so ago on account of the eclipse of the moon. The whole school turned out to see it, and the beautiful night gave us ample opportunity for witnessing the whole phenomenon.

We cannot bring this chronicle to a close without congratu-

lating our "elder brother" at Caterham on the noble buildings which have just been opened. We most heartily wish them ever-increasing happiness and prosperity.

CELIA CHANDLER.

PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON MATRICULATION.

DIVISION I.—JUNE, 1884.

Bolton, E. I., Lancaster

Gilfillan, L. H., Croydon

Conway, K. St. J., Walthamstow

Tuck, L. H., Lewisham

OXFORD LOCAL EXAMINATION.

The italic letters denote distinction in English (*b*), Languages (*c*), Drawing (*f*), Music (*g*).

SENIORS.—DIVISION II.

Champness, M. Mc N. (*b, c*)

DIVISION III.

Chadburn, M. M.

Hall, L. M.

Pope, L. J.

Charlesworth, A. F.

Henson, R. M. (*f*)

*Shaw, K. M. (*b, g*)

Edwards, M. G. (*b, g*)

Johns, M. G.

Sweet, M. E. (*b*)

JUNIORS.—DIVISION II.

Gilfillan, H. P.

DIVISION III.

Anthony, S. G.

Darby, E. A.

Johnson, E.

*Balgarnie, A. M.

Dixon, A. R.

Lewis, H. U.

Burgess, A.

Edwards, V.

Shrewsbury, M.

*Cobham, E. M.

*Frankenstein, A.

Starmer, E. E.

Daniels, G.

*Gutteridge, E. M.

Sturt, L.

Darby, L. A.

Hurndall, E. C.

Watson, E.

* Signifies Pupil of High School.

Public Examinations.

COLLEGE OF PRECEPTORS.

CLASS II.—DIVISION I.

Starmer, E. L.	Partner, B.
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DIVISION II.

Hall, B.	Snashall, F.
----------	--------------

DIVISION III.

Hastings, C. B.	Harding, B.
-----------------	-------------

CLASS III.—DIVISION I

Jones, A.	Courtball, E.	Turner, E.
Martin, M.	Fowler, E.	Jubb, F.
Noyes, J.	Houchin, C.	Clifton S.
Wilson, G.	Scott, A.	Eldridge, R.
Saunders, E.	Thomas, M.	Coster, A. (Special
Wareham, A.	Barfield, A.	Drawing)

DIVISION II.

Lewis, E.	Howell, M.	Farren, E.
Ault, E.	Merchant, F.	Hollowell, E.
Cocker, L.	Barnard, E.	Huddleston, M.
Gough, E.		

DIVISION III.

Nicholls, M.

SCIENCE AND ART DEPARTMENT (SOUTH KENSINGTON).

MAY, 1884.

DRAWING.

(e) signifies excellence, with Second Grade prize.

FREEHAND.

Anthony, G. (e)	Hall, B.	Plank, M.
Coster, A	Houchin, C.	Robinson, C. B.
Couzens, A.	Hurndall, E.	Sturt, E.
Darby, E.	Partner, B.	Tubb, E.
Eldridge, R.	Peel, M	Williams, A. M. (e)
Fowler, E.		

MODELS.

Courtball, E.	Dodge, E.	Williams, A. M. (c)
Daniels, G.	Hall, B.	

GEOMETRY.

Evans, A.	Thomson, M.
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PERSPECTIVE.

Chadburn, M. (c)	Henson, R. (c)
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ANIMAL PHYSIOLOGY.

ELEMENTARY STAGE.—CLASS II.

Atkinson, E. A.	Houchin, C. E.	Starmer, E. L.
Darby, E. A.	Johns, M. G.	Starmer, E. E.
Hall, L. M.	Seymour, E. M.	Sturt, E. J.
Harker, E.		

ACOUSTICS, LIGHT, AND HEAT.

ADVANCED STAGE.—CLASS II.

Bolton, E. I.	Conway, K. St. J.
---------------	-------------------

ELEMENTARY STAGE.—CLASS I.

Chandler, C. A.	Moffett, E. J.
-----------------	----------------

CLASS II.

Chadburn, M. M.	Partner, B.	Sweet, M. E.
Champness, M. McN.	Pope, L.	Tuck, L. H.
Henson, R. M.		

MATHEMATICS.

SECOND STAGE.—CLASS II.

Nicholson, C.

FIRST STAGE.—CLASS I.

Conway, K. St. J.

Public Examinations.

CLASS II.

Anthony, M. A.	Edwards, V.	Lea, M. H.
Burgess, A.	Evans, A. L.	Mabbs, E. W.
Chadburn, M. M.	Gilfillan, L. H.	Moffett, E. J.
Charlesworth, A. F.	Gilfillan, H. P.	Partner, B.
Chew, E. A.	Harker, E.	Pope, L. J.
Courtnall, E. A.	Henson, R. M.	Shrewsbury, M.
Davies, M.	Hurdall, E. C.	Sweet, M. E.
Darby, E. A.	Hooke, D. E.	Tuck, L. H.
Dodge, E.	Johns, M. G.	Watson, E.
Daniels, G.	Jubb, L. G.	Williams, A. M.
Edwards, M. G.		

THEORETICAL MECHANICS.

ELEMENTARY STAGE.—CLASS I.

Bolton, E. I.	Chandler, C. A.
Conway, K. St. J.	Thomson, M.

CLASS II.

Gilfillan, L. H.	Tuck, L. H.
Moffett, E. J.	Anthony, M. A.

INORGANIC CHEMISTRY.

ELEMENTARY STAGE.—CLASS I.

Conway, K. St. J.	Gilfillan, L. H.	Moffett, E. J.
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CLASS II.

Anthony, M. A.	Gilfillan, H. P.	Snashall, F. A.
Burgess, A.	Henson, R. M.	Sweet, M. E.
Chadburn, M. M.	Hurdall, E. C.	Thomson, M.
Champness, M. Mc N.	Partner, B.	Tuck, L. H.
Chandler, C. A.	Pope, L. J.	

ELEMENTARY BOTANY.

CLASS II.

Anthony, S. G.	Shrewsbury, M.	Starmer, E. L.
Atkinson, E. A.	Seymour, E. M.	Darby, E. A.

PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY.

ELEMENTARY STAGE.—CLASS II.

Bolton, E. I.	Anthony, M. A.	Sweet, M. E.
Thomson, M.	Gilfillan, L. H.	Conway, K. St. J.
Chadburn, M. M.	Champness, M. Mc N.	

HIGH SCHOOL.

COLLEGE OF PRECEPTORS.

CLASS II.—DIVISION II.

Dunn, E. M.

CLASS III.—DIVISION II.

Frankenstein, E.

SOUTH KENSINGTON.

BOTANY.

Bryant, N.

DRAWING.

FREEHAND.

Dunn, E. M. Paine, E.

ACOUSTICS, LIGHT, AND HEAT.

CLASS I.

Nicholas, L.

PHYSIOLOGY.

CLASS I.

Bryant, M.

CLASS II.

Bryant, N.	Ashton, J.	Shrewsbury, E.
Paine, E.	Paine, R.	Cobham, N.
	Frankenstein, A.	

MATHEMATICS.

CLASS II.

Singleton, B.	Bryant, M.
Paine, R.	Mallinson, E.

MARRIAGES.

DUKES—POPE.—July 31st, at the Congregational Church, Sandford, by the father of the bride, Rev. E. J. Dukes, son of J. Dukes, Esq., of Leytonstone, to Edith Mary, eldest daughter of Rev. H. Pope, of Sandford, Crediton, Devon.

MORTON—COSTER.—August 2nd, at the Westcliff Congregational Church, Whitby, by the father of the bride, John Morton, of Shepherd's Bush, to Bertha, eldest surviving daughter of Rev. G. T. Coster, of Whitby.

MARSHALL—RAWLINSON.—August 21st, at Zion Chapel, Manchester, by the father of the bride, assisted by Rev. J. Guinness Rogers, B.A., T. Marshall, Esq., of Manchester, to Edith, daughter of Rev. J. Rawlinson, of Manchester.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

WE beg to acknowledge with thanks :—A large oil painting by Wynfeldt, kindly presented by J. Ruston, Esq., M.P., illustrating a scene in the life of Moses ; a beautiful album of British Algae exquisitely mounted, from Mrs. James Scrutton ; two prints representing Ancient and Modern Jerusalem, from J. Scrutton, Esq. ; the biographies of John Wiclif and Adoniram Judson, from Rev. J. R. Thomson, M.A. ; the Life of John Ruskin, from T. Ridley Prentice, Esq., A.R.A.M. ; Violinist's Album and Repertoire, from Alfred Burnett, Esq., R.A.M. For the Museum : the wing of an Indian flying fish and a sea-horse from India, from Miss Morse ; a blue idol and chain taken from the coffin of an Egyptian mummy, and three coins from Miss Wolstenholme ; a carved gourd and sea urchins, with the spines complete, from Miss Perry ; the skull of a cuttle fish and some shells from Normandy, from Madame de Nolhac.

Also the receipt of the following Magazines :—*Mill Hill, Whitgift* (2), *Thistle, Cinque Port, Oxford High School, City of London, Our Magazine, Educational Record, and Eastbourne Cliftonian.*

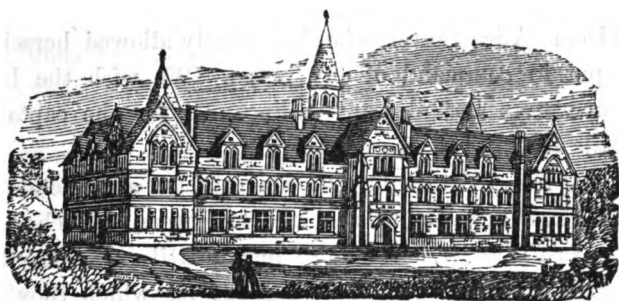
THE MILTON MOUNT MAGAZINE

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1885

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PRICE SIXPENCE.



ORA ET LABORA.

Milton Mount Magazine.

MARCH, 1885.

EDITORIAL.

ONCE more we are permitted to enter on a New Year of school work and pleasures, and once more we wish our friends, one and all, a happy and prosperous year. This term will be a very short one, as we shall have our holidays as early as Easter, in order to be back at school in time for the South Kensington examinations. The saying is "Short but sweet," and it is to be hoped that it applies in this case; for being too early in the year for tennis, cricket, or much out-door amusement, we are enjoying a term of good hard work uninterrupted by any public examination.

Last term, with many regrets, we bade farewell to our captain. Her term of office was short, but none the less are we grateful for all she has done for her crew. Sorry as we are to lose our old leader, still we very heartily

welcome Alice Coster, who has kindly allowed herself to be put in command of our vessel. We wish the latter clear waters and pleasant sailing, and for the captain a docile crew during the coming year.

It is our pleasant duty to congratulate our friends the three ex-Miltonians who took their degrees of Bachelor of Arts last October. We do so very heartily, wishing them success in any future examinations for which they may enter. We also record with pleasure the fact that the two girls who took the Matriculation examination this Christmas have passed in the first division, and that Edith Bolton has gained the Art Scholarship of £30.

A RECORD OF THE DOINGS OF SOME "OLD MILTONIANS" DURING THE EASTER HOLIDAYS, APRIL, 1884.



OUR few days at Ambleside contain little worth remembering. Windermere, though so large, is not half so beautiful as Derwentwater; and our temporary habitation was not near enough to the lake, so we soon decided to go back to Grasmere.

Before leaving we heard Canon Bell preach at the beautiful little church designed by Sir G. Scott; and in the same afternoon rambled up to Stock Gyll Force. On Monday we had time for a sharp, but showery row on the lake; and whiled away the remaining hours by going for a constitutional along an unknown road, taking short cuts through bogs and over walls, plunging over fences to get away from bulls—which were only cows, and crowning our sense of having done the

wrong thing by suddenly disturbing a gentleman and a lady in canoes under a tree.

At last we were bowling away towards Grasmere with strong satisfaction. There was the funniest and most original fellow-traveller on the coach, who kept us in fits of laughter most of the way. He was a "renegade Quaker," a "lost sheep of the House of Friends."

After settling ourselves and our worldly goods at a most comfortable little hotel in the middle of the sweet little tucked-in village, we cast about in our minds what to "do" first. The next day was glorious, and after breakfast a mighty guide-book was hunted up, and we took notes of the way up Helvellyn. With stout sticks, thick boots, shawls, and a sandwich, the duet started off at eleven to "climb the dark brow."

Such a day, and such a magnificent climb it was! The first part of the way was along a shingly track by a mountain stream called "Tongue Gyll;" then after a hot clamber round a grassy hill some rocks at the side of "Seat Sandal" were reached, with a splendid view of Grasmere, down the "Griesdale Pass," Coniston Lake, and the sea beyond. Soon after getting up these rocks we came upon the track again, and continued in the right way over the head of the pass to the gap in the wall. There the sudden view was quite startling. Close at our feet, like a sheet of polished ebony, down in a silent mysterious hollow was the "Griesdale Tarn;" and beyond it "Dolly Waggon Pike," a steep offshoot of Helvellyn with a zigzag track to the top. Between it and another mountain was a wonderful view of hills and lakes and clouds. The path up Dolly Waggon Pike was very laborious and very cool, inasmuch as a snowstorm came on.

We sat down half-way up, to consider the situation and our sandwiches, and to enjoy the snow, which was deliciously refreshing, especially to thirsty Mac, who rushed to every white

patch on the way, and considerably diminished the winterly appearance of the height.

We had not met a soul on the road, except possibly transmigrated ones in the form of sheep, and were therefore quite startled at the top of the Pike to see the helmets of two tourists looming over the brow of the hill. They had been "doing" the lakes wholesale, and on an average half-a-dozen mountains a day, which made us feel insignificant. They were on the way to Grasmere and we to Wythburn; so after a chat and rest we went on again and in half an hour were seated joyfully on the very tip-top. Far below were the Red Tarn and Striding Edge. Scawfell Pike, Skiddaw, Conistone Old Man, Ullswater, Windermere, Esthwaite, Solway Firth, and the Scotch Mountains could all be seen, with dozens of other splendours of nature too bewildering to grasp by mortal mind—especially in a snowstorm. No words will describe it. You must go up and see for yourself, "gentle reader."

The descent to Wythburn was quick but very steep in parts. It is disagreeable to be obliged to run without stopping till your knees feel as if they would give way, but it is worse to go cautiously on with a painful accompaniment of stones rolling after you. We reached the famous little "Nag's Head" Inn at Wythburn at 5.30, very warm but not tired, and after a refreshing cup of tea started off in good form for the remaining five miles into Grasmere.

Next day the rain came down with a will, as if making up for the fine time it had graciously allowed; and seeing no reason for exertion we did not breakfast till ten. The weather showed no signs of abating its profound grief till towards noon. Then the sun shone out—Mac rushed to the village schoolmaster to beg the key of the church organ, and Tam, not feeling drawn towards sitting in a pew to the sound of hymn tunes or the Dead March, wandered about feeling sad and lonely. It struck

her that possibly the duty that lay nearest might be to find some shop for sixpennyworth of hair-pins and a button-hook ; but being in a perverse frame of mind she set her face resolutely the other way, marched briskly round to the " Prince of Wales " for a boat and was soon in the middle of Grasmere, *sola*. After paddling quietly about and disturbing the moorhens and beautiful reflections of the clear lake for an hour or so, the charms of solitude began to grow unromantically less, and Tam was not sorry to hear the faint echo of a well-known " Coo-e-e-eh " coming over the water. She stood up to scan the horizon, and perceived to starboard a broad black post hitherto unobserved, far off on the opposite shore. She rowed towards it—it moved, it lived, and lo! it was Mac. The village schoolmaster had been obdurate and not feeling enthusiastic enough to walk a mile to the vicar she had settled to do without the charms of music.

Rain came on again, but towards evening the clouds lifted and we enjoyed a delightful walk round the lake. The lanes were damp and fresh, the leaves seemed to have doubled their size in the night, and the birds were answering each other across the woods ; and every line and colour of the landscape and sky was perfectly reflected in the quiet water, and peaceful little Grasmere seemed to be lying asleep in its " mountain urn."

A clamber to the top of Helm Crag proved far harder than Helvellyn. Mac kept to the prescribed way, a toilsome journey along a stone wall. Tam took an apparently short cut, which entailed throwing sketch-book and lunch up for a yard or two and struggling after them. Throwing Mrs. Nelson's crisp gingerbread about in this way did not answer, for presently it bounced and took a plunge into the depths below, alighting fortunately very near Mac's head, and was rescued by her in a terribly battered condition. The top of the Crag is a perfect

chaos of fossed-about boulders and spikes of rock and is splendidly wild. The view was grand, particularly towards Easedale Valley and Tarn. Rugged mountains with dashing rills and waterfalls. Wishing to get across the pass to Easedale Tarn, we made a descent down by the side of the Great Carr's Rocks. We were an hour-and-a-half holding on to rocks, seizing bits of treacherous grass, and trying to avoid rolling down with the loose stones before we reached the Gyll at the bottom. Then sitting on a rock in the stream, we discussed the way we had come, which from below looked nearly perpendicular, and made us feel as if we had somehow come out of "Pilgrim's Progress." The duet was evidently becoming conceited after the manner of tourists. Close to the Tarn is built a neat little hut called the "Tourists' Rest," belonging to a jovial ex-shepherd of the hills. We expected to find all shut up so early in the year, but the host and his wife were both there, ardently polishing up everything for the summer. They made us very comfortable; the hostess took her polishing out of doors, and the master made up a fire of sticks and hung a tremendous caldron of water over it to boil for our tea. While the fire was doing its best with the gigantic kettle, he loaded the table with loaves and cake, eggs, &c., evidently expecting us to have the appetite of an army. When we were "set a' going," according to his hospitable ideas, he brought the books of visitors' names and "macaronic" verse, pointed out autographs of which he was specially proud, and requested our translation of various original Latin sentiments. After some wonderful and amusing tales he took us down to the little Tarn, pointed out a comfortable rock, and brought a book with scratchy pen and teetotal ink for us to write him "a bit o' verse" before we left.

This was rather embarrassing; but after a few moments of silence and due consideration of sky and air, purple mounts,

jetty water, voices of the spring, &c., &c., Tam and Mac felt equal to the occasion, and composed four verses of intrinsic worth, varied metre, and teeming with vivid and poetical thought. Unfortunately for literature no copy was preserved, but it began with the noble sentiment "*Nunquam desperando*," and ended with "*Contentus es* with verses few, Fair Easedale Tarn, adieu, adieu!" We went back to Grasmere by a lovely road down the side of Sour Milk Gyll, and felt that we had made the best of our last day at the beautiful lakes.

The next morning after booking seats on the box of the Keswick coach, and packing our belongings into as small a space as possible, we went down for one more row on the lake. With a good light boat and the water as smooth as glass, on we sped, drowning regrets at the approaching farewell in good muscular exertion. But the glorious free time came to an end at last. After one more run to the Post Office for letters, and to a photograph shop for unsatisfactory pictures, we found ourselves once more bowling along towards Derwentwater. The coachman was more loquacious than ever and repeated the same old jokes for the edification of fresh passengers.

A sharp hail-storm came on in St. John's Vale, but cleared off in time for the lovely view of the twin lakes embedded in mountains. With supreme distaste the duet once more entered civilisation by means of a methodical, ordered and punctual locomotive. How thankful we were that night was fast descending to spare the pain, for a few hours at least, of seeing still further overwhelming evidences of the life and advance of unnatural man.

The discomfort and despair of having breakfast at a fixed hour, going out in gloves, putting on gowns with correct frills and tuckers in them, and doing without a stick, were trials too deep for description. But at last, succumbing to the inevitable necessity of "doing at Rome as the Romans do" we have

again got back into the old tracks of every-day-world-trotters ; as if there were no such thing as scrambling up the rocks of Lodore, or sitting on Helvellyn in a snow-storm miles away from everybody. May the day not be far distant when we again set off on a happy, free tourists' ramble !

“BUNDLE,” NATU MAXIMA.

A QUAKER WEDDING.

RESTON - PATRICK is a charming little village, situated in the very heart of the Cumberland and Westmoreland hills. Thither a merry party of about forty wended their way on a bright sunny day last August. From Kendal which was our starting-place, it was a drive of about eight miles through the loveliest country imaginable. A true Westmoreland panorama opened before us as the horses slowly climbed the side of Helm—large clumps of long, feathery moss, all sorts of lovely ferns and variously-coloured flowers were scattered along the road side ; while now and again, from between the openings of the trees, we caught glimpses of the distant mountain-tops.

We were merry—people always are when there is a wedding in prospect—and we laughed and chatted gaily as the carriage slowly descended the hill to the little Quaker's Meeting-house which lay in the valley beneath.

Times surely must be changed, for the bridegroom who was in our carriage was not dressed (as used to be the custom, even on such important occasions as weddings) in the short grey coat and broad-brimmed hat, but on the contrary was conspicuous for his festive-like attire ; and Annie D——, who was in the last carriage of our cavalcade, was one of the most beautifully-dressed brides I have ever seen.

As we neared the meeting-house, a carriage passed us containing the lady and gentlemen ministers who were to officiate at the ceremony. Surely they ought to be the pattern of propriety, but no! They too had cast their sober grey coats and grey-silk bonnets, and for once were dressed something like ordinary beings. I wonder if they were subject to discipline at their next quarterly meeting for such dreadful frivolity!

As we drove into the little croft provided for the vehicles of "Friends" who came from a distance, it was very evident that the wedding was the cause of a good deal of *mild* excitement. Old ladies and young girls neatly and plainly dressed in their greys and browns were hanging about the meeting-door, eyeing with a good deal of curiosity the occupants of the different carriages as they arrived.

The inside of the place was beautifully decorated, festoons hung from window to window, and everywhere the choicest flowers met our gaze. I could scarcely credit the fact that *this* was the interior of a "Friends'" Meeting-house.

Perhaps before I proceed to describe the ceremony itself, I should say that the couple about to be married were not both Quakers—the lady was a Congregationalist. It was only a few years ago that it became permissible for a Quaker to marry outside his own sect. If he did so he was subjected to the "discipline" of the next meeting, and then his name was crossed from off the register of members. This rule happily, was abolished, with this one reservation, that the wedding ceremony should be performed at the meeting-house, so that the usual formalities might be gone through; for the wedding ceremony itself is not by any means the most important item in the affair. At the quarterly meeting all the friends of a district assemble, and there the "discipline" of the members is carefully carried on and their conduct discussed; the men in one room and the women in another, each taking the over-

sight of their own sex. And it is at this meeting that notice is given that friend A wishes to marry friend B. The women then proceed to find out whether the lady is a proper person, while the men do the same for the gentleman. All this being settled satisfactorily the meeting gives its consent and the affair is allowed to proceed.

Of course in the present case these matters had been settled some time beforehand, and now the last part of the ordeal was to be gone through. We sat in silence watching the bride and bridegroom, who were facing us, with their backs to the ministers. They were supposed to be waiting until the "Spirit should move" them to stand up. The silence, to me, was becoming irksome, when suddenly they rose and holding each other's hands the bridegroom proceeded with the declaration in a firm and distinct voice. "Friends, I, William C——, do take this friend, Annie D——, to be my lawful wedded wife; promising through Divine assistance to be unto her a faithful and loving husband until it shall please the Lord to separate us by death." Annie said what was virtually the same, and then both sat down and silence again reigned. In a few minutes the clerk rose and read the declarations which had just been made, and then the register was signed in presence of the whole congregation; after which followed the reading of a chapter and prayer, and then came the usual shaking of hands (the signal of dismissal) and the people dispersed.

After the customary wedding breakfast, the young couple, plentifully besprinkled with rice, set out for their fortnight's honeymoon; and we drove over to the lovely Lake Windermere, where we spent a delightful day and did not return to our respective homes till after nine o'clock in the evening.

LILIAN HALL.

THE SEVEN HUNDRED.



TEN o'clock!
 Ten o'clock!
 Ten o'clock sounded!
 Up those imposing steps
 Strode the seven hundred.
 "Take your seats, gentlemen!
 Each youth must have his pen!"
 Into the lofty hall,
 Each to his fated seat
 Strode the seven hundred!

"Take your seats, gentlemen!"
 Seizing his long quill pen,
 Down the dread question page
 Every youth blundered!
 Theirs but to reason why!
 Theirs but to make reply!
 Each knotty point to try!
 Into the maze of words,
 Into unheard of things
 Went the seven hundred!

Squeaked all the quills like fun:
 Squeaked, as such answers come,
 That the examiners
 Chuckled and wondered.
 Spattered with ink and messed,
 Having to leave the rest,
 No time remaining!
 Through their stupendous zest
 Every nib sundered
 Very far falling short
 Were the seven hundred!


Some Irish Experiences.

Papers to right of them!
 Papers to left of them!
 Papers behind them!
 Out the youths thundered
 Just as the hour of one
 Struck with an awful crash!
 Finding they'd made a hash!
 Out from the lofty hall,
 Very much come to smash!
 Down those imposing steps
 Strode the seven hundred!

When shall their answers fade?
 Oh the wild shots they made!
 All the girls wondered.
 Jeer at the shots they made,
 And the mistakes displayed
 By the seven hundred!

MARY ANTHONY.

SOME IRISH EXPERIENCES.

“O you have been to Killarney!” exclaim our friends. “How charming! What a delightful tour! So romantic! Such exquisite scenery, and such simple-hearted people! Do tell us all about it.” We will do so with pleasure, my dear friends; only you must allow us to say just what we saw and did. Don’t expect any eloquent descriptions, and forgive us if we did not find everything just as you think it ought to be.

First of all we went to Lynmouth, a veritable little paradise, safely shut in by the hills and the sea. A tiny river begins far away on the bare moors and dances through narrow valleys so thick with cool green woods that the sunshine only

lights up the water for an hour or two in the day. It rushes over the rocks and through the still, deep pools till at last the woods are ended, and hardly pausing to look at the little village street it hurries into the sea.

I hope none of our north country friends, atlas in hand, are anxiously scanning the Irish coast from Dublin round to Loop Head to discover where this Lynmouth can be. If so, their search will be all in vain; for I am proud to say that nowhere out of our own mother-country, and out of her fairest, dearest, and loveliest county, can such hills and woods, such a river and sea, be found. Perhaps we are enthusiasts, but so will you be when you have spent a week there.

It would be very pleasant to tell you how we passed those days at Lynmouth; how we walked to the Doone valley of world-wide renown, and went up the stream as John Ridd did in the days of old; how we looked on the little church where he and Lorna were married, and followed the shining, sparkling little Lyn right down to the sea; how the visitors at the hotel lifted their eyebrows to find that we could walk 22 miles and come up smiling at the end, and declared it was the blue ribbon that did it; and how at the end of our visit, disdaining the boat on our right hand and the coach on our left, we walked all the way into Ilfracombe along the cliff path and over the barrows.

But leaving Ilfracombe, Tenby, and Milford far behind, we stand on the bridge of the good steamer "Limerick" at eight a.m. on a summer morning, looking westward as the mist slowly rolls away from the Irish shores. It is so curious to see for ourselves Hook Head and the river Suir, and to be told that the blue hills in the distance are the Tipperary mountains.

We remember how the pointer used to travel over the blank map in "Number 2" while we knitted our brows and tried to recollect what name belonged to a certain little dot or grey shade

of mountains. They were only dots and shades and names in those days; but it is strange to see for ourselves the lighthouse on the Head, the soft, dim outline of the mountains, and the flowing of the river.

Our first impressions of Ireland are not cheering. At Waterford the boat runs alongside of a very dirty quay, while in the road above stand cars and horses which have both seen their best days; and their drivers, whip in hand, crowd round the exit, pushing, shouting, vociferating, and trying by hook or by crook to catch unwary passengers. We drive at once to the station, leave our luggage, and set out to get some dinner.

We wander up and down the chief streets, which are dirty to the last degree, while old women sit like a frilling along the edge of the pavement with their wares outspread on the road before them. Old clothes, winkles, apples, ointments, and noxious-looking compounds said to be "good for bruises, yer honour," apples, cabbages, rosaries, and relics, give the buyer a considerable variety of choice; while the old woman who presides over each entreats "yer honour to help a poor soul."

Not a restaurant, not even a confectioner's shop can we see. At last a policeman comes in sight. "Is there any place here where we can dine?" The man looks at us with a broad smile, as if we were innocents abroad indeed, remarks, "There are some eating-houses down on the quay," and passes on with his smile a little broader than before. By and bye we are directed to the chief hotel, get a cold luncheon, and pay a price which would provide a sumptuous dinner at a London restaurant.

Briefly the plan of our trip was this; or rather this is what we did, for we started without a plan at all. Train from Waterford to Cork, arriving there on Saturday evening. Train to Bantry on Monday morning, and after dinner there, a walk to Glengariff, about 3 miles. On Tuesday, a walk over the

hills by disused roads and tracks to Kenmare, 20 miles. Wednesday, another walk of 22 miles over the hills and by the shore of the lakes right into Killarney. The astonishment of the natives there to find that a lady could and did walk 55 miles may be better imagined than described. Their motto seems to be, never work when you can be idle; never move when you can stand still; never walk when you can ride; never do to-day what can be put off till to-morrow, because then perhaps it won't have to be done at all.

After a week at Killarney we went northwards, *via* Tralee and Listowel, to a little fishing town, Tarbert, on the south side of Shannon; crossing the river next day we made our way to Kilkee, a marvellous place on the Atlantic, such a revelation as we never dreamt to see. Three days at Limerick and Lough Derg were all that we could spare before turning our faces homewards again.

We found Ireland full of contrasts, as I suppose every country must be. We noticed this especially in the Catholic services we attended. At Cork we went to the Cathedral of St. Peter and Paul to hear one of the weekly sermons by Catholic preachers on Sunday evenings. The church was nearly filled by a respectable congregation, and it was quite evident that the poor were absent. The only lights were at the altar and in the organ loft, which was at the back of the church. After reading the lessons for the day in a tone quite inaudible to any members of the congregation and with his back turned to them all the time, the priest ascended the pulpit, and in the growing darkness, with the outline of his head scarcely visible against the white pillar behind, he preached a sermon on the parable of the pharisee and publican. He had a splendid voice—a fact which we noticed in connection with all the Irish preaching priests, and he spoke with fluency and in well-chosen language. We all agreed afterwards that there was nothing in

his sermon which a Protestant minister might not have spoken. When it was over, a choir of eight girls without accompaniment of any kind, chanted a Latin catalogue of the saints. Softly their voices rang through the darkness with the refrain, "*Ora pro nobis, orate pro nobis.*" Then came the celebration of mass, the elevation of the host and its worship by the people; and as we left the building the girls sang a Latin hymn to the old familiar tune "Dismissal."

During our stay at Killarney one of the festivals of the Virgin was celebrated. We went early to the Cathedral and found that the nave was separated from the rest of the building by a strong barrier. Here the poor were crowded together in all stages of dirt and poverty; they had some bare wooden seats, but most of them stood, and thronged closely round the pulpit steps. A charge was made for admission, and we were accommodated with cushioned seats in front. The building was gorgeously decorated, and the organ was playing as we entered. The music continued during the reading of the lessons and all the bowings and scrapings performed by the priest and his acolytes, and did not cease until the preacher ascended the pulpit steps.

The text was taken from the words of the missal for the day, "Let us praise God and adore the blessed Virgin." Some of the points of the sermon were as follows:—"The Blessed Virgin, from the time of her conception to the day of her assumption body and soul into heaven, never sinned in word, thought or deed. Her life was perfectly holy, and in consequence perfectly happy. She had no sin and consequently no sickness; and when her time came to leave the earth she died of pure love. Some objectors might say, 'If the Blessed Virgin were sinless, why should she die at all?' Two reasons may be given. 1. Her Son Jesus died, and so it was fitting that His mother should do so that she might again be united with Him.

2. Because 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.' Her ascension into heaven was yet more glorious than that of her Son, for while the angels and archangels only came to welcome Him, Jesus Himself descended from His throne to meet His mother and led her from the gates through a line of angels right up to her throne."

The poor people listened to this sermon with the most breathless attention, the eloquence of the preacher was marvellous, especially in the peroration; and we came away sick at heart for the poor creatures who asked bread and were given a stone.

At Limerick a confraternity of men meet every Monday night. There are 1,700 members, and as there is not room for them all in the Church some of them go on Tuesday-evening. The sermon on this occasion was on the life of Saint Edna, of Arranmore, who trained his monks to a life of perfect holiness, and who tested their perfection from time to time by setting them afloat in coracles whose skins were removed. So holy were they that they all floated. But at last, one day one of them began to sink. He was the cook, and his name Jagiat. Then stood Edna on the shore and cried, "Oh, Jagiat! what hast thou done?" "Oh, father! I took brother Killyn's mess and added it to my own!" "Oh, Jagiat! thou hast sinned, thou must leave us; the brethren here must be holy." And so the skin was put on Jagiat's coracle and he was sent adrift on the ocean.

In the scenery of Ireland we were not at all disappointed. The views from some of the mountain sides were exquisite, and at Kilkee the sea was grander than anything we had ever seen or imagined. We went out three miles on the Atlantic in a boat covered with canvas, long and narrow, and so light that it was carried on a man's shoulder. Our boatman had been to the Fisheries with that very boat and was wonderfully proud

to tell of his London experiences. At Glengariffe the views of calm sea, islands, woods, and hills were quite as fine as anything in Killarney. But the latter town is far beyond description. Imagine the very dirtiest English street you have ever seen, with men in all stages of rags and dirt leaning against the houses on either side of the road, women barefoot and with shawls thrown over their heads gossiping and lounging about, and children playing in the mud: carts standing still while their drivers lean against the shafts to smoke a pipe; drains in a most manifest state of insanitation, and a close, moist atmosphere over all. The nearest lake is nearly two miles off and the mountains are further still. Such is Killarney, the poetic, the gem of the Emerald Isle!

I have no time to tell of the curious folks we met and the "Irish bulls" we enjoyed; in fact I fear I have trespassed on your patience too far already, so I will only give you one story before closing.

As a coach stopped to change horses a poor Irishman came with a collecting book stating that he had been evicted, and wanted money to get another house. In his turn he came to a priest. "So you've been evicted, have you? and who's your landlord now?" "Shure and it's God Almighty, yer honour." "Shure and don't you think he's a good one? — here, take your book away." The coachman turned to the passengers, "Ladies and gentlemen, that's his house down there, and the next is his mother-in-law's, and that (pointing to a patch of rushy ground), that's their lawn-tennis ground." Exit collector.

EDITH M. DUKES.

HANNAH.



Y beautiful, my darling one, how sweetly dost thou rest !
 How peaceful is the curly head that leans upon my breast.
 God's angel came just now to thee, and closed thine eyes
 so bright,

But not to me, my bonnie boy, I shall not sleep to-night.

No, not to-night, though these short hours are flying swiftly past,
 As if they grudged me this lone watch, the last, my child, the last ;
 For with the morrow's sun, the hand that fondly clasps thee now
 Must give thee up—an offering—to pay thy mother's vow.

Yes darling boy, my gift from God, the time is come to part,
 And close and closer at the thought I press thee to my heart ;
 How can I turn my footsteps home and leave thee far away,
 Nor ever hear thy lisping voice, nor see thee day by day.

O! dawn come not—and yet I feel 'tis wrong to murmur so ;
 I should be joyful and not sad, my child, to let thee go ;
 For unto Israel's God I give this treasure that was mine,
 And o'er thy head through days to come His temple lamps shall shine.

I know that in His loving care thou ever blest will be,
 And, oh ! so safe, yet this fond heart clings longingly to thee ;
 But no, I would not from the Lord my very best withhold,
 Nor give it with a grudging hand—with love grown faint and cold.

Did He not hear my anguished cry and send the gift I sought ?
 And are not all my strands of life with His rich love enwrought ?
 Then could I now the promise, I in sadness made, recall,
 Or keep one precious thing from Him whose love hath given me all ?

Nay, nay, beloved, thou art His through all thy future life,
 To serve Him in His temple courts through days of peace or strife,
 And down thine unknown path I strive to strain my longing eyes,
 And through the mist, my boy, methinks I see great honours rise.

There's something tells me thou shalt be a prophet of the Lord;
That unto thee, while yet a child, will He reveal His word.
And by thee will He rule the land for many a faithful year,
And thou shalt turn the people's hearts to Him in love and fear.

What else may be in store for thee, I may not, cannot tell;
I can but leave thee in His hands who doeth all things well.
Though I but see thee now and then, He watcheth o'er for aye;
And He will guide through life or death, into the perfect day.

HELEN DAVIES.

A MONTH ON THE ATLANTIC.

WE were "going West." The last lot of baggage had been hauled in; the last passenger, arriving rather late, had stepped on board; last messages had been given, and then we were ready to say that word so much dreaded and yet so often said, "Good-bye." All tried to smile and bear the parting bravely, but to some the tears would come even against their will. And then the big steamer moved slowly off; the dear faces were left behind; the spires of Gravesend were lost to sight, and our journey had begun. But as days of the quiet travel went by, the grief at leaving loved ones was somewhat softened of its keen pain by the novelty of the quaint ship life, with its charms both pleasant and amusing.

We stayed on deck until rather late that first Saturday, wanting to see as much as possible of old England while we could. About ten o'clock in the evening we saw the white cliffs of Dover and the lights of the town beyond. Our pilot left us there; from the side of the vessel we watched him go

off in his little boat. We were told as a *fact* that we should see no more of England than what we saw that night, as in the morning no land would be in sight; so before *turning in* we took our last sorrowful glance, as we thought, at the old country. We found our cabins at last, and though our *bunks* were not quite so large and soft as usual, still I think we all managed to have a very good night considering that it was our first at sea.

The next morning (Sunday), on looking out of our portholes, instead of seeing nothing but sea all around as we expected, we saw facing us the south coast of the Isle of Wight, Ventnor pier just visible in the distance, and the little village of Bonchurch, with Boniface, forming a dark background beyond. We were rather surprised to see land again having been told so surely the night before that we had had our last look at *terra firma*. We had yet to learn that truth-speaking people were not very plentiful on board the *Lydian Monarch*.

It did not seem much like *Sunday* on board; the only difference from other days being that about ten o'clock A.M. a bell rang dismally and some of the passengers collected in the saloon for a service. Some of them evidently had not attended church many times in their life; they generally managed to sit down when they should have stood up, and *vice versa*, while a few read and followed attentively all through the order for evening prayer, and one or two even went through the form of visitation for the sick. They seemed to enjoy the singing best and evidently determined to make the most of it, for each hymn lasted about ten minutes though the poor gentleman at the piano did try to drag on a bit faster, but gave up in despair when he found he was playing quite a line in advance of the singers. After the service was finished we went on deck and stayed there most of the day, watching the coast. Late in the evening we passed the

Eddystone lighthouse, and soon afterwards the Scilly Isles ; this was the last land we saw for some time—a much longer time than we then expected.

When we woke on Monday morning some of us did not feel quite so well as usual, so it was thought best to keep quiet and not show ourselves very much as our faces might have told tales. For the next three days lying down on our bunks was the chief amusement, both of ladies and gentlemen. On Friday most of us got up feeling better and in good spirits, thinking our journey would soon be over. We were on deck most of the day, being quite glad to feel the sea air blow again. It was a fine day ; the sun was shining brightly, and everybody seemed jolly and in good temper.

About six o'clock on the same day, some of the passengers being at dinner in the saloon, and others scattered here and there over the deck, all alike were startled by a rumbling noise proceeding from the engine-room. Everyone was somewhat startled. The composure shown by the captain and his officers however, helped to reassure the saloon party. But the passengers on deck not having any such reassuring influence did not take such a composed view of matters. Weeping children clung about the skirts of their trembling mothers, the more timid of whom dragged them along as near as possible to the life-boats hanging above, while others again rushed frantically to the engine-room, almost pulling their children's arms out in their mad flight. From all sides cries arose, wanting to know what the matter really was ; whether the vessel was about to sink, or be blown up ; or indeed, what had happened. The chief engineer proceeding to the engine-room discovered that a piston was broken. He found that the machinery could not be used until the propeller was disconnected and the low-pressure engine brought into working order. This work occupied nine days, and in the meantime

the *Lydian Monarch* was drifted hither and thither at the mercy of the wind, only making what headway she could under sail. There was not so much grumbling as one would have expected seeing that some might lose very important appointments by this delay.

We got to know more about each other during these days of uncertainty, the one common misfortune making us feel friendly towards one another. There were some very pleasant people on board, as well as some who were not quite so fascinating, and also some who were rather peculiar to say the least. In the cabin opposite mine slept a man who was going out West to be a schoolmaster. If he gets any pupils certainly they will have a new experience, for it is one of his principles never to speak except when spoken to, and then only to answer in monosyllables. All he seemed to do was to eat and sleep. It is a wonder that he did sleep, for he was what you would call *rather* a "timid man." He never by any chance took off any of his things at night, not even his cap, which he also wore during meal times, for fear of the vessel suddenly sinking; and one night when the water was not quite so smooth as usual he kept an open umbrella beside him to enable him to float better when in the water. He often looked so lonely that you could not help feeling sorry for him, but it only seemed to frighten him if you said more than "Good morning" or "Good evening" to him. Not far off from him slept a young Frenchman (Monsieur Déjon), who had spent all his father's money; and as soon as the last penny was gone, his father, a little too late, thought it was time for him to go away, so he was sent off to America to seek his fortune. He could speak hardly a word of English, his chief and favourite sentence being "Avez-vous seen a steamer?" which he addressed to any one he chanced to meet. His great delight was to recite in French, no matter whether

his hearers understood or not. Every now and then he would say, "Comprenez-vous bien, messieurs et mesdames?" Then not waiting for an answer he would proceed with his story. If one of the company dared to go away before he had quite finished he would rise up in great anger and cry out, "Frenchman—gentleman! English—no gentleman, no ladies!" This was rather hard, as most of his hearers could not understand a word.

There were ten horses on board, the property of one of the passengers; splendid creatures they were, from Normandy. They had a part below made into a kind of stable for them; on wet afternoons some of us used to go down and read there on the hay. Playing at quoits was a favourite amusement with some, though none seemed to display any remarkable skill, except in throwing the rings on the passengers' heads below. There was an actor on board who showed much skill in his many performances. His greatest talent appeared in quarrelsome scenes, and at such times especially he was always received by a most appreciative audience. At one time when all else failed, rat hunts became the rage, also wrestling, though all the most expert wrestler seemed to do was to knock off his opponent's hat. Cards and music were the chief evening amusements when it was too wet or foggy to go on deck. We had one or two grand concerts during the voyage, for there were a few on board who were supposed to be very musical. A Spanish gentleman was the leading spirit among the musicians. He certainly could play loudly when playing alone and also when accompanying, which was rather a pity as one could not always hear the singing. One night he played our Milton Mount "Home Sweet Home" (the edition we always had at the end of the term); but it would not do at all after Mr. Prentice. He evidently thought it a grand achievement though, for he told me beforehand that very few

musicians could play that piece well. A young lady friend of the captain's had a beautiful soprano voice that enchanted every one who heard her; she sang rather often. Then another gentleman had a very good voice, only he was so fond of singing dismal things, especially about the grave. He seemed naturally of a quiet and serious disposition and despised any kind of frivolity, even in a concert-room. On the very night of the breakdown we had a concert, the event being marked by the presence of the captain as one of the performers. In spite of the broken machinery below and of the fact that the vessel was drifting disabled in mid-ocean, this concert was listened to with great enthusiasm.

Soon after the accident the steamer *Iowa* was sighted and spoken. Captain Huggett, the commander of the *Lydian Monarch* boarded her. Some of our passengers who felt rather annoyed at the delay, were strongly in hope that the captain would enter into some arrangement for the *Iowa* to tow us back to land. He did nothing of the kind however, and some discontent and grumbling arose among the passengers on account of this. Soon after the *Iowa* had gone out of sight, the steamer *Austral*, bound for Queenstown, was sighted and spoken. The captain boarded her this time taking one of the passengers with him, who felt rather alarmed at the state of affairs, especially at the thought of the provisions running short, if we went on much longer in this way. When he landed at Queenstown he told rather a startling tale, which, when the captain heard he named "a wicked and malicious lie!"

Many on the ship by this time were beginning to feel rather restive and uneasy, but all were somewhat cheered by hearing that in a few days the *Lydian Monarch* would get up steam once more. It was on Sunday afternoon ten days after the accident that we started once more, not very fast certainly, but

still we did move. The captain ran from his bunk in great delight; the passengers flew with one accord to see if it could indeed be true; and the chief engineer celebrated the event by taking a glass of brandy in the captain's room.

It was decided, as the food for the horses would not last out until we could reach New York, to make for St. John's, Newfoundland, we being then only two or three hundred miles off.

A few days before we sighted St. John's, as we were nearing the banks towards the close of a dull afternoon, the sky began to look threatening and many stormy petrels were seen hovering about near the ship.

But these were not the only signs of a rough night, for above us the captain's voice could be heard calling out loudly to the fresh watch—"Hands a-hoy!" "Ready about!" "H-a-r-d a-lee!" "Main topsail haul!" "Fore bo'len!" "Let go and haul!" etc., etc., thus showing that rough weather was expected; so we all turned in expecting a bad night of it, but it was not so very bad after all. The ship rocked a little more than usual, there was a great noise as of bottles and glasses breaking and things rolling about, and one felt any moment one might be lying on the cabin floor; but these were the only signs of a storm.

On Saturday, August the ninth, we sighted Newfoundland. Early the same morning we were roused up from sleep in order to see an iceberg. It was a good distance from us but still we could see it quite distinctly, although we were not near enough to see the beautiful purity and the intense blue colour which they say is to be seen in the crevasses. It was about eleven o'clock when we came in sight of the harbour of St. John's, and some of the passengers said it was almost worth while breaking down to get such a sight; it was indeed very fine as we saw it that morning. The still clear waters lay with scarcely a ripple on their surface to break the splendid glow of colour which

was cast on the wild and solitary rocks all round. Sometimes they showed a peculiar soft olive-green hue, and when the sun fell on these far masses of hills the olive-green became warm and dark like velvet in firelight. Farther on stretched large dark caverns, then again these darker tints would blend softly with a darkening grey. What a strange and solitary place this seemed, surrounded by these rocks, and how beautiful was the clear blue water of the harbour as we first caught sight of it, with the sunlight lying over the green slopes all around that descend perpendicularly to the shore, while a slight wind was causing the keen blue surface to ripple in lines of light. The perfect stillness of the hills and solitary rocks was quite unbroken, for the warm sunlight seemed to have hushed the animal and insect life of the hills into peace. In the distance we saw one or two white sails appear above the water, and here and there a rough fishing-smack, but no sound was heard as their prows slowly divided the one vast sea of blue. A rough pilot (just the sort of man you would fancy coming from this wild place) came out in his boat and guided us into the harbour, where we cast our anchor. The captain landed first, taking some of the passengers with him. Our ship was soon surrounded by boats waiting to take any who wished to go on shore. Most of us landed some time during the day. The town itself was small and dirty; I think it could boast of a post-office, but the police station was so mixed up with it that you could hardly tell the difference. The shops were small and the things inside not over tempting although rather dear. But the shopkeepers were very good-natured and generous, and would give away almost anything. The people seemed rough and some were very strange. They appeared to live to a good old age. We met one old woman directly after landing who was a hundred years and two weeks old. She seemed to have all her senses about her too, and was just going off to make

her will; no doubt if we had stayed long enough we should have heard all that was to be in it. She did begin—"Charlie was to have the large farm all except the sheep; and George the fishing-house on the left side of the Dean;" but when she got so far, we thought it was time to be going so said good morning. There was not much to be seen about the town so in two or three hours we returned to the ship and had dinner. Then we watched the sunset; it was glorious. The rosy clouds alternating with crimson and violet of deepest hue brought out the lights and shades upon the rugged tops of the hills; while all below was merged in one vast sea of blue. Each moment the scene altered, and every change brought with it some fresh beauty not seen before, until the moon rising up from behind the town covered the hills with a dazzling light in which the delicate tints and shades of colour disappeared. It was such a lovely evening that some of us thought it would be nice to have a moonlight row; so we hired a boat and started. We enjoyed our row very much and on account of the beautiful night did not go in till rather late.

We started off again from St. John's quite early the next morning, our old pilot sticking to us to the last. From that time we had fine weather until we came to New York; and rather a pleasant week we had, for now that the journey was almost *over*, some of those who had been inclined to be grumpy all the rest of the way and not over-pleasant, recovered their tempers, desirous perhaps of *leaving* a good impression.

We came in sight of Long Island on the Friday; in the afternoon we saw one or two pilot boats about, on the look-out for passing vessels who might need a pilot. We signalled for one, who very soon came off in a smaller boat to us, which went back after he had got on board. All that day we watched the coast as we went along. All looked so strange; it was difficult to fancy that we were really looking upon the

American coast. The landing at New York is very different from sailing up the Thames to London. Towards evening we passed Coney Island, the favourite summer resort for the people of New York. I believe it looked very pretty all round that evening. It was getting towards dusk, and the shore shone a light crimson with the sunset. Far down in the south-east a blue mist had gathered along the shore and seemed to circle the horizon, but here at hand near Coney Island the blue waters lay clear and still with scarcely a ripple on them. Overhead the last flush of the sunset struck along the golden bars of cloud and then died out in the pale green of the east, while the buildings of the distant city had a touch of red along their tops where they rose out of the pale mist. And as the evening deepened the keen colours faded out, and the white mist came up and lay over the breadth of the water ; while the orange lights from the shore began to twinkle in the dusk, steamers stationed here and there ran up their coloured lamps, and pleasure boats gaily lighted, with bands playing on them, passed every now and then. We stayed out rather late as it was our last night, for on the morrow we should all be scattered far and wide, perhaps some of us never to meet again.

About twelve o'clock the next day, Saturday, August the Sixteenth, we dropped anchor, and soon afterwards we took our final leave of the *Lydian Monarch*, having been on it just a *month* instead of about fourteen days,

DORA HOOKE.

SCHOOL NEWS.

NEARLY three months have passed since the issue of our last Magazine; the Christmas holidays have come and gone, and we have returned to our new routine of school life with, I trust, renewed energy and spirits.

To continue the list of last term's pleasures, one of the first of importance was a lecture on "How we hear and how we speak," by W. F. Barrett, Esq., Professor of Science at Dublin University. He showed us many experiments which added much to the pleasure and made the lecture comprehensive to the youngest.

On the following Saturday Mr. Carvell Williams gave us an address on Nonconformity.

On November 20th we very much enjoyed some Dissolving Views which were shown and explained to us by Mr. Golding.

J. P. Ruston, Esq., came also last term, and gave away the certificates for the Oxford Local, College of Preceptors and South Kensington Examinations, of which more than half the school were recipients. Before distributing these Mr. Ruston gave us an interesting and encouraging address, principally on Art; and told us of the School of Art in Lincoln and the rapid progress of one of its students who was only a poor boy, but whose works of Art appeared in the Royal Academy a short time ago.

Towards the close of the term the eighth form gave a Shakespeare reading in the Dining Hall, the play being "Much Ado about Nothing."

We also had some Violin Recitals from Mr. Burnett and his pupils, who are getting on wonderfully well under his tuition.

As usual Mr. Prentice gave us a recital on the last Wednesday in the term, when he played several of Schumann's "Forest Scenes." These were exquisitely rendered and the recital ended with "Home Sweet Home" which will, as long as school-girls exist, be a favourite among them.

At the beginning of this term our dear friend the Rev. J. C. Harrison came and spoke to us. His subject was "Be of good cheer," which is a command most school-girls need on their return from home. It was so beautifully and lovingly explained that I am sure it cheered us all.

The Rev. Wardlaw Thomson came on January 24th and talked to us about Missionary work in other lands. He dwelt principally on the women of India, China, and Africa; their customs, manner of life and dress, which had an especial attraction for girls. He closed by saying that women were much needed to go to the Zenana Mission and women only could reach them.

The Saturday following Sister Christian came and took our evening service. Her subject was the 61st Psalm, in which she showed us five steps she wished us all to climb before we could be able to rest "under the shadow of His wings." She was so exquisitely simple and earnest that we felt she was one who herself climbed the steps she wished us to climb so much. We were very much interested to know she was a lady of title who has devoted her life to the nursing of sick at Tottenham and training of others as nurses.

On February 12th we had a very instructive and interesting lecture on Greek Art by Miss Sellars, illustrated by five large diagrams. This was the first of three lectures we are hoping to have this term on this subject. A full account of these lectures will I have no doubt be given in a subsequent Magazine.

I am very pleased to record the rapid progress of the members of Miss Tegetmeier's Cookery Class. They are quite pro-

ficient in the art of bread and biscuit making, and most of the tarts, cakes, and delicacies that appeared on the farewell supper table of last term were made by the girls themselves. Our friends will be glad to know that we are trained to be thoroughly domesticated, and not only taught to keep school but house also.

We have great pleasure in announcing the marriage of Eliza Clifton (an ex-Miltonian), eldest daughter of the Rev. T. Clifton of Blyth, Northumberland, to John Nicholson. The marriage took place in Harrismith, Orange Free State, South Africa, on January 1st. The service was conducted by the Rev. J. Gray.

ALICE COSTER.

FORMER PUPILS are invited to visit the College on Saturday, May 9th, or to send on or before that day, some account of the work in which they are at present engaged.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

WE beg to acknowledge with thanks the following books for the library:—Ruskin's "Two Paths," from W. H. Lee, Esq.; "Ella Watson," from Mrs. J. Crossley; Murray's English Dictionary, from Miss Cox; and a "Decoration Scrap Book," from Violet Edwards. Also for the Museum:—Some sharks' teeth, a piece of mammoth tusk, some petrified wood, belemnite, *Cyclas Medea*, and *Echinus*, from Edith Blandford; an ivory image from Mrs. Benham; and some shells from Annie McWilliam.

Also the following Magazines:—*The Thistle*, *Cinque Port*, *Epsomian*, *Eastbournian*, *Whitgift* (2), *Mill Hill*, *Oxford High School*, *City of London*, *Our Magazine*, *Cliftonian*, *Magazine of the School for the Sons of Missionaries*.

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PRICE SIXPENCE.



ORA ET LABORA.

Milton Mount Magazine.

JUNE, 1885.

THE REVISED BIBLE.

ALTHOUGH in most respects England may be regarded as the advocate for change and reform (where those mean progress), there are still some matters in which she is, as she has ever been, essentially conservative. One of these is her deep love and reverence for the Bible. And who can tell how much of her greatness England owes to this constancy? For many ages, familiarity from early childhood, and old associations closely entwining the Ancient Word, have endeared it to every true Briton; and such familiarity is a great power. We know how often the very peculiarities of an old friend or well-known landscape—in the former, some odd trick of dress or manner—in the latter, some old tree-trunk or ruined, moss-grown wall, which to a stranger, might seem a blemish—acquire for us, through their familiarity, a meaning and value we can scarcely express; and how we miss

them when they disappear! So it is with our Bible, with its quaint turns of expression, its old-world words and phrases surviving only there, its many obscure passages, dear despite their haziness. To many it must have seemed like presumption, nay, almost sacrilege, to make a single alteration in the Book that their ancestors had so long revered; and it was, doubtless, with some such feelings that many awaited the completion of the great task which for fifteen years has engaged the energies of our best scholars and divines,—the Revision of the Bible.

But the first fruits of their labour, the publication of the Revised New Testament in 1881, had ably paved the way for the other part of the great work; and newspapers tell us that ~~it was~~ no half-hearted welcome which awaited the new volumes ~~when~~, ten minutes after midnight on Tuesday, the 20th of May, the ~~first~~ parcels were sent out from Paternoster Row. What excitement their advent must have caused in many a home, as, for the first time, the daily portion was read from the new version! What eager watching for one's favourite words and phrases, what careful comparing of the old reading with the new! What mingled feelings of regret at the disappearance of well-known expressions, and satisfaction at now for the first time perceiving the meaning of some hitherto incomprehensible passage! But the final verdict is still to come—whether the Revised Bible is to take the place of the Authorized Version in the home and the pulpit, or whether its use is to be confined to the student of theology, the Hebrew scholar, and a few more diligent lovers of God's word. Time will tell, but meanwhile the rapid sale and great demand for Revised Bibles, not in England only, but in the far north, augur well for the establishment of the world-old friend in its modern garb. At all events, England cannot but acknowledge its great debt of gratitude to the eminent men, who

with the exception of a few whom death or sickness has gathered from the ranks, have so ably accomplished their fifteen years' task.

A first glance at the Revised Bible acquaints us with more than one change in the arrangement. The sense-confusing division of the Authorised Version into numbered chapters and verses has been exchanged for the more sense-sustaining paragraphs, a change which throws an entirely new light on many passages, especially on various Psalms. For example, the division of Psalms xix. and xxiv. into two quite distinct parts is now visibly marked, also the continuity of Psalms ix. and x., and the artistic composition of such dramatic poems as Psalm ii or Psalm l.; while in the prophetic books we no longer have, as before, one portion joined to another of quite a different date. We also miss, not unpleasantly, the old distracting chapter headings, with such false interpretations as those which in the Song of Solomon sought to establish a strained connection with the mystical relations of Christ and His Church—thereby doing much to destroy the simple beauty of the exquisite dramatic love-poem. Add to this that the poetical passages are now so printed as to exhibit at once the difference from prose and the balance of clauses constituting the Hebrew rhythm—so that such snatches of song as the blessing of Isaac and Jacob, the songs of Miriam, of Moses, of Deborah, and of Hannah, and David's matchless laments for Jonathan and Absalom acquire a new force; that full use is made of difference in type to mark off rubrical or other directions from the text proper; and that in the margin are preserved debated readings, along with the etymological meanings of proper names—and we have the chief outward changes in the Revised Version.

As to internal changes, those in most of the historical books have been so slight as to be imperceptible to any but the very

diligent or very curious reader. It is in the prophetical and poetical books, so terse in style and full of meaning, often difficult to understand, that most changes are to be found. Most of all so, we notice this in the book of Job, always the despair of scholars and commentators. So much light has been thrown on this book from the study of Arabic and cognate languages, that in parts complete re-translation has been found necessary.

In the revision of the Psalms, the Bible version has been followed, as being more accurate and vigorous than the more melodious version of Miles Coverdale, used in the Prayer Book.

Many changes have been caused by new renderings of the Hebrew tenses, which often suggest delicate shades of meaning but clumsily represented by our less perfect English tense-system. Thus in Isaiah liii. we find the future tense changed throughout to the past; and instead of "*He shall grow up before him as a tender plant,*" we now read "*He grew up,*" etc., the prophetic import of the passages being changed, so that we may now consider the passage as descriptive, not of the Messiah, but of some "servant of Jehovah" of a past age.

Considerable changes have been made in the vocabulary of the Bible. For many archaic or obsolete terms, we have modern ones substituted, although, fortunately for the preservation of much of the quaint beauty of the Scriptures, the English revisers have not gone so far as those in America would have done. The latter, with their characteristic love of innovation, would have replaced such quaint expressions as "*or ever,*" "*fray,*" "*fine,*" "*the which,*" by their commonplace equivalents "*before,*" "*frighten,*" "*refine,*" "*which;*" while the English revisers, desiring to preserve the archaic colouring as far as was consistent with intelligibility, decided to retain the older words. In the zoological vocabulary we find many changes, so that in this respect (as in that of

geology) the objections by scientists will no longer be possible. The *dragons* of Isaiah xliii. 20, have become *jackals*, the *owls* of the same verse *ostriches*, while the *cormorant* and the *bittern* are now the *pelican* and the *porcupine*.

But it is not such mere word changes, but the familiar, favourite passages to which one instinctively turns (as the twenty-third Psalm, or the lesson for Christmas Day in the ninth chapter of Isaiah), that prove the crucial test of the merits of the Revised Bible. In the former we find but one change, the substitution of *guideth* for *leadeth* in the third verse; but in the passage from Isaiah, where we have the quite new reading, "*Nevertheless the dimness shall not be such as was in her vexation,*" and in the third verse for "*Thou hast multiplied the nation, and not increased the joy,*" "*Thou hast increased the joy,*" there is a decided gain in emphasis and clearness, whatever regrets some may have at the disappearance of the majestic but obscure stateliness.

Such, then, are a few of the new lights thrown by its new setting on our ancient jewel, the Word of God. May it, with its beauty thus enhanced and illuminated, be to us and our descendants as sacred and precious a treasure as it has been to our forefathers!

A. L. STRONACH.

"THE VALLEYS OF THE TIROL."



AMONG the many well-worn phrases which are generally to be found scattered over the pages of a certain kind of second-rate novel, "Out of the beaten track of tourists" is perhaps one of the most common. A spot so described leaves such delightful room for romantic glades, dells and dingles, murmuring streams, and precipitous paths; and who can challenge the truth of a description when the author candidly confesses that the scene of his little story is laid "far

from the busy haunts of men," and that "even the most energetic of tourists" have left its beauties to blush unseen. Besides, how could Edwin and Angelina be supposed to arrive at a blissful solution of all their trials and tribulations amid the hurry and bustle consequent upon the arrival or departure of a Cook's excursion.

Having thus admitted the convenience of the trite little expression, let us pass in truly Oxford fashion, to the consideration of a country to which it is peculiarly applicable. All the picturesque valleys and nestling villages of the exhausted romance-spinner sink into the shade, when placed by the side of the unexplored regions of loveliness, and old-world manners and people so graphically described in Mr. B. H. Busk's "Valley of the Tirol." As we follow the party of travellers on their delightful tour, we seem to have been suddenly transported into the fourteenth century, so completely have their circling hills and winding streams protected (P) the inhabitants of the Tirol valleys from the influx of the various waves of progress which have from time to time swept over the face of Western Europe.

Generation after generation have passed and gone, and instead of weakening or overturning, they have only strengthened and increased the chains of habit and mass of superstition for which the Roman Catholic religion has laid so strong a foundation. Myths, legends, and traditions are a vital part of the national life; and a good part of Mr. Busk's book is taken up with a careful record and consideration of this often wonderful fruit of isolation, and lack of healthy moral airing. The value of such study as a key to the working of human nature and thought, and as a mirror of the manners and habits of preceding ages, has been too well attested to need any advocacy here; and if a few examples taken from the pages of this particular volume should have the good fortune to

excite an interest for such study in general, this little paper will have more than done its work.

Every natural phenomenon or formation which is in the slightest degree noticeable or out of the common, has been connected by the wonder-loving peasant with a more or less miraculous history, the result of a gradual transition from the "might-have-been" to the "was"—from the realm of fancy to the land of fact. A good example of this is to be found in the history of S. Vergilius, who was martyred 405 A.D., in the Val di Sol. To his earnest zeal and devotion the early spread of Christianity through the winding Tirol valleys seems to have been in great part due, and many legends are told about the miracles wrought by his marvellous faith. On one occasion it is said, quite at the beginning of his work, he was being pursued by a band of infuriated idolators, and seeing his path suddenly stopped by a wall of rock, caused it to split open by a touch of his hand. The rent and the imprint of his fingers are shown to this day; but the unfortunate presence of a stream of water running through the opening gives scope for some sceptical reflections. A similar miracle was wrought a little further on near Mortaso, the scene of his martyrdom; but this time in order to secure the preservation of his body, which a band of faithful disciples were endeavouring to preserve from his pagan murderers. This cleft also is still visible, and is certainly a somewhat extraordinary natural phenomenon. Another somewhat amusing legend is told as an excuse for the bad bread which is commonly eaten in Mortaso, and which is represented as a distinct judgment from heaven. They declare that when the supply of stones close at hand proved insufficient for each heathen enemy to have a hand in the death of the saint, the women near supplied them with loaves of bread. Whether this is true or not, it is still a fact that the bread never rises properly in Mortaso, and the reason is certainly ingenious.

Another fertile source of legendary lore is the literal way in which metaphors and truths put in allegorical form have been translated. In this way Theophrastus Paracelsus, whose reputation for wisdom has come down through many centuries, was said to be able to turn everything into gold which he touched, probably on account of the riches which his wonderful learning procured for him. But the peasants of after years, taking the words literally, have many a marvellous story to tell of his wonder-working power. One especially belongs to Innsbruck. The story goes that the savant was one day walking home, weary and footsore, after a long botanical expedition, when he came to the outlying ruins of a castle, where a peasant woman had taken up her abode. She pitied the forlorn-looking traveller, and invited him in to taste some cakes which she had just removed from the oven; and was rewarded for her charity by a splendid pair of golden tongs, the result of her guest's magic power.

One of the most remarkable myths of the country is that which sets forth in a kind of parable the overthrow of paganism by Christianity; but the personification has been entirely lost sight of, and the giant Thyrsus with his destroyer Haymon, have become as real people to the Tirolese peasants as David and Goliath are to us. Indeed a huge stone which lies in solitary glory in a plain beneath the hill of Ambras is always pointed out as the result of Thyrsus' vast strength; his way of celebrating the completion of the church at Valdedena being to catch up a stone block left by the builders, and throw it for a distance of some two miles. This church had been his especial work; and before it could be built a terrible dragon had to be slain. Wearied by unsuccessful conflict, Thyrsus at last discovers that the dragon has only power to hurt at night, and, pursuing him to his hole, where he has fled at the first streak of day, easily overcomes him. The origin of such a legend as this is obvious.

Another curious characteristic of the Tirolese legends is the strange jumble of heathen and Christian traditions which so many of them display; but this is scarcely wonderful, as one of their few writers has pointed out, since so many of their early teachers had only themselves just escaped from the darkness of idolatry, when they came to try and act as leaders of their still benighted fellow-countrymen. Traditions and customs which were the fruit of centuries were not easily shaken; and so long as they could establish the cardinal doctrines of the new faith, the monks and other Christian preachers felt content to leave the minor details to the work of time. But eighteen centuries seem to have been too short a period for such a work, and in scarcely any particular have the simple peasantry made an advance upon the religion and customs presented to them in the first instance.

What is true of their faith is true of all their everyday life; and many amusing predicaments and laughable accidents seem to have befallen Mr. Busk and his party in consequence.

Notwithstanding this, the whole book is filled with advice to the reader not to be content with reading about the new-old land, but to go and see it for himself; and the promises of repayment are constant and unhesitating. This paper cannot better come to an end than with a similar piece of advice and promise: Do not be content to hear that there is such a book as "The Valleys of the Tirol," but read and enjoy it for yourselves.

K. CONWAY.

NOTES OF THREE LECTURES ON GREEK ART.



ONLY a few traces remain of the earliest attempts at art in Greece. Art was then, as now, the representation in some tangible form of man's most beautiful ideas. All early Greek Art was religious.

The holiest and most elevating feelings of the Greeks were those with which they regarded their divinities; and the efforts of their artists were all to beautify and adorn the shrines and temples of these gods. A man had a conception of a deity, he wished to embody it, so attempted some rough symbol of the chief attribute of that deity. Several ancient coins have been found illustrative of this first period of Greek art, which is estimated to have extended from the earliest ages to 480 B.C. On a coin from Diblos a small temple containing a cone is represented, which stood for some deity, probably Aphrodite. On another an eagle—the king of birds—represents Zeus. It is worth notice that the Greeks were as conservative in their art as in their religion; for in after years they revered more these rough symbols of gods, the work of their ancestors, than the beautiful works of art with which they adorned their temples and public buildings. A rude representation of some god or his attribute would be kept in the very *adytum* of a temple, while a more modern, but perfect piece of sculpture would stand in the court.

About the year 600 B.C. an advance was made in Greek art. The Greeks then first conceived the idea of representing their deities in human form. These figures were of the stiffest and most conventional kinds. This is shown by an image of wingless Nike, in its general outlines like a very conventional human form, which was presented to Artemis at Delos.

It was a little later than this that the artist Daidalos lived (who *may be* only a mythical person). He is typical of a great change which passed over Greek art; for it was he who by separating the hands and feet, raising the head, &c., put life into statues. This was a great step, and must have made much impression. Plato says, "Opinions should be bound down by the chains of reason, lest they escape us like runaway slaves, or like the statues of Daidalos."

The schools of Grecian art centre round the islands of the Egean Sea. Three names remain in connection with that of Chios—Melas, who lived about the year 660 B.C., and who is distinguished as the first worker in marble, and his sons Mikkiades and Archermos, the first two artists who represented the goddess Nike with wings.

Rhoikes (588 B.C.), of the school of Samos, the first worker in bronze, laid the foundations of the beautiful temple of Hera at Samos. Rhoikos had two disciples, Theodorus his son, and Telekles. These two young men, while at different places, each made the half of a statue, and when the two pieces were brought together it was found that they exactly fitted. Theodorus also founded the temple of Diana of the Ephesians.

The athletic contests practised by the Greeks greatly helped the progress of art. In the schools where the athletes were trained the Greek artists had every opportunity of studying the human form in its most beautiful and developed state in every attitude and aspect. Another help to the art of the Grecians was the fact that it was still nearly all religious, and the object of the sculptor was to make his work a link between the human and the divine.

From 480 to 359 B.C. was the period of fine art in Greece; art was then at its height. During the Persian war the city of Athens, the very home of art, with all its monuments was utterly destroyed. Its most beautiful buildings—the shrines on the Akropolis—were not spared. The Hekatompedos, built by Pisistratus in 745 B.C., as an offering to Athene, and the Erechtheion, were both destroyed. The Athenians profited by the war. As their homes were destroyed they had to rebuild and recolonise their city. For this they had all the energy of a young and enterprising nation supported by the traditions of ancient culture. They restored their temples on the Akropolis. The Erechtheion, of which only a fragment now remains at the

museum in Athens, was rebuilt, and on the site of the former Hekatompedos was erected the new Hekatompedos or *Parthenon*.

This temple was of Doric architecture; the double row of columns outside rising straight from the ground, and having no base of their own, and their capitals being quite plain. It was dedicated to Athene, the tutelary deity of the Greeks, by whom she was worshipped as the ideal of strength, wisdom, and beauty. Athene was the goddess of peace and the special instructress of maidens; she was favoured by Zeus to carry his *agis* and fight his foes; she helped Hephaistos in his workshop and Hera to embroider her garments. It is probable that the sculptor Pheidias, a pupil of Ageladas of Argos, designed the Parthenon. It is known that he superintended the sculptures of the temple, viz., the decorations of the pediments, friezes, and metopes. He also executed in ivory and gold the statue of Athena Parthenos, which was kept in the *naos* or shrine of the temple, and which was only an offering to Athena Polias, a small wooden statue.

What remains of the sculptures of the Parthenon are now in the British Museum, where they were placed by Lord Elgin. A detailed account of these beautiful sculptures, of the subjects treated of, and of the different identifications of the separate figures and groups of figures, and of the damage done to them at different times, may be found in the guide book to the Elgin room in the Museum.

E. R. TRITTON.

PRESENTATION DAY.



BURLINGTON HOUSE—not only the part dedicated to Art—has become a familiar spot to many Mil-tonians by this time. We have entered the great gates and ascended the staircase to inscribe our names on the

register of the University with mingled feelings. We have repaired thither and established ourselves at the desk marked out by its little metal tablet bearing our number, a quarter of an hour before the time appointed for examination, as directed. We have spent some anxious hours waiting for the telegram from Vigo Street which was to decide our fate. But our feelings as we made our way to Burlington Gardens on Wednesday, May 14th, were altogether of an agreeable nature. It was Presentation Day, as all graduates and undergraduates of the University will know, and we were going to see three of our old friends, attired in the orthodox cap and gown receive their degrees from the Vice-Chancellor. The ceremony was announced to begin at two o'clock, but on arriving at a quarter past one we found the corridor of the University already thronged with graduates and undergraduates of all heights and both sexes, arranged in gowns of various colours and accompanied by their friends. To many wearing the gown was evidently a novel experience, but they contrived to acquit themselves with a fair amount of grace. On the whole the gowns appeared to suit very well, but there was one tall graduate to whose lot a very short garment had fallen. The approaches to the gallery soon became so crowded that it was with difficulty we reached our places, though they had been secured beforehand. The area of the theatre was bright and gay with silks of all shades, while the yellow hoods of the B.Sc.'s and the scarlet gowns and bright violet hoods of the M.D.'s were especially conspicuous. These last present a striking and gorgeous combination, the beauty of which, however, is perhaps questionable. When Mrs Bryant, the only wearer of the scarlet gown and yellow hood (D.Sc.), came in and took her seat she was loudly applauded. In front of the dais sat the gentlemen—also in their gowns—and ladies who were to present candidates. All who had no other friend

to act for them were presented by Rev. P. H. E. Brette, B.D.

The proceedings were opened by A. Milman, Esq., M.A., the Registrar, who commenced reading statistics concerning the examinations of the past year. As these were not particularly entertaining they were being disposed of as quickly as possible, and were therefore not audible in the gallery. This disturbed some individual of an inquiring turn of mind, for he requested the reader to "speak up." Presently the most interesting part of the ceremony was reached. One by one those who had obtained prizes in the Matriculation and Intermediate examinations, were called up, introduced to the Vice-Chancellor, Sir James Paget, received their certificates, shook hands, and retired. These wore plain black gowns without hoods. Then followed the B.A.'s—a goodly number—with black gowns and russet hoods. Among the ladies who received this degree were three ex-Miltonians, Janet Greener, Caroline Moffett and Laura Hutchin, whom our good friend Rev. J. Radford Thomson, M.A., was kind enough to present. Then followed the B.Sc.'s. and M.B.'s. Here too, the weaker sex had not been content to allow all the prizes to be carried off by the stronger, one lady, who had taken honours in several subjects and a medal, receiving a large share of applause. Success in legal examinations was shown by a rose-coloured silk hood, while the one solitary aspirant to musical honours rejoiced in a similar garment of lilac. For the first time in the annals of the University, the blue hood of the M.A. was worn by a lady—Miss Dawes—and the enthusiasm displayed at her presentation was second only to that shown when Mrs. Bryant, also the first of her sex to obtain such distinction, received the certificate of the D.Sc. The actual presentation concluded shortly afterwards, and was followed by the Vice Chancellor's speech. After apologising for the unavoidable absence of

Lord Granville, who was attending Her Majesty's Drawing Room, he alluded to the retirement of Dr. Storrar from the position of Chairman of Convocation, and went on to speak of the proposals for forming a teaching university in London, and of the special necessity for improved scientific training; but unfortunately those in the gallery missed the greater part of his remarks. He also stated that the whole subject of Matriculation was under very careful consideration, and that the Senate did not think fit to lower the standard of the M.A. and M.D. examinations as had been suggested. This announcement was received with great applause. Sir James Paget was followed by Sir John Lubbock, M.P. for the University, who also spoke of the need for more practical science teaching. The programme was now at an end, but the meeting refused to be satisfied without a speech from Lord Sherbrooke, who had been warmly greeted on his entrance. So his lordship spoke a few words, thanking those who had always welcomed him so kindly, and assuring them of his interest, but declining to trespass on their time when he had nothing to say.

The ceremony was over, and the next question was how to get out, for the staircases and corridors were literally *packed*. By degrees, however, they became clearer, and our friends having doffed their robes, we once more passed out of the great gates, having much enjoyed, and long to remember, Presentation Day.

ALICE T. BATER.

THE WITCH OF THE PEAK.

DEEP in the depths of one of those beautiful gorges or "delfts," so common in the Peak, is a huge cavern in which as tradition says, dwells "The witch of the Peak."

This cavern is of course held in superstitious dread and reverence by the inhabitants of the village, who stared at us with open eyes and mouth in answer to our matter-of-fact questions; for we were anxious to make all necessary inquiries before we started to explore "the Haunted Delft." We listened as the old sage of the company told, in awe-struck tones, how a daring tourist two summers ago had ventured into the delft; but from the day he entered he had never been heard of; and also how a carrier from Sheffield disappeared in that severe winter, and they conjectured with many solemn shakings of the head "that the witch had been and took and ate him, horse and a'."

The picturesque and effective way in which this was related it is impossible to describe; but as this was the first time I had ever heard of "the witch," I was very much interested in the old man and his story, while he told in thrilling accents how, about ten years ago, the old squire's eldest son was coming home from some midnight revel when the witch had appeared to him not a hundred yards from the Park gates, and the next morning, being missed, and a search being made, both horse and rider were found lying dead in the pathway. How they knew the witch had appeared to him I do not know, and was too much afraid of rousing the old man's ire at disbelieving or questioning what everybody so firmly believed, that I took it for granted that some supernatural revelation had been made to him, and, half ashamed of my disbelief, said nothing.

Other legends there are that make one's blood run cold to listen to them, all connected with this famous haunted cavern and its inhabitant, until I had half begun to believe that there was such a thing, when one night I was returning home across the moor; the moon was at the full, it was a lovely night. On each side of the moor-path great rocks, with their deep shadows, seemed to my quickened imagination all sorts of

grotesque shapes and figures, and smiling to myself at the absurdity of the thought, I half whispered below my breath, "Just the night to meet the witch," when suddenly appeared right in my pathway the tall, gaunt form of a woman, and with all the breath that remained I gasped, "the witch;" the slight night breeze stirred her loose grey hair which partly concealed her withered, wizened features; her head was uncovered save for an old rag that I suppose she called a shawl, which had fallen back over her shoulders, while she had drawn herself up into an attitude of defiance and malignant rage. All these facts I seemed to be aware of as I stood in a kind of stupefaction. My first impulse was to take refuge in ignominious flight, but where could I fly? Behind was the wild moorland with its unknown horrors, home and help were behind the witch. Seized with a strange fascination I was rooted to the spot as if under a spell; but summoning up all my courage, and with head turned away that I might not meet her gaze I passed her, and immediately I felt that come what might I must look at her once more. I turned my eyes fearfully, expecting I know not what, but she had vanished, even as she had come, into the deep shadows of the rocks.

She has never been seen since; she may be living, but no one yet has had the temerity to go to see for themselves. If you would know what became of her, I strongly advise you to go and explore for yourself, and the beauty and grandeur of Dimsdale will amply repay you.

H. U. LEWIS.

OLD FRIENDS.

ONCE more we have met, congratulated, parted. It was a brief, happy day. We had not time to say half we wanted to say, or to hear half we wanted to hear. How many unasked, and therefore unanswered,

questions have occurred to us since our gathering on May 9th! yet we heard and saw much, and some of us, perhaps, feel that our tongues ran on quite fast enough. This was in private though; and the hope, which one absent friend expressed, that the speeches might be "many and witty," was not fulfilled in exactly the sense she meant. It was only in an official capacity that anyone ventured to lift up her voice at the conference. The various captains however, discharged their tasks very well. Alice Coster, as representative of the College, gave us the usual welcome, which does not seem to have died into a mere formality yet. She had a good deal to tell us about large percentages of passes in various examinations, and other interesting details of school work, which somehow slip out of our minds, and leave only a strong impression that everything is going on splendidly, and that we have fresh reason to be proud of our College. Maggie Knaggs, as captain of the Technical School, reported progress in that department. When she told us that Mr. Wilson had paid a visit to Milton Mount, some of us wished we had been there at the time, to be perhaps recognised, as 108 was, by our old friend and master. The High School has migrated again, and now occupies Baynard Castle, leaving Berkeley House as a home for boarders attending the school. The pupils increase in numbers amazingly. When their new stronghold becomes too small, will they apply for the use of one of the Royal Castles? Lilian Davies does not settle this question for us. The Public Day School too, is growing. It is the youngest child of the College, and Marion Edwards told us its story in an appropriately short and simple way. So much for the speeches. They were, as I said, official, and it is wonderful how well people can acquit themselves when supported by the dignity of an office. Who would have dreamt of a quiet little girl, whose voice was seldom heard above a whisper some years ago, turning out an elocu-

tionist! Yet we hear that, as head-mistress of a boarding-school, she has been delivering an eloquent address to the parents and friends of her pupils. Let us not despair of any. The letters were most interesting this year. They were "many," and in some cases "witty." One of our B.A.'s has found out that learning will not take the place of home comfort, and she writes with as much interest about making good cakes for her husband's tea as she does about her professional duties in a ladies' school. She seems to be equally zealous about her young women's Bible-class. This is what we call an "all-round" character, and reminds us of one of Mr. Wilson's addresses in the olden days about Ephraim being "like a cake not turned." From Canada we received a spirited letter, enclosing a photograph of the writer in a Canadian hood, and suggesting to us by example, that we might sometimes try to *earn* money for the Collège. At Bradford there is quite a colony of Miltonians, who seem to have deputed one of their number to send in a general report; at any rate they could not have chosen a better deputy. One member of the old "Cambridge class" sent a special greeting to her classmates. Only two were present on Saturday to represent that noble company of "originals." Some of our old friends are taking a special interest in work among the poor. One is helping in a movement of this kind in Manchester, another is nursing in the Bradford Hospital, a third taking part in entertainments for working-men at Croydon. Of village work there is nothing very definite to say, and perhaps where least is said most is being done. It is not so much by organisation that we can do good in the country as by just living as a friend among the people who know us so well, identifying ourselves as much as possible with their life and interests, and *being* what we wish to make them. This thought was not given in any of the letters, but will perhaps, explain why some things were left

out. If it had not been for the "May fever" we should not have heard so much about another indefinite kind of work which is thought hardly worth writing about—that of keeping a house comfortable. As we must live in houses, and find that the state of those houses is an important condition of our health,—physical, mental, and spiritual,—domestic duties are nearly allied to those of doctor or teacher, only they do not sound so grand, and so are apt to be slighted. It was sad to hear that some of our friends were ill, and we should like them to know how much we hope that they will be well again before long. Many of our readers will be glad to know the names of those who sent us letters. They are as follows:—Katie Mead, Eva Harry, Beatrice Horton, Edith Dukes (*née* Pope), Fanny Waddington, Eliza Rolls, Edith Roberts, Bella Robertson, Susie Prentice, Ada Kendall, Alice Braithwaite, Jessie Tarbolton, Emma Laver, Edith Bolton, Flossie Charlesworth, Dora Hooke, May Tarbolton, Katie Herbert, Lena Fielden, Nellie Wilkinson, Lena Martin, Ethel and Flo Darnton, A. Orr, and I think a few more. Others, who did not send letters specially for this occasion, keep Miss Hadland so well up in their doings that she was able to tell us something about them.

The visitors, in addition to sixteen or seventeen ex-Miltonians who are now at the High School, Technical School or Day School, were as follows: E. L. Cox, Kitty and Patty Sainsbury, Janet Greener, Helen Murray, Ida and Annie Spence, Ethel Harry, Alice Watt, Margaret, Clara and Emma Gilfillan, Lilian Rook, Sarah Burgess, Edith Corbold, Annie Egerton (*née* Jukes), Emily Jukes, Mary Postans, Carrie Knaggs, Annie Hastings, Maud Stephenson, L. Tubb and M. Seymour. Some had not seen the extension, or even the dining-hall pictures. To all of us the oil painting presented by J. Ruston, Esq., was new. It is entitled, "Jochebed's Tears," and represents the infant Moses lying in his mother's arms as she

stoops to lay him in the ark of bulrushes. The tender grief on Jochebed's face is so graphically portrayed that one of the girls says she can see the tears on her cheeks; we think the young lady must have had a nearer view before the picture was hung on the wall. It was not warm enough for us to sit out in the garden as we generally do on Old Girls' Day, but then we had no register to mark on Monday, and could talk as much as we liked in the corridors and music-rooms. In the entrance hall is a sort of pillar post, which is visited four times a day by one of Her Majesty's servants, so greatly has the correspondence of the household increased. There are not many other alterations since last year. Mr. Baker comes, as usual, to wind up the clocks on Saturday afternoons; and when he came into the lecture-room for that purpose in the midst of our conference it seemed as though we ought to give him a clap for the sake of auld lang syne. The violin class have got on capitally. They gave us some sweet music in the dining-hall before tea. When the ten violins played a largo in unison the effect was charming.

My paper is too long already, but it must not close without a good word for all Miltonians. With all their faults they have one characteristic virtue. It is this, that wherever they meet in after days they are sure to be good friends. Whether old classmates, or not even contemporaries, the very fact of having been a pupil at Milton Mount acts as a kind of magnet to draw them together. Some of them are establishing local Old Girls' Days, and the idea is one which might be carried out in other parts of the country where several Miltonians are living near together, perhaps too far away to join our May Meeting at the College. But of course Milton Mount is the best place to meet, where our kind hostess gives herself up to us as entirely and heartily, as though she had nothing else to do and we were the only ones for whose comfort and happiness

she had to make arrangements. When the "merry month of May" comes round again, may many of us be there to grasp her hand and hear her voice, and feel ourselves school-girls once more.

M. SALISBURY.

FINCHINGFIELD,

May 28th, 1885.

THE TEACHERS' GUILD OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

(Contributed.)

THE first annual meeting of this Association was held on Saturday, the 16th of May, at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street. The Chair was taken at four o'clock by the Right Hon. A. J. Mundella, M.P. Mr. A. J. De Morgan, the Secretary of the Guild, read the report for the year, printed copies of which were distributed among the audience. This report states:—that lists of holiday resorts for members have been published; a registry has been opened; local branches have been formed at Brighton and at Cheltenham; advantageous arrangements have been made with several life-assurance offices; and a library has been formed consisting at present of 500 educational works.

The Rev. Canon Percival, chairman of the Council, moved the adoption of the report, and pointed out not only that the unorganised state of the teaching profession called for such an institution as the Guild, but also that there was danger of teachers falling under the pressure of a mechanical routine, owing to the isolation of their position. The work of educators would be more valuable if more interchange of thought and comparison of method could be brought about, and examples

of the best work produced, for the benefit of teachers. This applies to schools of all grades.

Sir George Young, the newly appointed Treasurer of the Guild, seconded the resolution, and, having read the financial report, gave as reasons for the want of unity among members of the educational profession the lack of chances of promotion among teachers of elementary schools, and the slight share taken by those engaged in University teaching in the government of schools working on University lines.

Mr. A. Courthope Bowen spoke of the desirability of establishing local guilds. One of the main objects of the association is not to force on teachers any peculiar doctrines, but to unite all who are interested in the work of education, and by corporation to effect what cannot be done by individuals. By means of local guilds the central body will learn the wants of the provinces, and the views both of the parent society and the branches will be widened.

The Rev. Radford Thomson, M.A., moved the adoption of the Articles of Association. After speaking of the importance of the work of teachers, Mr. Thomson said that the only objection to the Guild was the great diversity among educationists, but this may be turned into an advantage, since by conference much may be learned. Chaucer says in praise of his Clerk of Oxenford :

"And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche."

He who ceases to learn, ceases to be efficient as a teacher. If there is a class of educationists who can gain nothing by joining the Guild, they are the men who ought to join and enlighten their brethren.

Mr. Widgery, in a racy, amusing speech, seconded the motion, which was carried.

Mr. E. North Buxton, chairman of the London School Board, moved the election of the council for the present year, and

remarked that he hoped the Guild would do something towards breaking down the distinctions between elementary and other teachers. There should be no social classes in education any more than in religion.

Dr. Weymouth in seconding the resolution spoke earnestly on the necessity of thrift.

The Rev. Dr. Rigg then proposed that the meeting should pledge itself to further the objects of the Guild. In a clear, common-sense speech he showed that the lateness of this movement was due partly to the greatness and liberty of the country. It was a difficult matter for individuals to bring about, owing to the great diversity among teachers, and no State organisation could have had the vitality of the present one. The fact that it was possible for anyone to slide into the profession without a training increased the difficulty. The evil might be remedied partly by registry, partly by public opinion. The interchange of experience and ideas between technically-trained teachers and those who have gained their knowledge by experience only, will be beneficial in overcoming the tendency to narrowness on the one side and to irregularity on the other.

Mrs. Bryant, D.Sc., seconded this resolution, which was carried.

A vote of thanks to the chairman was proposed by Mr. Charles, seconded by Dr. Wormell, and carried with acclamation. Mr. Mundella, in responding, said he had been tempted to excuse himself from attending, as he was in a neuralgic condition—whether from overpressure he could not say—but he felt it would be a shabby thing, so he had come to show his sympathy with the movement. He then drew attention to the influence exercised by elementary education over the higher education of the country, and hoped that many of the teachers engaged in the former would distinguish themselves, take

University degrees, and pass on to the rank of teachers in secondary and high-class schools. In conclusion Mr. Mundella said he thought that many might not be aware that there is a very good educational library at South Kensington at the service of teachers. The audience, about 450 in number, then dispersed, after having spent two hours in a very pleasant and profitable manner.

THE WOULD-BE POET.

HAVE you ever meditated on the ludicrous predicaments of the would-be poet? After invoking the Muse (who being in a refractory humour refuses to be disturbed on any consideration whatever) her unfortunate devotee resigns himself to his fate. Down he sits to a table well stocked with every implement that mortal poet could desire. Before him lie acres of paper, tuns of ink and stacks of pens. The last-named implements are of every description; ranging from that provided by Mother Nature in the garb of a near and dear relation of our friend, to the most complicated "Ready (?) writer" devised by man's ingenuity. Enticed by the deceptive name, he feels strongly tempted to use the latter.

His subject he finds hard to choose, but not so hard as, having chosen it, to find something to say about it. Which of the various metres shall he immortalise? Shall he ripple the current of human emotions by tossing off a few graceful ditties, or shall he stir the depths of man's strongest passions by a diviner epic?

Having at length decided on the subject and also on the pen which shall be the honoured medium under his guidance of transmitting his thoughts to posterity, he next considers how many syllables shall be in a line, to what tune he shall hum

them, and which lines shall rhyme. This done, he proceeds to jot down a few similes which he thinks may be introduced with effect, such as "dappled kine lowing in meadows," designations of the long-suffering moon as "Queen of Night" and her jolly partner the sun as "Phœbus' eye," &c.

Another sheet is devoted to a list of uncommon and therefore (?) poetical words.

The first line comes easily enough. In the second he wants one more syllable. To secure this, either grammar or rhythm must suffer. With no hesitation he decides that the former must be sacrificed and uses his poetical licence to the fullest extent. With the third his real difficulties begin. How is he to make it rhyme with the first line? Resorting to his usual expedient he plods laboriously through the alphabet. "Aggs, baggs, caggs, daggs," what is he to do? It is hopeless! Nothing remains but to leave the fragment veiled in dim obscurity. He consoles himself with the thought that even Virgil, the prince of epic poets, has frequently left unfinished lines, which are always supposed to possess a peculiar charm and pathos.

With the fourth line he launches forth into a soul-inspiring simile. On he swims for the next two or three lines. Suddenly he stops short, foundering helplessly in an inundation of meaningless phrases, from which he is unable to extract a particle of sense. He is in good company, however. His style is not more involved than that of Caesar, and he bethinks himself with what lucidity that individual is always credited. At length the fact that his subject has to be considered dawns upon him. On reviewing what he has written and finding that he has in no way approached it, he determines to change the title. He tries whether copying it out on a fresh piece of paper and reciting it in his best style to an imaginary audience will make it more presentable. At length in despair he

consigns it to the oblivion of a secret drawer, with the glimmering hope that, in years to come, some grandchild in prospective may disinter the effort of his sire.

M. A. AND M. T.

SCHOOL NEWS.



IN February the 28th we had a very interesting missionary address on China, from the Rev. W. Muirhead. He was in China forty years, during which time great good was done. On his going out to Shanghai he said there were only six or seven converts, but that small number had increased to 2,500 when he returned to England. Mr. Muirhead also told us many new facts about their various modes of worship, their temples, and their gods. He then went on to explain the manner in which the Chinese sold tea and carried on business generally. At these tea shops seven cups of tea can be purchased for a farthing. This tea is made by putting one or two leaves into a cup and pouring on boiling water, it is then left to brew with the saucer over as a cover. He concluded by telling us many facts relating to the dress and domestic life of the Chinese which had an especial attraction for us.

Our dear friend, the Rev. Joshua Harrison, gave us on the 12th of March, a very beautiful address on Spring. He spoke of our hearts as being gardens, in which we should cultivate during the spring-time of our youth all the many varieties of virtue and all the fruits of righteousness.

We also had a visit last term from our old friend the Rev. H. C. Wilson, who took the evening services. After tea he told us several ghost stories, and recited some very pretty poems, which of course we all enjoyed greatly.

Last term the eight and sixth forms gave some charades and tableaux in the dining hall, which were liked very much by the girls, especially as we have not had any for some time.

Our violinists continue to make rapid progress under Mr. Burnett's tuition ; they played remarkably well on the concert day.

I am sure our old friends will join with us in congratulating three of our ex-Miltonians who received their diplomas on May 13th at Burlington House.

We are also very pleased to record the high position the College has taken during the last four years with regard to its percentage of passes in the London and other examinations. In the Matriculation Examination the percentage of passes has been 90 ; 27 candidates out of 30 having been successful. As our time is by no means confined to examination subjects, this result is exceedingly encouraging.

Our annual concert took place on Thursday, May 14th. The weather, which threatened with rain in the morning, cleared up wonderfully during the afternoon, and, owing to the recent showers, the country looked especially bright and fresh. Like last year, we had two concerts, one in the afternoon for friends from London and a distance, the other in the evening to which our local friends were invited. Both times the hall was entirely filled with visitors, there being no room for pupils. The performances went off very well, the favourite being a largo played by ten girls on the violin accompanied by the piano and organ, Mr. Burnett playing the (violin) solo. After the afternoon concert the friends were invited to tea in the schoolroom, and to visit the gymnasium where some of the gymnasts were performing ; also the studio and class-rooms, where needlework and kindergarten works were exhibited.

We had a holiday on May 28th. The weather which had been very showery, cleared wonderfully, and we had a real

summer's day which of course added much to our enjoyment. A party of about twenty went to Rochester to see the castle and gardens, and attended the morning service at the cathedral. Others of us went for long walks to the woods and to Cobham. The afternoon was spent by most of us in the garden playing tennis, cricket, and croquet. In the evening we had a dance on the lawn, the music being played on the piano, violin, and orchestrina in No. 4, with the windows wide open.

Some of the girls are practising lawn tennis very diligently, as they intend giving a tennis tournament on the last Saturday in the term.

Many of the girls have been up to London for a day this term, as so many of our fathers have been there for the May Meetings. Owing to the kindness of the South-Eastern Railway Company, and to our close proximity to London, these short visits are greatly facilitated. So many places have been visited in London on these excursions, that it would take far too long for me to mention them. I think the places of especial interest were the Inventions Exhibition, the Academy, and the National Gallery.

During the past year our science work has been much improved, owing to the extra time which is devoted to practical work in chemistry, physics, and physiology. One hour and a-half is given to practical chemistry and practical physics weekly. We have just commenced practical work in hygiene, which will I am sure, be exceedingly interesting and instructive; and the practical work we have had in physiology helps greatly the new students in understanding hygiene.

Alice Coster.

LESSONS IN DESIGN.



LESSONS in Design have only been given at Milton Mount since Christmas 1884, and already much progress has been made in this branch of art. The third and fourth forms have been chiefly occupied in learning the use and value of simple lines, the third form being very good workers.

The members of the fifth have been working out designs for various subjects.

One hour a week is generally devoted to preparing this work, and each class has an hour's lesson weekly. The first part of the lesson is taken up with commenting upon the designs which have been prepared, when their faults and merits are pointed out. Next the subject for the following week is given, and examples drawn on the blackboard. These are quickly copied into note-books provided for the purpose, and the rest of the lesson is spent by each pupil working out as many ideas as time permits.

The sixth and seventh forms have been designing various things, as panels, cups and saucers, dados, book covers, &c. One of the members of the seventh designed and coloured the back of a watch, a bracelet, and brooch.

The sixth have been lately occupied in designing pledge cards, one of which it is hoped will obtain the prize offered by the Bristol Temperance Association.

During the whole of last term the eighth form were preparing designs for South Kensington. The subjects chosen were various, among others being a dado and border for a hall, a set of tiles for a fishmonger's shop, a panel of a painted glass window for a room, and a conventional design for a wall paper with its border, the flower chosen being apple blossom. Also

three panels, one with holly, another with the poppy, and the third snowdrops. These have not yet been returned from South Kensington. At present the eighth are receiving twenty-minute lectures, which will shortly be extended to the seventh. Besides the regular lesson, some are working out special designs.

One of these is particularly pretty, being a design for a fire screen of four panels, in one of which various musical instruments represent music, and in another a palette, brushes, &c., depict painting. The centre panels are to be composed of figures. Another design is for two panels, the subject being Spring and Autumn.

In designing, three things are to be considered, viz., the purpose or use for which the subject is intended, the position in which it is to be placed, and the capacities or limitations of the materials to be used.

By attending to these laws, designing may become a means of remuneration; and it is hoped that Miltonians will find this part of their education very useful in after life.

ELSIE HARKER.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

WE beg to acknowledge with thanks:—"The Starry Cross," by James Crowther, from Mrs. Townsend, and a volume of anthem music from G. Unwin, Esq. Also the following Magazines:—*Thistle*, *City of London*, *Blenheim House Review*, *Uthla*, *Eastbourne Cliftonian* (2), *Sons of Missionaries* (3), *Mill Hill* (2), *Whitgift*, *Eastbourne*, *Our Magazine*, and *The Bradfordian*.

MARRIAGE.

February 25th, at the Congregational chapel, Yelvertoft, by Rev. T. Rhys Evans, of Brighton, brother of the bride, assisted by her father, William T. Barkas, Oakwood, of Bournemouth, to Emily Kate, eldest daughter of Rev. B. W. Evans.

DEATH.

May 25th. Clara (*née* Benson), the beloved wife of John Murray Campbell, in her 27th year.



THE MILTON MOUNT MAGAZINE

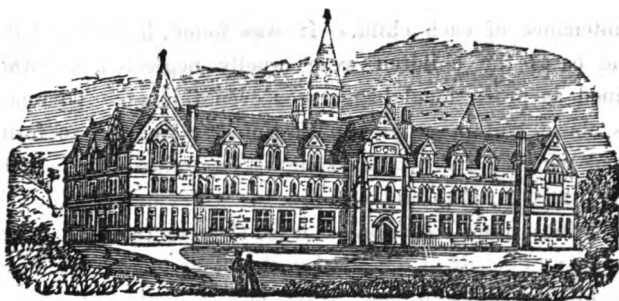
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PRICE SIXPENCE.



ORA ET LABORA.

Milton Mount Magazine.

NOVEMBER, 1885.

CONFERENCE OF HEAD-MISTRESSES.



NEW feature has been introduced into the meetings of the head-mistresses of public and endowed schools. This year, by the kind invitation of Miss Day, many of the assistant-mistresses were present at a *Conversazione* at the Grey-Coat School, Westminster, on Friday, June 12th, and also at a conference in the same building on the next day. The proceedings on the latter occasion were opened by Miss Day, who welcomed those present, and then gave a very interesting account of the origin and progress of the Grey-Coat School, compiled from the minute-book of the institution. The following is a *résumé* of her paper:—

About the year 1698, it was the custom to entrust orphans, or children whose parents were unable to look after them, to nurses, who received one shilling or eightpence for the

maintenance of each child. It was found, however, that in some cases the children were cruelly neglected, in others, trained as professional beggars or even thieves. To remedy this abuse, certain people in Westminster resolved to form a school where forty poor boys might be trained up in habits of honesty, morality and cleanliness. On January 6th, 1698, two guineas were voted, one as a fee to a clergyman to preach a sermon on behalf of the charity, the other to give a dinner to the forty boys who had been elected. The clergyman, however, gave his services for nothing. In the minute-book the startling announcement occurs that the "children dined in Hell." This was the name commonly applied to the tavern patronised by the Opposition, the Government tavern going by the name of Heaven.

The school was opened on January 9th, and its arrangements are in striking contrast to the schools of the present day. The hours were from six to eleven, and from one to six. The Church Catechism was taught the whole of Wednesday and Friday, and the list of books in use was: four Bibles, four prayer-books, two "Practise of Piety," one little psalm-book and one "Child's Manual." In March some new children were elected, the successful candidates being those who drew papers with the words "God's Gift" written on them. In 1702, we read that the head-master demanded a higher salary. As his stipend was £26 per annum, we are not surprised at his discontent. The governors generously increased his yearly income to £30.

About this time the governors determined to convert the day-school into a boarding-school, and made a proposition to the Westminster Vestry. They offered to maintain forty girls, and to teach them to read, knit, and spin, if the vestry would make over to them the workhouse building, and pay eighteen-pence for each child, that being the sum formerly paid to the

nurses. The proposal was accepted, and the present Grey-Coat School consists of the old workhouse, with the addition of a new wing. Then occur some interesting entries with regard to the price and kind of food provided. The provisions ordered were "a barrel of drink [till quite lately a kind of weak beer was drunk at every meal], a peck of salt, a bag of oatmeal, turnips, peas, cheese, &c." Beef cost eighteenpence a stone; beer, 16s. 6d. for ninety-six gallons; milk and other provisions were correspondingly cheap. One shilling per week was expended on each child's food. The fact that a boy was expelled for blackberrying in Westminster on Sunday gives us some idea of the changes that have taken place in London in the last century and a half. The girls were obliged to contribute to their own support, inasmuch as their hair was allowed to grow long, and was then cut off and sold for wigs. The regulations as to the behaviour of servants are particularly worthy of adoption. Any servant who quarrelled with his other fellows was to forfeit the yearly wages, generally about £5. Doctors were encouraged to perform speedy and effectual cures by the regulation that their bills should not be paid till six months after the last appearance of the disease.

We read of sermons, soliciting support for the school, preached by such divines as Bishops Smallridge and Atterbury, South, Sherlock, and Butler. The first-mentioned clergyman, preaching before Queen Anne, took for his text the words, "Take this child, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee wages." His hopes that the English Queen would prove as liberal as the Egyptian princess were not realised. Soon after this, however, a charter was obtained for the sum of £49. The seal represents Paul planting, and Apollos watering, with the motto, "God giveth the increase." The first head-mistress was Esther Ritson, who received £10 a year, "her diet and sheets

for her bed." Mathematics was now added to the boys' curriculum, Dr. Smallridge insisting that they should be sent to the Mathematical School in Fleet Street, and an estate was left to the school, which was to lapse when mathematics should cease to be taught.

In 1717, the first head-master died, and his successor did not agree with the governors, going so far as to declare them to be a "body of Jacobites"—a serious accusation in those days. An indignation meeting was held, when master and governors abused each other roundly before the assembled children. Peace was eventually restored, and the school has had since then a career of unbroken prosperity.

Miss Jones, head-mistress of the Notting Hill High School, then read a paper on "The Teaching of Modern Languages as a Means of Mental Training," the substance of which was as follows:—

The aim of education is fourfold, the formation of the moral character, the training of the mental powers, the acquisition of knowledge, and the training of the tastes, feelings, and manners are all included in the word education. The first of these elements is the most important, the second and third should go hand in hand. Untrained teachers fail to see that every subject may be a means of mental training. Herbert Spencer recommends science as the all-important branch of study. Matthew Arnold is the champion of literature. With regard to the study of languages, there are three parties—those who make the classical languages the basis of linguistic knowledge, those who discard classics wholly, and those who give prominence to modern languages, reserving the classics for those who are able to profit by them. There is no doubt that if a school-course could continue uninterruptedly for a period of seven or eight years, a classical training would be preferable to any other. Considering, however, the short time that the average

girl spends at school, the constant interruptions to her work, and the exceeding dullness of many girls whose early education has been neglected, it seems advisable to make French and German the basis of linguistic teaching, and to reserve Latin and Greek for bright girls, who are to be found in every school.

The modern languages, at least in their early stages, are easier than the classical, and should be begun young. The aim in teaching them is *not* the acquirement of conversational facility—servants, waiters, and other uneducated persons can speak their own or foreign languages without knowing anything of their grammar. Unless school-teaching be supplemented at home, it is impossible to make children speak French or German in day-schools. Mr. Hamerton who, from his long residence abroad, is an authority, gives his opinion in five propositions:—

1. Whenever a foreign language is *perfectly* acquired, there are special family conditions.

2. Whenever a foreign language is *perfectly* acquired, the mother-tongue loses.

3. A person can speak two languages perfectly; *never* three.

4. Children cannot learn more than one language at a time. They forget the first in learning the second.

5. A language cannot be learnt by an adult without five years' residence abroad.

In teaching, the voice and ear should be cultivated, the children must be made to read correctly, and to understand. The teacher should speak to them in French or German, except when explaining rules. Grammars written in French and German should be used by advanced pupils only. How, then, is the teaching of French or German to be begun? Some advocate a method purely conversational; others one purely grammatical. A compromise seems the most desirable. Let a child learn the simple rules for pronunciation, the formation of

plurals, the conjugation of the verbs *avoir* and *être*, &c., and let it at the same time have a reading-book, and prepare a small piece of translation, which the teacher has previously gone over in detail. Let Bacon's maxim that "reading maketh a full man; speaking, a ready man; writing, an exact man," be applied in the teaching of modern languages. The simultaneous repetition of poetry is a useful exercise in pronunciation. When we come to the more advanced study of the language, the reasoning powers are brought into stronger play. Mr. Fitch says that every grammatical rule, properly reasoned out, is a problem in logic. French prose is as difficult as Latin; that is, if every nicety and turn of phrase be expressed in fitting words. The rigid rules with regard to the position of words in a German sentence is capital training in exactness. Passages from Walter Scott, Macaulay, George Eliot, and other writers, afford excellent material for translation. The literary part of the language, too, should be cultivated, reading should be extensive, though we must guard against the error of allowing young pupils to get the general meaning of a passage, without knowing the exact significance of each word. In this branch of instruction, as in every other, let us remember what John Locke says: "Nine out of ten people are what they are by their education."

Miss Neligan, of the Croydon High School, then introduced the question of the geography papers set in the Cambridge Local Examinations. She complained that the set subjects covered too wide a range for school girls to complete in a year, that the questions set were not always distributed fairly over the work prepared, and that the paper was too long to be done in the time given—one and a half hours. A discussion arose; some teachers expressed themselves as satisfied with the papers, and the amount of work set; others agreed with Miss Neligan. It was suggested that the geography set should have special

reference to the given period of history, that questions of contemporary interest should be set, that books of travel and lives of explorers should be studied in connection with given countries, &c.

Miss Jones then took the opinion of the meeting with regard to the Junior Botany paper, and it was agreed that the standard had been considerably raised. The question of addressing the Syndicate on the subject was considered.

Miss Hadland gave us some interesting particulars with regard to "The Teachers' Guild." The number of members has increased so much that, in July last, it was determined that each new member should present a nomination form, signed by two members. Some strange ideas exist with regard to the nature and objects of the guild—a Welsh member recently applied for a bed at the offices in Buckingham Street, another thought that the heads of schools would always be there in readiness to hold interviews with anyone. The registry fees have been reduced: teachers who are members now, pay no registration fee, and two per cent. on resident, one on non-resident engagements. Non-members pay a fee of 2s. 6d., and three instead of four per cent. on the first year's salary. A new edition of the list of holiday-resorts and also of local correspondents has been published. The latter may further the interests of the guild by themselves understanding clearly its objects, by promoting them in conversation, by getting new members, by forming local guilds, by reporting to the central office interesting items of educational news, and by sending the names of medical men who are willing to attend members of the guild at reduced fees. In time, England will recognise the important position the teacher holds in society, and the guild aims at securing this recognition for its members as soon as possible. At the conclusion of this paper, votes of thanks were passed to Miss Day, and to the head-mistresses

for their kindness in opening their conference to the assistant-mistresses.

Miss Day then invited her guests to explore the quaint old building and to see various objects of interest connected with its early history. Tea was provided in the garden, and after various meetings and chats with old and new friends, we dispersed to our different homes, feeling very much the better for the numerous ideas and suggestions which had been offered to us.

JANET GREENER.

BERKLEIANS' DAY.

JUNE 20TH, 1885.



DEAR FRIENDS,—As some of you were not present on Berkleians' Day, perhaps it will give you a little pleasure to hear what we did. From London Bridge four of us travelled together to Gravesend. It was great fun looking out at the stations for any old friends who were expected.

Arriving at Berkley House about 12.30, we were very kindly received by Mrs. Benham, who has now taken Miss Hannay's place; and a little later Miss Hadland joined the party. We found there were eleven former companions present, and we soon were talking about old times. We sat down, thirty-six in all, to a *récherché* dinner, which was enlivened by accounts of what we had been doing since we last met. After dinner, a party of us went to Baynard Castle, which was most interesting, for some had never visited our new High School. Next we made for Milton Mount College, where Miss Hadland had very kindly arranged some amusements. The band from the training ship "Shaftesbury" entertained us for about an hour. Unfortunately it came on to rain, but this did not interfere

with our pleasure. After this, two of the boys danced the hornpipe, which was very amusing.

We were greatly interested in seeing the designs in the studio, some of which were beautifully executed. What with chatting and laughing the time passed only too quickly, and we were surprised to find that there was only time to have tea at Berkley House and say good-bye, after having spent a very pleasant day.

Before closing this account it may interest you to know which girls were present. Amongst them were Nellie Day, the first boarder at Berkley House ; Jessie and Lily Arnold, Annie and Edith Mallinson, Annie and Alice Gammon, Maggie and Lucy Nicholas, Emma Unwin, and Bertie Singleton. Letters of regret at absence had been received from M. Payne, E. Perrin, and M. Norman. Our only regret is that *all* the Old Girls were not with us on Saturday, and we close with the hope that next year they will be there to meet,

Yours affectionately,

EDELWEISS.

A GERMAN TOUR.

EARLY on Wednesday morning, February 18th, 1885, I, with two friends, Paddie and Liz, left Pensionat Frauzem, and walked to Bad Creuznach station in drizzling rain and under heavy clouds. Arrived at the almost empty little station, we took tickets for Frankfort. Yes ; notwithstanding the rain, the longed-for tour was really at last to be made, for we felt so sure it would "clear up" soon. Fortunately we all three happen to have a lively and hopeful disposition, or the ticket office would probably never have been reached.

As the train rolled on and on, however, and the rain still poured steadily down, our hearts began to sink within us, notwithstanding the constant affirmations of Paddie, who was the most hopeful of the trio, that it really was beginning to clear up. As the train approached Bingerbrück, the rain poured down in such torrents that we were obliged firstly, to think that our hopeful companion was mistaken, and secondly, to shut both windows. One may imagine what adjectives were freely employed at this part of the tour.

We had hoped to see several interesting things when changing at Bingerbrück; but although we certainly could see the Rhine, with the Nahe flowing into it, Germania, Hatto's Tower, the Mouse Tower, and the high hills on the opposite bank, all were so enveloped in mist and rain that our eyes simply ached with trying to pierce the gloom. The following is the interesting legend of Hatto's and the Mouse Towers. Many years ago there was a famine in Germany, and a certain archbishop—Hatto, of Mayence—who had a goodly store of the good things of this life, bought in much corn, &c., for himself, and stored it away in his castle, situated on the banks of the Rhine, surrounded by vineyards; but he would not give so much as a grain to his poorer neighbours; in fact he caused some of the very poor to be burned in a barn, comparing them to mice bent on devouring his corn. Shortly afterwards mice came and tormented him day and night, making great havoc in his barns. Accordingly the archbishop left his castle, and taking all his good things with him, settled down comfortably in a castle on an island in the Rhine, just below his old home. Here he thought to live in luxury; but was utterly disappointed in his selfish hopes, for the rats and mice followed him, and devoured not only the corn, but also the owner thereof! Ever since this the castle has been called Maus Thurm. The probability is however,

that the real name was Mauth Tower, or Tower of Customs, and that it was erected in the middle ages for levying tolls. The ruins of the Mouse Tower have been converted into a kind of watch-tower for making signals to steamers, which in descending the river, are here required to slacken speed when other vessels are coming up the stream.

Having changed trains at B., we journeyed on to Frankfort. Meanwhile, the rain continued pouring mercilessly down. Reaching the station, we rushed through the rain to a cab, and ordered the man to drive quickly to Goethe's house. Arrived there, we paid our fee, and were told to mount to the third story, where we found a woman who joined us as attendant. In the first room in which we entered was a large fine oil painting of Goethe in his eighty-first year; and in every room the walls were well hung with pictures, some representing some of his sixty-one loves, others the chief characters and scenes in his works; whilst one, an engraved portrait of his mother, was exceedingly good. On a table was a glass case, in which was a dress, about one and a half feet long, made of pink satin, with a low-necked tailor's cut bodice, joined to a tiny little skirt; this Goethe's mother had once worn! We visited the room in which the poet first saw light, and saw several wreaths hanging on the walls or lying on the chairs and tables; from one of these our attendant carefully drew out six bay leaves, and presented us each with two, which of course we shall duly treasure. The library we found well stocked with very well-used books, and a new copy of each of Goethe's own works.

Having seen various interesting things of all kinds, we left the house, and ordered the poor cabman, who had been drizzled on for the space of half an hour, to take us to the Palm Garden, which is considered the finest of its kind in Europe. When he had done so we dismissed him, noticing in the

meantime that he seemed somewhat amused at the language in which we addressed him. In the centre of the Palm Garden is a fine large building, the front first story of which consists of a large concert-room, whose glass doors on the farther side open into the palm conservatory. The latter is considerably large, and its walls are invisible owing to the ferns and creepers. The ferns and palms are so tastefully arranged, and the terra-cotta path so well kept, that the one idea which pervaded our minds on looking around was that of perfection. Running exactly down the centre of the conservatory is a bed about five yards wide, of bright green polipodon moss, so very green, thick, and perfect, and on either side so thickly bordered by exquisite ferns and palms, that we could not imagine that any feet had ever been near the place or hands touched it. After spending about twenty minutes in this conservatory, admiring the ferns and the multitude of red fish in the dirty green pool, a man—who by the way, looked as though he had been chased all his life—suddenly sprang up and offered to conduct us further. We gladly accepted his offer, and soon found ourselves in a narrowish flower conservatory, passing almost all round the other. The dazzling gaudiness of the many coloured flowers was wonderful. On our right was a perfect mass of camellia blossoms, reaching from floor to roof, and on our left were thick beds of lilies, primulas, hyacinths, &c., and the scent was delicious. Also the water bouquet, which our guide showed us, was exceedingly pretty.

Leaving the garden, we resolved to walk back to the town. The rain had, to our intense joy, quite stopped; the sun was shining warmly and everything looked bright and fresh. The houses we passed were most of them fine handsome buildings, and the trees bordering the wide paths very old and fine. Arrived at the town we traversed energetically the principal

streets, which also we much admired : they were so wide and clean, the houses so high and well built, and the shops exceedingly good and interesting. In Goethe's Place we saw a fine bronze statue of the poet with a laurel wreath in his hand. The magnificent Exchange, erected in 1844, and adorned with many sculptures and much carving, is an immense building.

Not far from the railway station we saw the Gutenberg monument. The central figure thereof is Gutenberg, who has on his left Schöffel and on his right Faust. On the frieze are portrait heads of thirteen celebrated printers, Caxton among them. In the four niches beneath are the arms of the four towns where printing was first practised—Mainz, Frankfort, Venice, Strasburg; and on four separate pedestals are Theology, Poetry, Natural Science, and Industry. The whole monument is of bronze and is very large.

We spent some time in the beautiful cathedral, which was founded in 1238. It was partly destroyed by the French, and one end is now under repair. The roof is exceedingly handsome, and the walls well painted with historical scenes, among which is a huge representation of St. Christopher wading through the rough waves with the Child-Christ on his shoulder. Near the cathedral is the Römer, a very old and historically interesting building, which however, we could not easily find. Meeting an elderly gentleman I asked him where it was, but he could not understand me till I had repeated the word Römer several times. I had pronounced the vowel *ü* instead of *ö*, which unfortunately makes such a tremendous difference.

We returned to the station at about five o'clock in exceedingly good spirits, having enjoyed our visit to Frankfort very much. For some reason or other, as soon as we addressed a guard or porter, their faces, however dark and dull-looking

before, immediately lighted up with a smile, sometimes even approaching a laugh! And yet we spoke German, and certainly looked anxious enough during the period of interrogation. The journey from Frankfort was very pleasant. From Darmstadt to Heidelberg we passed right through the Odenwald, which although certainly inferior to the Black Forest is with its splendid dark firs very beautiful. On leaving this forest we passed through very pretty country. Hill after hill, with peaceful-looking little villages nestling in the valleys between, and ruins of castles on the summits of many hills. By the time we reached Heidelberg it was quite dark, so to give ourselves more time on the morrow, we stayed to arrange our time of departure. The ticket dispenser was a lady who was exceedingly friendly to us; but as soon as we began discussing the trains (necessarily in German) Paddie went off into uncontrollable fits of laughter, thus making our embarrassing circumstances still more embarrassing. Leaving the station we found our way to the High Street and began searching for an hotel which had been strongly recommended to us as "very good and cheap!" But our weary feet were destined to undergo a severe trial, for we walked on and on without coming to our to-be haven for the night. At last our persevering efforts were rewarded (after we had asked our way in several shops), and we opened the house entrance and walked in, but were abashed to find no bell or knocker inside or out. Accordingly two of us went out again and swung the door to and fro violently to apprise the inmates of the hotel of our arrival. (Meanwhile the third had been left standing in the passage at the foot of the staircase feeling as guilty as a thief might have done.) These efforts also were rewarded, for out came a waiter bowing and palavering. We stammered out a few German sentences, wishing to intimate our desire to remain under this roof for the night. Suddenly the man left

us, but appeared again as suddenly with a lady, who at once whispered to her companion, "English"; and after this all went well enough, for the owner of the hotel could speak English fairly well—only he considered it his duty to call us "Sir!" We were shown upstairs into a large, well-furnished room which had three doors and four windows; and having made ourselves somewhat fresher after our day of travel, we went downstairs again and had some supper, which was made much more enjoyable by fun. Near the hotel is a very old church whose bells have a very old clanging chime, which disturbed us every quarter of an hour for about two hours after we retired to rest.

On awaking in good time on Thursday morning, we were delighted to find that a really beautiful day was before us; so we soon appeared downstairs and enjoyed the German breakfast of good coffee and *Brödchens*. After having carefully packed our respective baskets and put everything in order to wait "till called for," at twelve o'clock we started for the Castle—the glory of Heidelberg!

On approaching one entrance to the extensive grounds we were suddenly accosted by a stout, red, very lively, springy man, who would probably have been of a decent height, but that he had become quite bent with constantly climbing the hills surrounding the castle. "Good morning, ladies," said he; "do you want to see the castle?" We were much surprised at being thus addressed in our own tongue, and I said, "How do you know that we are English?" "Oh! I can see that in your faces," he answered, laughing loudly. "But perhaps we are Americans?" "No; the Americans speak through their noses, but the English through their chests: they have good chests," added he, as he beat his own violently to prove that he had the same. He had assumed so very boldly that we were English, before hearing us speak too, that Paddie said,

"Well then, we're just *not* English, for we're Irish!" The man looked taken aback at this; but finally came to the conclusion that that made no difference. He then proceeded to conduct us over the grounds. The magnificent castle is built on a hill, and its surrounding grounds consist of beautiful wooded hills and valleys. "It is situated on a wooded slope, 330 feet above the Neckar, and was probably founded by Lewis the Severe, son-in-law of Rudolph of Hapsburg, about the close of the 13th century. It suffered much during the Thirty Years' War, but was restored by Charles Lewis (1650-80). During the Orleans war, the French general, Mélac, contrary to the stipulations, caused the castle to be blown up (1689). The town met with cruel usage at the hands of the French in 1693, and was finally obliged to surrender. After savage and almost incredible barbarities the town was left a heap of smouldering ruins, and the castle entirely dismantled. After this feat of arms, Louis XIV. caused a medal to be struck, bearing the words 'Heidelberga Deleta.' In 1764 the castle was struck by lightning and almost entirely destroyed. The walls are of vast extent, and form the most magnificent ruin in Germany. The towers, turrets, buttresses, and balconies, the lofty gateways, the fine old statues, the courts and grounds, have sometimes gained for it the title of the Alhambra of the Germans."

From one terrace on which we stood the view of the castle (many parts of which are covered with ivy), the grounds, Neckar, town, and surrounding hills, with the sun shining gloriously on all, was charming. We passed a small lake (which had probably once been much larger), in which we saw a large life-size half-recumbent figure of Neptune cut in stone, which, however, was partly covered with moss. The figure is 1,000 years old. On reaching the castle we changed guides, and although the new one spoke only German, we

understood him much better than the other one who had talked English so very quickly, and had said "dates off pat!" We had first of all to pass under a handsome, curiously carved stone gateway, which our guide said had been put up in one night to welcome "Elizabeth, daughter of James the First, King of England, who married Frederick King of Bohemia, and who lived in this castle." Oh! the number of times that this last fact was impressed upon us! If any of us ever lose our memory, surely this will be the last fact we shall retain!

We visited all parts of the castle, having to listen meanwhile to jokes years old and repeated numbers of times a day. The carving on the walls is wonderful, and the stone is principally of a pretty reddish colour. The altar in the chapel is perfectly preserved, and very curious it is too, of white and green marble with strange white images. Near the chapel is the Ritterzimmer, or room where the knights used to assemble for discussion. The room is perfectly restored, and used at present for old arms. On leaving this room, which with the chapel forms the oldest part of the castle, we went to the immense cellars. On entering, our breath was almost taken away by the sight of a huge tun which had contained 10,000 gallons of wine. Our guide said, "Have you ever seen a larger?" "No," answered we, "certainly not." "But I," he replied, to our astonishment; and following him, there indeed we saw another tun *much* larger. "A monster tun, constructed in 1751, and capable of holding 49,000 gallons." Near it we saw a grotesque wooden figure of Perkes, court-jester of Elector Philip; and by him a wooden box which he had made, fixed to the wall, and which is *called* a clock. Perceiving at once that there was some joke about this machine, and wishing to discover it, I, on being directed, pulled a ring under the machine. The door instantly flew

open with a bang, a big bell clanged, and a fox's tail flew at my face, causing me to retreat a few steps! We repeated the experiment as it was so interesting.

Coming out again into the square, we stopped to look at a large, very deep well, whose waters, if partaken of, would, so the guide said, add one hundred years to one's life! Next we went to the front building of the castle, and visited the soldier's quarters, where the walls are 17 feet thick. In the kitchen department we saw a huge stone, on which a whole ox at a time had often been roasted; the chimney above was a perfect marvel! We went up to the top of one of the round towers, and were amply rewarded for our labour by the beautiful view which was presented to us.

After having a good view of everything, we left the castle in order to see something of the town, reaching which we looked about at the shops, etc., and purchased some very good photos of the castle. We met crowds of students and saw the large but plain university.

About noon we took tickets for Creuznach, over Mannheim. At Mainz we visited the Cathedral, which we thought very splendid but not beautiful; it contains more monuments than any other in Germany. With the town we were not particularly prepossessed, perhaps partly because we were tired and hungry, and could find not a vestige of a restaurant. About half the people we met were soldiers, and the barracks are of course immense. The waiting-rooms at the station are new, and are the handsomest we have ever seen.

When we left Bingerbrück it was dark, so we had to find all our fun and interest within the four-walled compartment; but this was not difficult. We reached the Pensionat at about 8.30, where we received a hearty welcome; and after having talked for some time we gladly retired to rest, all declaring that such a delightful tour had never been made before.

N. WILKINSON.

SWEET AND LOW.

Andante. SOPRANO. MILDRED THOMSON.

Sweet and low,

CONTRALTO.

Andante. Sweet and low,

p

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern

sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern

sea, Low, low, breathe and

sea, Low, low, breathe and

Sua.

Sweet and Low.

blow, Wind of the west - ern sea.

blow, Wind of the west - ern sea.

The first system of the musical score for 'Sweet and Low.' It consists of two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, featuring a flowing eighth-note melody in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand.

O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters

The second system of the musical score. The vocal staves continue the melody, with the piano accompaniment providing harmonic support. The piano part features a prominent eighth-note figure in the right hand.

O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters

go,

The third system of the musical score. The vocal staves continue the melody, with the piano accompaniment providing harmonic support. The piano part features a prominent eighth-note figure in the right hand, with triplets marked '3'.

Sweet and Low.

85

go, Come from the
Come from the dy - ing moon.. ..

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, starting with a whole rest followed by a half note G, then a quarter note A, and a half note B. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in G major, starting with a half note G, then a quarter note A, and a half note B. The piano part features a flowing eighth-note melody in the right hand and a steady quarter-note bass line in the left hand.

dy - ing moon.. .. and blow,.....
..... and blow,.....

This system contains the next two staves. The vocal line continues with a half note C, then a quarter note D, and a half note E. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note melody and quarter-note bass line. The system ends with a double bar line.

Piu lento. *rallentando.*
Blow him a - gain to me.....
Blow him a - gain to me.....
Piu lent. *rallentando.*

This system contains the final two staves. The vocal line begins with the tempo marking *Piu lento.* and the lyrics "Blow him a - gain to me.....". The piano accompaniment begins with the tempo marking *Piu lent.* and continues with the same eighth-note melody and quarter-note bass line. The system ends with a double bar line.

a tempo.

The musical score is written for four staves. The first two staves are vocal parts, and the last two are piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo marking is 'a tempo.' and the dynamics are 'p' (piano) and 'pp' (pianissimo). The lyrics are: 'Whilst my lit - tle one, whilst my pret - ty one' and 'sleeps, sleeps, sleeps.' The piano part features a simple harmonic accompaniment with a bass line and a treble line.

Whilst my lit - tle one, whilst my pret - ty one

Whilst my lit - tle one, whilst my pret - ty one

a tempo.

pp sleeps, *pp* sleeps, *pp* sleeps.

pp sleeps, *pp* sleeps, *pp* sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon ;
 Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon ;
 Father will come to his babe in the nest,
 Silver sails all out of the west
 Under the silver moon :
 Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

AN ELOCUTION CLASS.

IT is amusing to notice the different ways in which different people will recite the same thing.

What totally opposite meanings to the original may be conveyed by the same passage owing to want of attention to stops, incorrect emphasis, mispronunciation, &c.

Nothing can be more pleasant than to hear a fine piece well delivered, and nothing more painful than to hear the same piece murdered.

Let us take a few typical reciters. First, there is the bold, self-confident reciter, strong in the possession of a powerful voice, and believing that to be the only qualification necessary for success in his undertaking. He declaims violently from beginning to end, paying no attention whatever to light and shade; and finally, having certainly blown his own trumpet, as the aching heads of his auditors can well testify, he subsides, having conducted himself very much to his own satisfaction, though perhaps not quite so much to that of other people's.

Then there is the careless reciter, who knows that he can do well, and really can do remarkably well too, if he would but take the trouble to thoroughly learn his piece. But this he will not do, and consequently, instead of giving that pleasure to his audience which he might so easily render, he only annoys himself and them by trying to repeat what he does not really know, and at last breaks down, leaving his recital uncompleted.

Then there is the individual who knows his piece, and who means to let you see that he knows it too. It appears to be his one ambition to be in at the death, and he generally accomplishes that feat too, although at the cost of occasionally skipping a word or syllable, which may threaten to debar his

progress. And on he gallops at a double quick pace, forcibly reminding his audience of that young gentleman whose glory it was to have said "My blessing two timesh" while his unfortunate uncle was endeavouring to say *his* once.

Then there is the nervous reciter, and who amongst us cannot sympathise with him? Who would much rather not recite at all, as his face plainly shows us when he rises. Who knew his piece very well at the beginning, but the moment he gets up every word goes out of his head, and whose delight at resuming his seat is only equalled by that of the audience, who have followed every step of his uncertain path with the keenest anxiety.

Finally, there is the good reciter, who sees what his author meant to say, and how he meant to say it, and whose one aim is to help his audience to see that too.

MARY ANTHONY.

SCHOOL NEWS.

THE closing weeks of last session passed in peaceful industry. In summer months the garden is a never-failing source of enjoyment, and was fully appreciated last term. For some, however, the ordinary routine of school life was interrupted by the Oxford Local Examinations, and those of the College of Preceptors, which took place in the second week of July. The results are given further on. The reports of the South Kensington examinations were exceptionally good, the mathematics result being especially encouraging—only three failures among the thirty examinees.

The tennis tournament, which was alluded to in our last magazine, was played by members of the three junior forms, on Saturday, July 25th. Some of the players acquitted themselves remarkably well, their friends at intervals playing the part of good Samaritans by bringing cups of cold water to renew the energies of the exhausted combatants.

Early in June Captain Scriven kindly invited a party of the elder girls to visit his training-ship, the "Shaftesbury." As similar visits have been described in former numbers, we will not do more than offer our hearty thanks to Captain and Mrs. Scriven for the enjoyable afternoon they afforded us. Three weeks afterwards, about thirty of the band boys paid us a return visit, and gave a promenade concert in the garden. The *chef-d'œuvre* of the afternoon was the "Smithy in the Wood, or the Anvil in the Forest," in which strokes on the anvil, mingled with songs of birds and cries of animals, added considerably to the effect of the music, and the excitement of the auditors.

Mr. Prentice's programme for the recital on the last Wednesday of the term included Sir Sterndale Bennett's "Maid of Orleans," Schubert's Impromptu in A flat, the "Harmonious Blacksmith," and last, but not least in a school-girl's opinion, "Home, sweet home."

The term just entered upon has seen several changes in the rules and regulations of the College. No longer is the half-hour bell between the hours for study the signal for a general hub-bub, and, to see that this with other rules are observed, an aide-de-camp for the commander is appointed weekly. For the first time in the annals of Milton Mount, a vice-principal parades the College, striking terror into the breasts of all ill-doers of whatever age or stamp.

Long ago it used to be considered no disgrace to descend from the sixth form to the fifth form, as the sixth was said to

consist of the "wise," the fifth of the embryo "wives," of the community. Whether the present sixth deserves that appellation must be left to the decision of the class itself; but the fifth is certainly now a form standing alone. Its members have given up many of the ordinary school subjects, and are studying instead those technical branches of education for which they have a taste, or which are likely to be of use to them in after life, such as scientific dress-cutting, which is taught by Miss Cottew; wood-carving, taught by Miss Wahab; book-keeping, tots and cookery. Others devote their time almost entirely to music and art work.

Another advantage we are enjoying this term is a series of elocution lessons by Mr. Kestin, who comes from London once a week to instruct us in purity of pronunciation and dramatic rendering. We earnestly hope to profit by his teaching.

As usual in the autumn term, one evening has been spent very pleasantly by us all in the enjoyment of some dissolving views. They represented places which Miss Hadland had visited during the summer holidays, and about which she told us many interesting and amusing anecdotes.

And here I would have closed, but on entering our committee room we were introduced to the latest production of the Kindergarten class, and I cannot refrain from describing it. Ranged on a sheet of paper round two small rustic tables were a set of the prettiest little chairs imaginable, and all made of chestnuts, into which pins were stuck. Wool of different colours was twisted round the pins, really making a very artistic effect. What cannot German invention and English industry accomplish?

M. CHAMPNESS.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

" 'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own."

IN the *Cheltenham Ladies' College Magazine*, which is entirely written by friends and former pupils—people older and wiser than ourselves—is a report of the "Daisy Guild." This Guild is worked by former pupils, and has for its object the promotion of industry among young girls who have left school. The subjects included and the time devoted to them are unlimited; ranging from the simple duty of arranging flowers in the home for a few minutes every day, to the study or pursuit of any language, science, or art, for a certain number of hours a day. Members are expected to send an account of the work they are doing, and these accounts are most interesting. Each one finds *something* to do. Some, who on account of their domestic duties, have little or no time to spare, still send in accounts of half-an-hour a day, devoted to teaching a servant to read, reading to an old woman, &c.

We mention this Guild, thinking the idea may benefit some of our readers, in particular any old Miltonians who may be desirous of forming local guilds.

Our Magazine for July contains, as usual, several interesting papers. Of special interest are a "Flying Visit to Cambridge," a spirited account of a "Highland Tour," and a short touching letter from an old pupil, entitled "A Plea for the Deaf and Dumb in Liverpool." We would commend to all our readers the opening paper of this magazine—"The Term's Motto." The following are extracts from it: "The striving after originality for its own sake must be fatal to being original. The

mere fact of being conscious that we are saying words and doing actions which are remarkable, and which have, even to themselves, an air of freshness and novelty, shows that what we are doing and saying is not the true expression of our inner life, for that would come unconsciously and spontaneously from us." "If you choose to aim at becoming a faint copy of some one else, then, of course, you deliberately avoid originality; and if you will not take the trouble to be yourself, to have a distinct character, but just drift idly down the stream of life, then the mine of originality, which God has stored with such rich possibilities of golden ore, remains to a great extent unworked, and you can really scarcely count for a person at all, for 'you cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.'"

The adventures in Palestine of a person of a pastoral turn of mind are drily described in the *Miltonian*. This paper, with two others—"Street Music," and an article on Valentine's Day—give a high tone to the magazine. Is it not a pity that the editors should condescend to admit to their columns such low-class verses as compose "A Leap Year's Victim"? However, we suppose the author feels

"There is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which only poets know."

We see that "Only a Girl" is concluded in the *Thistle*, and we must confess that we do not consider it to be up to the high standard which that magazine maintains. Without any wish to underrate the instructive and highly-interesting paper, "Islands that I have visited," or the amusing and spirited sketch of "A New Route to Hastings," we think that it is the conversational, free-and-easy manner in which all papers relating to school news are written that give its chief charm to the *Thistle*. "A Reality," though well written, is rather too

suggestive of a cutting from the Police News of some paper ; still, "for those who like that sort of thing, that's the sort of thing they'd like."

The *Epsomian* contains only two articles of interest outside school news. One of these is the conclusion to "A Bicycling Adventure," a well-told thrilling account of a narrow escape of a cyclist from highwaymen in France.

Except for a few instructive remarks concerning the weather, "Leaves from my Diary," and the usual tale of the "Barons' Wars," the *Eastbourne Cliftonian* for July and August, is devoted to School News.

We look forward with pleasure to receiving the next number of the *School for Sons of Missionaries' Magazine* for the continuation of "Books on my Shelves," the last being a capital article on Wordsworth. A great part of this magazine is occupied with Cricket, and other school news. The same may be said of the *Eastbournian*, which is altogether devoted to these interesting subjects. The editors doubtless think

"'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't."

The *Bradfordian* contains a beautiful little allegory—"Beauty or Duty?"—and several other papers of an interesting kind. But it is a temptation to say to the perpetrator of the doggerel entitled "Our Sports"

"Truly I would the gods had made thee poetical."

We also acknowledge with thanks the following Magazines:—*Blenheim House Review*, *City of London School*, *Independent College*, *Taunton*, *Whitgift*, *Williamsonian*.

SYLLABUS OF THE COOKERY CLASSES

- HELD AT

MILTON MOUNT COLLEGE AND PARK PLACE.

1885.—MONDAY, 3.45 P.M. TO 4.45 P.M.

FIRST LESSON, SEPTEMBER 21ST.

Milk and Eggs.—Explanation and examples of the two classes of foods ; cornflour, blanchmange, tapioca pudding, savoury eggs, buttered eggs.

SECOND LESSON, SEPTEMBER 28TH.

Frying.—Liver and bacon, slices of potato.

THIRD LESSON, OCTOBER 5TH.

Baking.—Meat in batter. How to render down fat.

FOURTH LESSON, OCTOBER 12TH.

Soup and Stew.—Lentil soup, stewed beef with vegetables.

FIFTH LESSON, OCTOBER 19TH.

Vegetables.—Potatoes (boiled and mashed), cauliflower and sauce.

SIXTH LESSON, OCTOBER 26TH.

Fish.—Mackerel in a pie dish, fried fish.

SEVENTH LESSON, NOVEMBER 2ND.

Puddings.—Apple and bread-crumbs, pancakes.

EIGHTH LESSON, NOVEMBER 9TH.

Pastry.—Short crust, apple dumplings, flaky crust, sausage rolls.

NINTH LESSON, NOVEMBER 16TH.

Cakes.—Currant cake, rice buns.

TENTH LESSON, NOVEMBER 23RD.

Sick-room Cookery.—Beef-tea, baked custard, barley-water.

ELEVENTH LESSON, NOVEMBER 30TH.

Bread and Ro'ls.—Bread, scones, or shortbread.

TWELFTH LESSON, DECEMBER 7TH.

Jelly, &c.—Sweet jelly, lemon sponge.

THIRTEENTH LESSON, DECEMBER 14TH.

Raised pork pie, mince pies.

PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS.

INTERMEDIATE ARTS.

JUNE, 1885.

Katherine St. J. Conway.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON MATRICULATION.

DIVISION I.

Chandler, C.

Champness, M.

OXFORD LOCAL EXAMINATION.

The italic letter (*f*) denotes distinction in Drawing.

SENIORS.—DIVISION III.

Daniels, G.	Gillfillan, H. P.	Partner, B. (<i>f</i>)
Davie, M.	Hurndall, E. C.	Johns, M. G.
Dodge, M. E.	Lewis, H. U.	Shrewsbury, M.
Evans, A. L. (<i>f</i>)		

JUNIORS.—DIVISION II.

Darby, E. A.	Edwards, V.
Starmer, E. L.	Watson, E.

DIVISION III.

Anthony, S. G.	Burgess, A.
Atkinson, E. A.	Farren, E. M.
Blandford, E. S.	Plank, E. A.
Scott, A. E.	

COLLEGE OF PRECEPTORS.

CLASS I.—DIVISION I.

Chadburn, M. M. (sp. Chemistry & Drawing.)	Henson, R. M. (sp. Drawing)
Pope, L. J. (sp. Drawing)	Harker, E. (sp. Drawing)

CLASS II.—DIVISION I.

Dunlop, M. E.	Nicholls, E. M. L.
Hall, B. R. (sp. Drawing)	Starmer, E. E.
Handley, B. E. (sp. Drawing)	Thomas, M. E.
Houchin, C. E. (sp. Drawing)	Turner, E. M.
John, S. T.	Eynon, F. S.

CLASS II.—DIVISION II.

Eldridge, R. D.	Jubb, F.
-----------------	----------

DIVISION III.

Noyes, J.

Examinations.

CLASS III.—DIVISION I.

Barnard, E. M. E.	Hollowell, F. E.
Clifton, S. W.	Howell, M. E.
Cocker, L.	March, E. (sp. Drawing)
Currey, J. C.	March, G. (sp. Drawing)
Fowler, E. W.	Pickford, E.
Harding, L.	Saunders, E. J.
Wareham, A. M. (sp. Drawing)	

DIVISION II.

Evans, E.	Mines, C. R.
Gilfillan, E.	Sedgwick, M. E.
James, K.	Tubb, E. R.
MacWilliam, A.	Webb, E.

SCIENCE AND ART DEPARTMENT (SOUTH KENSINGTON).

ANIMAL PHYSIOLOGY.

ELEMENTARY STAGE.—CLASS I.

Eldridge, R. D.	Handley, E. B.
-----------------	----------------

CLASS II.

Burgess, E.	Nicholls, E. M. L.
Huddleston, M.	Thomas, M. E.
Jubb, F.	

BOTANY.

ELEMENTARY STAGE.—CLASS II.

Eynon, F. L.	Moffett, E. J.
--------------	----------------

THEORETICAL MECHANICS.

ADVANCED STAGE.—CLASS II.

Chandler, C. A.	Thomson, M.
-----------------	-------------

ELEMENTARY STAGE.—CLASS I.

Champness, M. McN.	Moffett, E. J.
--------------------	----------------

CLASS II.

Chadburn, M. M.	Henson, R. M.
-----------------	---------------

ACOUSTICS, LIGHT, AND HEAT.

ADVANCED STAGE.—CLASS I.

Moffett, E. J.

CLASS II.

Chandler, C. A.

ELEMENTARY STAGE.—CLASS I.

Chadburn, M. M.	Henson, R. M.
Champness, M. McN.	Harker, E.

CLASS II.

Gillfillan, H. P.	Pope, L. J.
Hurndall, E. C.	Shrewsbury, M.
Johns, E. S.	Snashall, F.
Lewis, H. U.	Starmer, E. E.
Partner, B.	Watson, E.

HYGIENE.

ELEMENTARY STAGE.—CLASS I.

Coster, A. M.	Starmer, E. L.
Moffett, E. J.	Tritton, E. R.

Starmer, E. E.

CLASS II.

Edwards, M. G.	Jubb, L. G.
Edwards, V.	Nuttall, E.
Harding, C. A.	Shrewsbury, M.
Wareham, A. M.	

INORGANIC CHEMISTRY (THEORETICAL).

ADVANCED STAGE.—CLASS II.

Moffett, E. J.

CLASS I.—ELEMENTARY.

Chadburn, M. M.	Evans, A. L.
Champness, M. McN.	Henson, R. M.
Chandler, C. A.	Lewis, H. U.

CLASS II.

Burgess, A.	Hurndall, E. C.	Pope, L. J.
Dodge, M. E.	Johns, M. G.	Thomson, M.
Harker, E.	Partner, B.	

INORGANIC CHEMISTRY (PRACTICAL).

ELEMENTARY STAGE.—CLASS I.

Chadburn, M. M.	Lewis, H. U.
Henson, R. M.	Moffett, E. J.

Partner, B.

CLASS II.

Gillfillan, H. P.

*Examinations.***MATHEMATICS.****STAGE II.—CLASS I.**

Conway, K. St. J.

STAGE I.—CLASS I.

Chadburn, M. M.
 Darby, E. A.
 Davies, M.

Dodge, M. E.
 Evans, A. L.
 Henson, R. M.
 Shrewsbury, M.

Johns, M. G.
 Partner, B.
 Pope, L. J.

STAGE I.—CLASS II

Anthony, S. G.
 Atkinson, E. A.
 Conway, N. M.
 Courtnall, E. A.
 Daniels, G.
 Edwards, V.
 Eldridge, R. D.
 Farren, E. M.
 Gilfillan, H. P.
 Harker, E.

Hastings, C. B.
 Houchin, C. E.
 Hurndall, E. C.
 Johns, E. T.
 Jubb, L. G.
 Lewis, H. U.
 Merchant, F.
 Nicholls, E. M. L.
 Nuttall, E.
 Peel, M. E.

Plank, E. M.
 Robinson, C. B.
 Scott, A. E.
 Snashall, F. A.
 Starmer, E. A.
 Starmer, E. L.
 Watson, E.
 Williams, A. M.
 Wilson, A. G.

SECOND GRADE EXAMINATION IN DRAWING.

MAY, 1885.

(e) signifies Excellent, with Second Grade Prize.

FREEHAND.

Atkinson, E. A.
 Burgess, E.
 Cocker, L.
 Coster, C. B.
 Gough, A.
 Handley, E. B. (e)

Harker, E.
 Hayward, E. S.
 Huddleston, M.
 March, E.
 March, G. E.
 Nicholls, E. M. L.

Pickford, M. A.
 Pope, L. J.
 Saunders, E. J.
 Turner, P. M.
 Wilson, A. G.

MODELS.

Burgess, E.

Johns, E. T.

GEOMETRY.

Burgess, E.
 Courtnall, E. A.

Hall, B.
 Jubb, L. G.

Starmer, E. E.

PERSPECTIVE.

Evans, A. L.

Jubb, L. G.

Partner, B.

HIGH SCHOOL, 1885.

OXFORD LOCAL EXAMINATION.

SENIOR.—CLASS III.

Dunn, E.

Frankenstein, A.

JUNIOR.—CLASS II.

Balgarnie, A.

COLLEGE OF PRECEPTORS.

CLASS I.—DIVISION I.

Cobham, E. M. (sp. Euc.).

CLASS II.—DIVISION II.

Shirreff, D. T.

CLASS III.—DIVISION I.

Berkley, A.

Coste, A.

Willis, F.

Corbold, G.

Laurence, L. A.

CLASS III.—DIVISION II.

Butchard, A.

Cooper, E.

Judd, E.

CLASS III.—DIVISION III.

Ashton, A. B.

SOUTH KENSINGTON.

FREEHAND DRAWING.

Cobham, E. M.

Hall, G.

Moore, F.

Downer, F.

Mallinson, A.

Unwin, J.

MODEL DRAWING.

Downer, F.

MATHEMATICS.—STAGE I.

CLASS I.

Balgarnie, A.M.

Bryant, M.

Cobham, E. M.

Frankenstein, A.

CLASS II.

Homewood, E.

Paine, E.

SOUND, LIGHT, AND HEAT.—ELEMENTARY STAGE.

CLASS I.

Bryant, M.

Cobham, E. M.

Homewood, E.

CLASS II.

Frankenstein, A.

Paine, E.

Acknowledgments.

HYGIENE.—ELEMENTARY STAGE.

CLASS I.

Ashton, J.

Bryant, M.

Bryant, N.

CLASS II.

Unwin, E.

PUBLIC DAY SCHOOL.

COLLEGE OF PRECEPTORS.

CLASS III.—DIVISION I.

Lawley, L.

DIVISION III.

Sandford, M.

MARRIAGE.

ARNEIL—TWIDALE.—August 12th, at Melton Mowbray, James A. Arneil, of Bridport, to Annie, daughter of Rev. J. Twidale, of Melton Mowbray.

BIRTHS.

DUKES.—May 29th, at Bridgwater, Edith (*née* Pope), wife of Rev. E. J. Dukes, of a son.

McMILLAN.—April 21st, at Harding, South Africa, Annie Octavia (*née* Harsant), wife of Frederick MacMillan, Esq., of a son.

NOTICE.

THE "MILTON MOUNT MAGAZINE" is issued in March, June, and November, price 6d., or 1s. 8d., per annum, including postage. The Editor respectfully requests that subscriptions now due may be forwarded. To old Miltonians, who, the Editor feels sure, are only waiting the opportunity to contribute either money or material, she begs to announce the address is now as ever—

Business Manager,

Milton Mount College, Gravesend.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We acknowledge with thanks—A Photogravure of the Last Supper, by da Vinci, from Miss Buss; Violin Repertoires (Nos. 12, 13, 14 and 15), from Alfred Burnett, Esq., B.A.M.; and the "Sonatina" and a Map of Turkey, from Thomas Scrutton, Esq.

Contributions to the Museum of any of the following geological specimens would be highly appreciated:—Felspars of any kind; augite and hornblende, and their varieties in crystals; olivine, serpentine, opal, onyx, chalcedony, schorl, epidote, topaz, &c.

